JULY.

JOHN HASSALL:
His Posters and Pictures.

TALES OF THE TRENCHES,
By John Mackie.

CYCLING AND HILLS,
By Haydon Perry.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

6d

Vol. V. No. 28. JULY, 1901.

WHEN BUYING A BICYCLE,

look at the tyres. If they are not

DUNLOP TYRES

the machine is not cheap at any price.

TRADE MARK.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.

Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham;

160, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

BRANCHES:—Coventry, Wolverhampton, Nottingham Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

By permission. [*The "Book of Cricket.*

C. L. TOWNSEND.

"HOW TO FINISH 3-DAY MATCHES IN 3 DAYS." By C. B. FRY.

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

Cricketers of All Ages

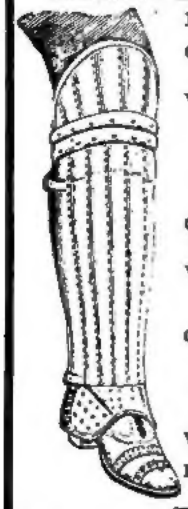
are unanimous in their opinion that

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

Is the best, largest and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.

If unable to call, write for our profusely Illustrated Catalogue, post free. A priced encyclopædia of ALL Sports and Pastimes. No cyclist or athlete should be without a copy of this comprehensive work, which contains over 3,000 illustrations.

CRICKET LEG GUARDS.



Moleskin, Youths' 3/3
Men's ... 3/6
Chamois Leather,
Youths' 4/6
Men's 4/11
WhiteBuck,Youths'5/6
Men's 5/11 & 7/11

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

ChamoisLeather,Cane Protected, Youths, 2/6
Men's 2/11
WhiteBuck, Youths'4 3
Men's 4/6 & 5/6
Do. Rubber-faced 5/3 & 6/6
Gold Cape, Men's 5/9
Do. Rubber-faced 6/11 & 8/6

BATTING GLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber) 3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS—Elastic Web, all Colours, 6d. & 10½d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's—	Youths'	Men's 5½oz.
3-Seam Leather ...	1/10	2/3
Club 3-Seam Match	3/1	3/6
Referee 3-Seam Match, Guaranteed ...	4/3	4/6
Referee Match ...	—	4/6
Australian Match	—	5/-
Do. Catgut Sewn Guaranteed ...	4/9	5/-
Compo Match, Maconite	—	2/-
Compo Eclipse ...	—	1/9
" Practice...	7½d.	9d.
" Boys', 4½d.		
" Child's, 2½in., 3½d.		

CRICKET SHIRTS, ETC.

White Mat 2/6, 3/6
" Flannel ... 3/11, 4/11, 5/11
" " Trousers... 4/11, 5/11, 7/11

CRICKET SHOES.

Brown Canvas, Sewn Leather Soles 3/11
Brown Calf Shoes ... 5/6
Extra Quality 6/11
White Buck 8/6
Spikes, 6d. extra. *Postage*, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.

Youths' Willow, Half Cane Handle, Size 4 2/6, Size 5 2/11, Size 6 3/6
Youths' Willow, all Cane Handle, Size 4 3/6, Size 5 4/3, Size 6 4/11
Men's all Cane Handles, 4/11, 7/6, 9/6
The Yorkshire Driver, Patent Spring Handle, Size 6, Youths' 12/6, Men's 14/6, Warranted.
Gamage's Patent Double Splice Bat, specially selected blades, 18/6, Youths', 15/6

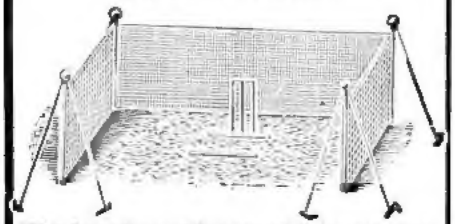
STUMPS WITH BAILS.

Polished Ash, 26in. 1/8, 28in. 1/11, Men's Size, 2/6
Polished Ash with Brass Ferrules, 26in. 2/6, 28in. 2/9, Men's 3/- and 4/-
Polished Ash, Brass Tops, Steel Shoes, Youths' 4/6, Men's 4/11. Best Quality 6/9, 7/11, 9/-

CRICKET BAGS.

The "All England," with 2 Handles, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
The "Marylebone" ... ... 8/- and 10/-
Cowhide, Full Club Size ... ... 25/6 and 35/-
Cowhide, Private Size ... ... 18/6 and 21/-

CRICKET NETS.



With Lines Top and Bottom and Poles, complete, 7/11, 9/-, 9/10
With Lines Top and Bottom, Poles, with 2 Side Wings, complete, 17/6, 19/10, 22/-
County Council Regulation Nets, from 35/-

GREAT FUN! MAGIC PLATE LIFTERS 3D.
Sixpence elsewhere. Postage 1d.
Spiritualism up to date.

TENNIS BALLS.

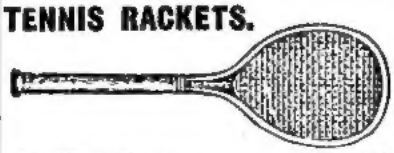
From 4/6 Doz.

	Doz.
The "Gamage"	11/-
Gamage's Champion	8/9
" Referee	7/6
" Practice	5/6

See Catalogue.

Hand Corks for Walking or Running .. 6d. & 6d.
Chamois Tue Socks, 4d. and 6d.
Large Size, 9d. and 1/-

TENNIS RACKETS.



Boys' Oval Shape	2/3 and 3/-
Youths' Cedar Handle	3/9
Cedar Handle, Club Size...	3/11
Fish Tail Handle	5/6
The "Gamage" Champion	6/9
The "Holborn" close strung	11/6
The "Demon"	11/6
The "Gamage" (Guaranteed)	18/6
The "E. D. Black," as used by the Scotch Champion (Guaranteed)	20/0

POSTS and NETS, complete, from 9/-
RACKET CASES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6
RACKET PRESSES, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-

RUNNING SUITS.

Sateen Drawers, all Colours and Sizes... 1/3
VESTS { White Cotton Jerseys...1/-, 1/6, 1/9
Coloured ditto 1/3

Orders over 10/- Carriage Paid (unless otherwise stated).

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Branches: 73, Grafton Street, Dublin. Victoria Road, Aldershot.

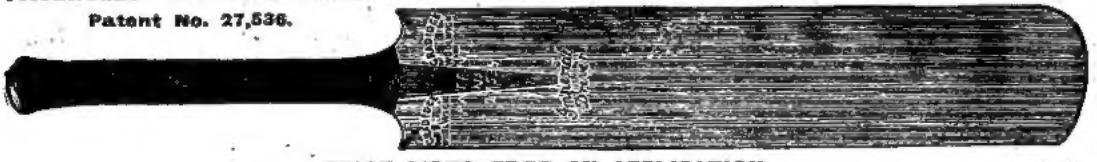
Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in. . . . . Cricket, Racquet, Lawn Tennis, Fives, Polo, Golf, Football, Hockey, Etc.

PATENTEES AND SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BATS.

Patent No. 27,536.



. . . PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION. . . .

ADDRESS **Factory, Artillery Place, Woolwich.**

How to obtain a good Bicycle.

WRITE THE EADIE MFG. CO., LIMITED, REDDITCH.

HOBBIES CAMERAS.

CASH OR WEEKLY PAYMENTS.

If you are going for a holiday—even if it be only for a week-end or a Saturday afternoon—you ought to take a Camera with you, and so secure a permanent record of the good time you have had. **Hobbies Hand and Stand Cameras** have gained a high reputation, not only in this Country, but literally all over the World, for Excellence of Workmanship, Perfection of Finish, and Lowness of Price.

You can obtain a **Hobbies Hand or Stand Camera Outfit** at any price from a Few Shillings upwards, and from no ordinary dealer can you obtain such good instruments at the price. You can, moreover, if you wish, pay for the Outfit by **Easy Weekly Instalments.** Send a Penny Stamp for our Illustrated Photographic Catalogue.

Every Amateur Photographer should read "**Hobbies,**" price One Penny Weekly, of all Newsagents.

HOBBIES LIMITED,

12, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

Also at the Hobbies Supply Stores: 168, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.; 153, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.; 11, Lime St., Liverpool; 328, Argyle St., Glasgow; and 78, High St., Birmingham.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

A LARGE SAMPLE TIN

Containing twelve packets (assorted) of

MACKENZIE'S CELEBRATED SWEETMEATS.

Freshly made and direct from the factory, will be sent *post free* for *1s 3d.*

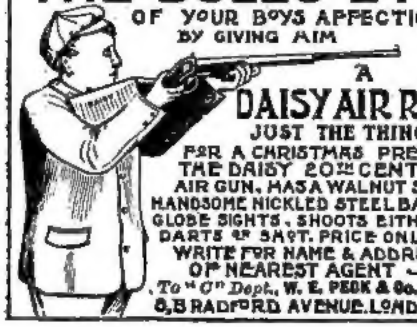
Fondean. **Everton Toffee.**
Cream Ice Cake. **Italian Cream.**
Fragola. **Souteuma, &c.**

Absolutely Pure, Dainty and Delicious.

PENNY PACKETS. **Sold everywhere.**

Sole makers—S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., Wellclose Square, London. Mention this paper.

YOU CAN HIT THE BULLS EYE OF YOUR BOYS AFFECTION BY GIVING AIM



A DAISY AIR RIFLE JUST THE THING FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. THE DAISY 20TH CENTURY AIR GUN, HAS A WALNUT STOCK, HANDSOME NICKLED STEEL BARREL, GLOBE SIGHTS, SHOOTS EITHER DARTS OR SHOT. PRICE ONLY 4/- WRITE FOR NAME & ADDRESS OF NEAREST AGENT

To "C" Dept., W. E. PECK & Co. (INC.) 8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

A SWEETMEAT and A FOOD.

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

1d., 3d., 6d. and 1s. *Tablets, and* 6d. and 1s. *Croquettes. Sold Everywhere.*

Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London.

DRINK for Breakfast, Lunch, or Supper

PETER'S 'BREAKFAST' MILK-CHOCOLATE.

Cocoa, Sugar, and Milk Complete. 6d. & 1s. Packets.

BODLEIAN 23·7·1901 LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

THE "IMPERIAL," 6D. POST FREE.

90 varieties (value 2/6), including the following:—Deccan, obsolete Holland (1876), unused; Chili (imperf.), British (1841), obsolete Orange Free State, Costa Rica (1863), Argentine (1892), Victoria ½d. Pink, Pair Cuba, 1900 (statue and palm tree); N.S.W. ½d. Grey, Set of 3 Belgian Sunday Postage Stamps, Queensland (Government issue for newspapers), view of engine, &c., &c.;

AND, IN ADDITION,

to purchasers who apply for a selection of our "Marvel" Sheets we give gratis

A Great Britain 1d. BLACK,

the first postage stamp issued, and alone worth the price of the complete packet. *In ordering kindly send ½d. stamps.*

J. EVANS & CO., 105, SOHO HILL, HANDSWORTH, STAFFS.

1,000 FOR 10d. **UNITED STATES STAMPS.** Having purchased a large quantity of U.S. stamps very cheap, we will sell in parcels of one thousand for 10d. We cannot guarantee to supply after July 31st.

CENTRAL STAMP COMPANY, 66, Newton Road, Sparkhill, Warwickshire.

250 STAMPS.—Bargain Packet, Grand Value, post free, **1s. 7d.**, comprising **Orange River Colony**, ½d. green, China, Gold Coast, Newfoundland, Bulgaria, Persia, Uruguay, Peru, Martinique, **Transvaal V.R.I.**, Ceylon, Venezuela, etc., etc. **Purchasers** of above packet applying for an **approval sheet** will receive, **gratis, a set of four Shanghai. Collections and loose lots bought. Approval Sheets, splendid variety, good discount.** Mention THE CAPTAIN. PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7, Katherine Street, (opposite Town Hall, Croydon).

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX. Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. **J. WALLEN & Co.** (Dept. A 39), **89, Aldersgate Street, London.** **6d.** *Post Free.*

SIAM STAMPS: 15 different, 2/5; Switzerland (1854-1900), 35 different, including 3 Jubilees, also one entire envelope and post-card (first issue), 3/2; all used and in perfect condition. Post free. Cash only. High-class Swiss Watches furnished at wholesale prices to my correspondents. Best references.—**HENRY HOFMANN, Wetzikon, near Zurich, Switzerland.**

TURNER'S CARRIERS

Recommended by the *C.T.C.*

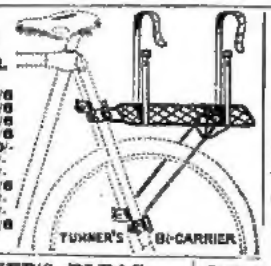
As used in . . . THE WAR. .

Supplied to the New Army Cyclists.

LAST A LIFETIME.

TURNER'S BI-CARRIER.

A. 14 by 6in. 8/6
B. 14 by 4in. 7/6
C. 10 by in. 8/6
D. 10 by 8in. 10/6
E. 19 by 6in. 10/-
F. 14 by 8in. 9/-
G. 14 by 3in. 8/-
H. 10 by 8in. 8/6
I. 10 by 4in. 8/-
J. 10 by 5in. 8/-
K. 10 by 3in. 6/6



Write for Illustrated List OF Pannier Bags, Military Kit Bag, Tourist Valise, Telescopic Valise, Skeleton Carrier, Front Carrier, Micro Carrier, Spring Camera Carrier, Military Carrier, Ringed and Loop Clips, Bar Clips.

REFUSE . . . SUBSTITUTES.

To be obtained from all respectable Cycle Agents, or from

H. G. TURNER, *Eldon Grove,* **MANCHESTER.**

TURNER'S BI-BAG.

For tools or luggage, fastens with leather-covered adjustable spring clip. Can be instantly detached with one hand.

1. Plain oval-pattern Tool Bag, **3/-**
2. Envelope pattern Tool Bag, **3/6**
3. Square Pattern, with celluloid panel, for address cards, **4/-**
4. Ditto, double width, **5/-**
5. Large size for luggage, 12 by 5 by 5in. **7/6**

NO STRAPS REQUIRED.

NEWNES' SIXPENNY SERIES OF COPYRIGHT WORKS.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. George Macdonald.
THE WHITE COMPANY. A. Conan Doyle.
A WILD PROXY. Mrs. Clifford.
MALCOLM. George Macdonald.
THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. W. Clark Russell.
RODMAN THE BOAT-STEERER. Louis Becke.
THE HERB-MOON. John Oliver Hobbes.
FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.
MARCELLA. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
STORIES FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR. L. T. Meade.
ENGLAND'S PERIL. William Le Queux.
THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY. Maxwell Gray.
DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.
WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE. Grant Allen.
ROBERT ELSMERE. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. Beatrice Harraden.
JESS: A STORY OF THE LAST BOER WAR. H. Rider Haggard.
SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE. H. Rider Haggard.
THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND. Maxwell Gray.
ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. A. Conan Doyle.
MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. A. Conan Doyle.
THE SIGN OF FOUR. A. Conan Doyle.
THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD. A. Conan Doyle.
A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS. H. S. Morrison.
THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. W. E. Gladstone.

Sold by all Booksellers, or Post Free, 8d. each.

GEO. NEWNES, LTD., LONDON, W.C.

Digitized by Google

WHITFIELD KING & CO.'S NEW PRICE LIST

FOR 1901 (60 Pages)

Contains particulars of no less than 1,300 different Packets and Sets of Stamps at the lowest possible prices. A separate 16-page Illustrated List of Stamp Albums and Requisites for Stamp Collectors is also published. **The two sent Free on receipt of a Penny Stamp for Postage.**

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE

OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD

(Second Edition) is fully Illustrated with Engravings of Stamps, and is the simplest, best, and cheapest Catalogue published. All Countries are in alphabetical order, and every stamp is priced, but minor varieties of perforation are rigorously excluded. It is *par excellence* THE Catalogue for beginners. **Price 1/3,** Post Free.

Monthly List of Philatelic Novelties, 6d. per annum, Post Free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

THE "NEW" 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS, INCLUDING **50**

Transvaal, War Provisional, V.R.I.

New issue **SARAWAK (1901, Rajah Brooke),** new issue **IMPERIAL COREAN POST (1901),** new issue **PARAGUAY (1901),** new issue Hongkong, new issue Austria, new issue Spain (1901), new issue Holland, new picturesque issue New Zealand, new issue France (1901), new issue Hungary, **FOOCHOW (Fleet of Chinese war junks),** also handsome new issue **COSTA RICA (1901),** etc., etc., **3d.** *Postage 1d. extra.* Every Purchaser of the above Packet applying for a selection of our **"Ideal" Approval Sheets** will receive a

SET OF 10 LUXEMBURG GRATIS!!!

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

—: **NEW PRICE LIST POST FREE AND GRATIS.** :—

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

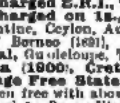
The ENTERPRISE PACKET, post free, 4d. 50 STAMPS, all different, including COREA, Japan, Argentine, BRITISH GUIANA, Brazil, CRETE, Chili, Hong Kong, Guatemala, Turkey, etc., etc., and magnificent set of 10 CANADA —including MAP, JUBILEE, and MAPLE LEAVES. APPROVAL SHEETS sent on application.
E. GRAYSON, 33, George St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

A UNIQUE OFFER. The Supreme Packet contains 50 Stamps, including three O.F.S. (with V.R.I.), Turkey (1901), Malta (1901), etc. Price **5d.** Post free to applicants for Approval Sheets. 6d. in the 1/- discount. Each packet contains coupon entitling purchaser to an Interchangeable Album as illustrated in May Number of CAPTAIN free on selling 2/- worth of stamps.—**BOLTON, 3, Elmwood Road, Croydon.**

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET, No. 125.
Worth 4s. Our Price, 4½d.

Contains 25 genuine, clean and perfect specimens, including **Transvaal surcharged E.R.I., Turks Islands (1901), Bermuda Provisional, surcharged on 1s., unused;** Roumania, Deccan, Hungary, Egypt, Argentine, Ceylon, Austria, U.S.A. Envelope, Columbus, Sweden "Service," Borneo (1891), **Bulgaria Provisional, Guatemala Provisional,** Guadeloupe, Trinidad (Queen Victoria), Portugal, Cape Verde, **Corea (1900), Crete (1900),** Barbados, Mexico (1867) unused, and **Orange Free State.** Price 4½d., postage 1d. extra.
Given free with above packet a Set of **5 Newfoundland,** 1c. Prince Edward, 1c. Queen Victoria, 2c. Edward VII., 3c. Queen Alexandra, and 3c. View of Cape Bonavista.
J. STUART & Co., Stamp Importers. Spring Grove, Isleworth.

10,000 GEM RINGS FREE.



Send a post-card for one of our Beautiful 18ct. GOLD-CASED BRACELETS, LADIES' LONG GUARDS, or GENTS' DOUBLE ALBERTS. **Special Price 2/6,** to introduce our Grand Bargain Price List. Promise to pay 2/6, or return article, which we will send on **Approval before Payment.** After inspection remit 2/6, and we at once mail you a HANDSOME ORIENT DIAMOND RING ABSOLUTELY FREE.

GOLD & CO., Delamere Crescent, London, W.

PRINT YOUR OWN

Circulars, Cards, Note Paper, Memo's, Price Lists, Billheads, Church and School Work, etc.

Buy the Patent "Excelsior" Self-Inking Printing Press.

Not a Toy. Type-setting easy; full printed instructions. Save Money; Make Money, Printing for others. Send two stamps for Illustrated Circular, Type, Outfit, etc.

Gradual Payments if Desired.

THE EXCELSIOR PRINTING MACHINE CO., 19, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

FEDERATED AUSTRALIA.

CHEAP SETS.—14 New South Wales, 4d.; 10 South Australia, 4d.; 10 Queensland, 4d.; 5 West Australia, 4d.; 10 Victoria, 4d.; 20 South Australia, 1/-. Postage extra in all cases.—Send for New List of 1,400 Single Stamps at ½d. each; 100 Sets at 1d. each; and better stamps. *Business solely by correspondence.*

L. S. CHARLICK,
Victoria Chambers, 55-6, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SPECIAL OFFER TO BOYS READING "THE CAPTAIN."
CRICKET BATS GIVEN AWAY FREE GRATIS.

Cook's Limited are giving away as Prizes **Presentation Guinea Cricket Bats** for nothing. You can have one. Send 1d. stamp for particulars.
BAT DEPT., BARBICAN COURT, LONDON, E.C.

110 DIFFERENT, 6d., including old British Blue imperf., British Honduras, Cyprus, Canada Jubilee, Italy (unpaid), Japan (wedding), U. S. Omaha (10c.), Venezuela, Victoria, rare 3d. 500 different, 25.; 2,000, 10s. Mounted, clean and perfect. GRATIS Large List Sets. SHEETS ½d. Stamps upwards. 250 Mounts gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. Shops and private. Prizes besides good discount. MOUNTS, 1,000, 6d. Bright's Catalogue, 9s. 10d.—A. P. MCAUSLAN & TURNER, 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.

A COLLECTION FOR 4½d.

Our new **Beat the World** Packet contains 100 used and unused Stamps, all different, including Dutch Indies, Venezuela, Turkey, Japan, United States War Tax (Ironclad), U.S.A. Columbus, Victoria, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, British Guiana, Bulgaria, Chili, Congo (Portuguese), Hungary, Luxemburg, etc., etc. Also the following sets, 9 Sweden, including service, 4 New South Wales, 5 Argentine Republic, including new issue, 3 Holland, new issue, 5 India, 5 Canada, including Jubilee issue. This splendid packet we offer for a limited time for **4½d., post free.** The greatest bargain we have ever offered.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS At Low Prices and Good Discount.
New Illustrated PRICE LIST Post Free.
ALFRED GILBERT & Co., Weston-Super-Mare.

TRANSVAAL E.R.I. GRATIS.

We are now offering a wonderfully cheap packet in our new No. 119, which contains 75 stamps, all different, including Uruguay, China, Brazil, 10 Sweden (set), Alexandria, Guatemala, Mauritius, British Guiana, Servia, Dutch Indies, Bulgaria, Chili, Russia, Porto Rico, United States (Transmissippi), Bosnia, Malta, Italy (*Segnatasse*), Nicaragua, Ponta Delgada, Turkey, France (*unpaid*), Egypt (*Service*), New Zealand, Mexico, Roumania, South Australia, Japan, Cape Colony, Queensland, Argentine Republic &c., and with each packet

Will be Given a Set of THREE LIBERIA
(UNUSED),

1c. palm tree, 2c. hippopotamus, 5c. elephant. Price **1s. 1d.,** post free: The Set of Liberia alone would cost you 6d. anywhere.

ANOTHER BARGAIN!

No. 333 EXCELSIOR PACKET contains **50** different Stamps, including Peru, Paraguay, Mauritius (new issue), obsolete Chili, new issue Argentine, Bolivia, obsolete Cuba, Greece, Western Australia, Servia, Bulgaria, Canada, United States, Columbus, Egypt, India, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania, Victoria, Japan, Hungary (new issue), &c., &c., post free, **6d. And a FREE SET of FOUR NEWFOUNDLAND,** with Portraits of King Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, Prince Edward of York, and the late Queen Victoria.

IMPORTANT. The two packets quoted above will be sent post free on receipt of a **Postal Order** for **1s. 6d.,** and to every purchaser of **both** packets we shall present an unused **TRANSVAAL** surcharged **E.R.I.**

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST,

56 Pages, New Edition, handsomely bound, containing particulars of thousands of Stamps, Packets, Sets, Albums, New Issues, &c., sent post free to any Stamp Collector.

BUTLER BROTHERS, CLEVEDON.

Digitized by Google

TIT-BITS

MONSTER PENNY BOOKS

STEPHEN REMARX.
ANIMAL STORIES.
KING AND EMPEROR.
LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.
QUEEN AND EMPRESS.
ÆSOP'S FABLES.
SPELLING BOOK.
ARABIAN NIGHTS.
STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN.
A FATAL IMPULSE.
LIFE OF GENERAL BULLER.
"B.P." THE HERO OF MAFEKING.
"BOBS": THE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS.
READY RECKONER.
ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
GRIMMS' TALES.
TABLE BOOK.
COOKERY BOOK.
RECITATION BOOK.
LONDON GUIDE.
RHYME BOOK.
FAIRY BOOK.
HEALTH BOOK.
GARDEN BOOK.
BOOK OF PATRIOTIC POEMS.
ARCHIE; OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD BURGLAR.
THE ROMANCE OF THE LIFEBOAT.
THE ROMANCE OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.
MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND WAR.
A BASE DECEPTION.
TENNYSON'S POEMS.
THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER.
HEARTS OF GOLD.

POST FREE, 2d. EACH.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS.

Those parents, and they are many, who find a difficulty in making Sunday an interesting, instructive, and welcome day to the children—especially the boys—will find their problem solved by the

SUNDAY STRAND

Its Fiction, never goody-goody—a type of story which all healthy boys detest—yet pure and wholesome, is a great feature. There are two stories of

MISSIONARY ADVENTURE AND HEROISM in the JULY NUMBER,

which every British boy would delight to read:—

AT THE WARIMBA STATION, By Harold Bindloss.

THE RAJAH'S CONSCIENCE, By Lockwood Williams.

And an article on **RELIGIOUS POSTAGE STAMPS** will be of immense interest to CAPTAIN readers.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, etc., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

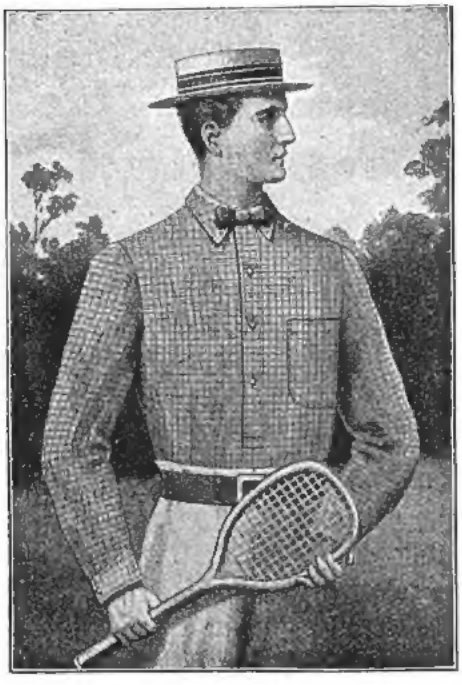
The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract. . . . . Delicious as Jam.

SOLD IN JARS, 1lb. for 9d.

5oz. Sample sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage. Mention THE CAPTAIN.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.



JAEGER PURE WOOL

Tennis Shirt

In Flannel, Taffeta, and other Fancy Materials.

LONDON—

126, REGENT ST., W.

456, STRAND, Charing Cross, W.C.

30, SLOANE ST., S.W.

115, VICTORIA ST.
(6 Doors West of A. & N. Stores.)

85 & 86, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Pure Wool Horse & Dog Clothing, 151, Piccadilly, W.

Pure Wool Sporting & General Tailors, 42, Conduit St., New Bond St., W.

Dr. Jaeger's "Health Culture" (188 pp.); also illustrated General Catalogue sent free on application.

Digitized by Google

"There was no doubt as to its utility, and he considered it superior to any cyclometer previously on the market."

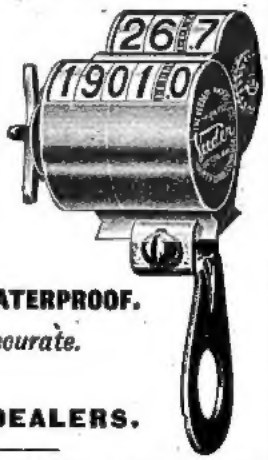
Vide Mr. Justice Joyce's remarks in a recent decision in the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division.

. . THE . .

VEEDER

Cyclometer.

REGULAR OR TRIP.



✦ ✦ ✦

DUSTPROOF. WATERPROOF.

Absolutely Accurate.

SOLD BY . . . .
ALL CYCLE DEALERS.

The same instrument furnished Adapted to MOTOR CARS.

Descriptive Booklets from Sole Agents:—

MARKT & CO., 25-26, SHOE LANE,

. . . . LONDON, E.C. . . . .

An Efficient 5/- FILM CAMERA

The Brownie.

TAKES SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS . .

2¼ by 2¼ inches. Complete with Handbook of Instructions.

NOT A TOY.

Price, with spool of film for 6 exposures, **5/7.**
Post Free **5/11.**

KODAKS from 5s. to £7 7s.

Grand Prix, Paris Exhibition, 1900.

Of all Photographic Dealers, or from

KODAK, LTD.,

43, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.,
60, Cheapside, E.C.,
115, Oxford Street, W.,
171-3, Regent Street, W.,
59, Brompton Road, W.,
Also at 96, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

The Very Best. The Most Up-to-Date. For Ladies and Gents.

Free or Fixed Wheels.

	Monthly.
£8 10 0 ...	£0 14 8
£9 10 0 ...	£0 15 10
£10 0 0 ...	£0 16 8
£11 0 0 ...	£0 18 4
£12 12 0 ...	£1 1 0
£14 14 0 ...	£1 4 6
£16 16 0 ...	£1 8 0

See new JUNO X Frame.

Road Racer and Light Roadster { £9 10 ... £0 15 10 Mthly. / £10 0 ... £0 16 8 " / £10 10 ... £0 17 6 " } **Carriage Paid.**

Discount for Cash.

Tyre Bell, 1/9 Scorcher Brake, 2/- Octagon Cyclometer (10,000 mls.), 1/8. A1 Rim Brake, 7/6 Hatherley Hard Wood Cycle Stand, 2/6 Chase Cycle Cover 4/6 Toe-Clips, 5d. Acetylene Lamp 3/9
Write at once for New Season's Price List of Juno Cycles and Accessories (over 100 pages), sent post free.

LARGE JUNO CYCLE RIDING SCHOOL. Purchasers Free.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., Ltd.,
75-76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.
And at PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

"Made Like a Gun."

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES.

£15 : 15 : 0
£12 : 12 : 0
(with Free Wheel and 2 Brakes.)
£10 : 10 : 0

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

ENFIELD CYCLE Co., Ltd., Redditch.

"MITRE" CAMERAS.

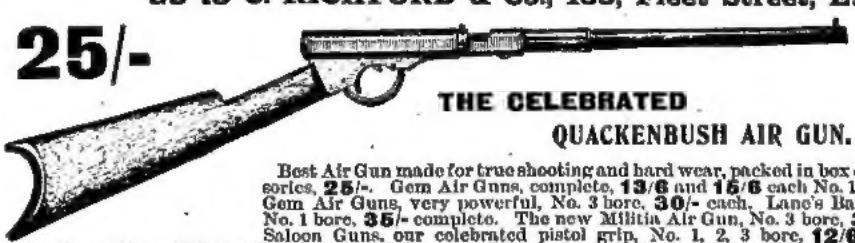
The "Mitre" Detective Camera carries six plates, with good lens and view-finder. It takes splendid photographs. Instructions, dry plates, chemicals, and camera complete. 5/-. Postage, 6d. extra.

Send for Price List of Cameras.

J. GUEST, 12, SNOW HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

For AIR GUNS, SALOON or GARDEN GUNS, ROOK, RABBIT, and TARGET RIFLES,
***Go to* C. RICHFORD & Co., 153, Fleet Street, E.C.**

25/- **25/-**



THE CELEBRATED
QUACKENBUSH AIR GUN.

Best Air Gun made for true shooting and hard wear, packed in box complete with accessories, **25/-**. Gem Air Guns, complete, **13/6** and **15/6** each No. 1 bore. Extra heavy Gem Air Guns, very powerful, No. 3 bore, **30/-** each. Lane's Ball Trigger Air Gun, No. 1 bore, **35/-** complete. The new Militia Air Gun, No. 3 bore, **35/-** each complete. Saloon Guns, our celebrated pistol grip, No. 1, 2, 3 bore, **12/6** each. Remington pattern, 22 bore Rifles, only **12/6**, Rifled Barrels. Winchester Bolt Action, 22 bore Rifles, model 1900, **21/-** each. Slugs, Darts, Targets, Ammunition, Cleaning Rods, &c., &c. Send for Illustrated Lists, post free.

C. RICHFORD & Co., 153, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTAIN.

Contents for July, 1901.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR ... ... *Back of Frontispiece*
MR. JOHN HASSALL ... ... *Frontispiece*

		PAGE
JOHN HASSALL: HIS POSTERS AND PICTURES ... ... With Illustrations by the Artist, and from Photographs.	ALFRED B. COOPER	291
TALES OF THE TRENCHES. (No. III.—THE LONG 'UN'S DUEL) ... ... Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.	JOHN MACKIE	299
THREE-DAY MATCHES: HOW TO FINISH THEM IN THREE DAYS ... ... And ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY	305
THE ATLANTIC FERRY (PART II.) ... ... With Illustrations from Photographs.	J. A. KAY	309
JUNGLY ACHIÈVES THE IMPOSSIBLE (PART I.) ... ... With Illustrations by the Author.	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	317
HOW TO MAKE A TENT	SIMON D. PEACE	324
SMITH'S HOUSE. (CHAPTERS XIV.—XVII.) ... ... Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	FRED. SWAINSON	325
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (STAMPS AS AN INVESTMENT) ... ... With Illustrations.	E. J. NANKIVELL	338
MR. TRACY'S SNAP-SHOT... ... ... Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW.	RIDGWELL CULLUM AND CHARLES WINGROVE	342
"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY"	M. SIDGWICK	348
HOW TO MAKE A COMBINED CUPBOARD AND BOOKSHELVES ... ... With Diagrams.	W. VAUGHAN	349
SHIELDS, NEW AND OLD ... ... With Illustrations by the Author.	MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.	350
"WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE"	WILLIAM E. B. SAMPSON	356
SIR BILLY. (CHAPTERS XI.—XIII.) ... ... Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	R. S. WARREN BELL	357
THE FATE OF BULDEO ... ... Illustrated by ALF. J. JOHNSON.	H. HERVEY	366
THE CYCLING CORNER. (ON CLIMBING HILLS) ... ... With Illustrations.	HAYDON PERRY	372
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		376
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY		380
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		381
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		382
RESULTS OF MAY COMPETITIONS		384

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., & IV. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. **Vols. I., II., III., & IV.** *are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.*

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),
Late of Uppingham and Westminster; Educational Medallist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions.

G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),
Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc.
Spanish, German, and Italian Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS. SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.
Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 350 successes in 1900 only, including six FIRST places and forty-six Honours.
Prospectus and full particulars on application to
JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

Digitized by Google

31 VOLUMES OF THE . . .

LIBRARY OF USEFUL STORIES

Have now been Published.

Price 1/- each. Strongly Bound in Blue Cloth.

Post Free, 1/2.

1. **THE STORY OF THE STARS.** By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. With 24 Illustrations.
2. **THE STORY OF PRIMITIVE MAN.** By Edward Clodd. With 88 Illustrations.
3. **THE STORY OF THE PLANTS.** By Grant Allen. With 49 Illustrations.
4. **THE STORY OF THE EARTH IN PAST AGES.** By H. G. Seeley, F.R.S. With 40 Illustrations.
5. **THE STORY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.** By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. With 28 Illustrations.
6. **THE STORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.** By E. A. Martin, F.G.S. With 38 Illustrations.
7. **THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY.** By J. Munro. With 100 Illustrations.
8. **THE STORY OF EXTINCT CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST.** By R. E. Anderson, M.A. With Maps.
9. **THE STORY OF THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.** By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A.
10. **THE STORY OF FOREST AND STREAM.** By James Rodway, F.L.S. With 27 Illustrations.
11. **THE STORY OF THE WEATHER.** By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. With 50 Illustrations.
12. **THE STORY OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.** By Douglas Archibald. With 44 Illustrations.
13. **THE STORY OF GERM LIFE: Bacteria.** By H. W. Conn. With 34 Illustrations.
14. **THE STORY OF THE POTTER.** By C. F. Binns. With 57 Illustrations of Ancient and Modern Pottery.
15. **THE STORY OF THE BRITISH COINAGE.** By G. B. Rawlings. With 108 Illustrations.
16. **THE STORY OF LIFE IN THE SEAS.** By Sidney J. Hickson, F.R.S. With 42 Illustrations.
17. **THE STORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.** By A. T. Story. With 38 Illustrations.
18. **THE STORY OF RELIGIONS.** By the Rev. E. D. Price, F.G.S.
19. **THE STORY OF THE COTTON PLANT.** By F. Wilkinson, F.G.S. With 38 Illustrations.
20. **THE STORY OF GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY: How the World Became Known.** By Joseph Jacobs. With 24 Maps, etc.
21. **THE STORY OF THE MIND.** By Prof. J. M. Baldwin.
22. **THE STORY OF THE BRITISH RACE.** By John Munro. With 4 Maps.
23. **THE STORY OF ECLIPSES.** By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. With 19 Illustrations.
24. **THE STORY OF ICE IN THE PRESENT AND PAST.** By W. A. Brend. With 37 Illustrations.
25. **THE STORY OF THE WANDERINGS OF ATOMS.** By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A.
26. **THE STORY OF LIFE'S MECHANISM.** By H. W. Conn. With 50 Illustrations.
27. **THE STORY OF THE ALPHABET.** By Edward Clodd. With 90 Illustrations.
28. **THE STORY OF BIRD LIFE.** By W. P. Pycraft. With Illustrations.
29. **THE STORY OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.** By F. Ryland. Author of "Psychology, an Introductory Manual."
30. **THE STORY OF ART IN THE BRITISH ISLES.** By J. Ernest Phythian. With numerous Illustrations of Early and Recent Art.
31. **THE STORY OF WILD FLOWERS.** By Professor G. Henslow.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.,

7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

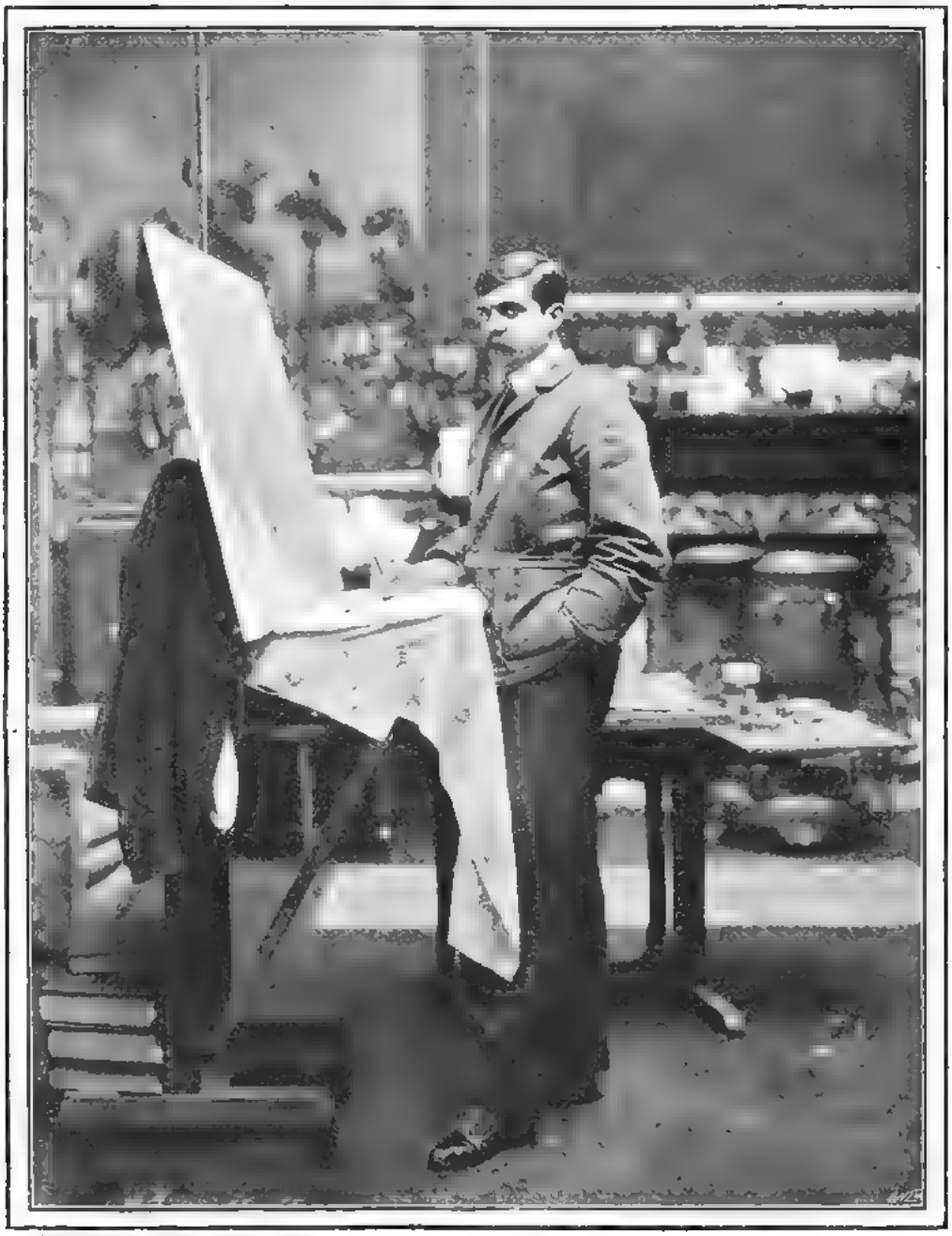
Digitized by Google

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

JULY, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Monday* ...	*Battle of the Boyne*, 1690	9.18
2.	*Tuesday* ...	*Union of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1800	9.18
3.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Sadowa*, 1866	9.18
4.	*Thursday* ...	*Independence Day, U.S.A.*, 1783	9 17
5.	*Friday* ...	*Rt. Hon. C. J. Rhodes born*, 1853 ...	9.17
6.	*Saturday* ...	*Oxford Trinity Term ends*...	9.16
7.	**Sunday** ...	*Fifth after Trinity*	9.16
8.	*Monday* ...	*Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain born*, 1836 .	9.16
9.	*Tuesday* ...	*Queen of Sweden born*, 1836	9.15
10.	*Wednesday*...	*Andrée started for the North Pole*, 1897 ...	9.14
11.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Oudenarde*, 1708	9.13
12.	*Friday* ...	*Julius Cæsar born, B.C.* 100	9.12
13.	*Saturday* ...	*Berlin Treaty signed*, 1878	9.11
14.	**Sunday** ...	*Sixth after Trinity*	9.11
15.	*Monday* ...	*St. Swithin*	9.10
16	*Tuesday* ...	*Marquis of Londonderry born*, 1852 ...	9.9
17.	*Wednesday*...	*"Punch" established*, 1841	9.8
18.	*Thursday* ...	*W. G. Grace, cricketer, b.*, 1848	9 7
19.	*Friday* ...	*J. Gunn, cricketer, b.*, 1877	9.6
20.	*Saturday* ...	*Spanish Armada defeated*, 1588	9.5
21.	**Sunday** ...	*Seventh after Trinity*	9.3
22.	**MONDAY.**	**AUGUST "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED...**	**9.2**
23.	*Tuesday* ...	*Duke of Devonshire born*, 1873	9.0
24	*Wednesday*...	*Gibraltar captured*, 1705	8.59
25.	*Thursday* . .	*Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour born*, 1848 ..	8 58
26	*Friday* ...	*A. J. L. Hill, cricketer, b.*, 1871	8.56
27.	*Saturday* ...	*Killiecrankie*, 1689	8.55
28.	**Sunday** ...	*Eighth after Trinity*	8.54
29.	*Monday* ...	*Sir G. Faudel Phillips born*, 1840... ...	8.52
30.	*Tuesday* ...	*Prince Bismarck died*, 1898	8.51
31.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Plevna*, 1877	8.49

Calendar Events for September are invited.



Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

John Harvard

JOHN HASSALL
HIS POSTERS AND PICTURES

By A. B. Cooper

THE Twopenny Tube to Notting Hill Gate, first to the right, first to the left, No. 88, and that is the abode of John Hassall, the Poster King. As I was disposing of my hat and stick in the hall, the great man himself appeared at the door of his studio, which is a long annexe jutting out at the back of the house. He was in the easy *deshabille* which seems part and parcel of the artist's calling, and the room itself wore the same air as its master. The fine top-light revealed a bewildering maze of pictures, posters, sketches, pipes, masks, horns, beads, skins, helmets, sombreros, and the like.

In the middle of the room stood a blackboard, upon which was pinned a sheet of common brown paper. By the side of this was a table, which held a varied selection of crayons, with which the artist had just been occupied making a rough sketch for an illustrated volume of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," and a wonderfully vigorous sketch it was. The particular play represented was *Much Ado About Nothing*.

"I suppose you were sketching on the water-butt some time before you could walk, Mr. Hassall?" I remarked. "Most painters do."

"On the contrary," he replied with a laugh, "I don't remember ever drawing anything when I was a boy. Of course, my mother says I did, and she ought to know, but, with all due respect to the mater, I fancy she has imagined it since. You know, one would have thought, if I had been such a lightning artist in the days of my youth, that my mother would have preserved some evidence of it, but I ask for it in vain. There is none extant."

"Then I guess you are a greater prodigy than any other artist I have ever heard of. You are the only man in the artistic world who did not produce a masterpiece at the mature age of three!"

"Bless your life, I was a grown man before I thought of drawing, and had had three years of roughing it in Manitoba!"

"But you did several things before you were rash enough to emigrate?"

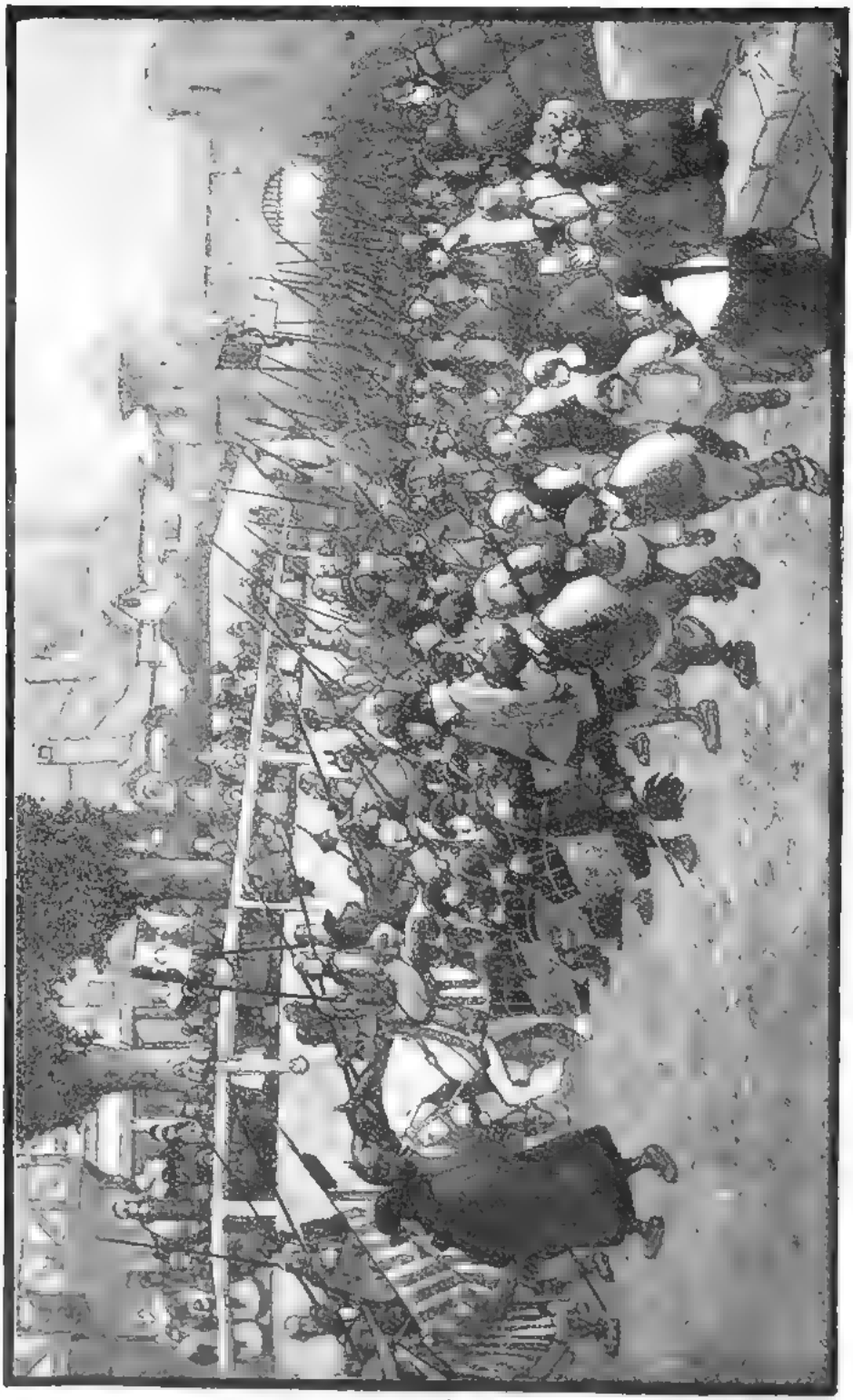
"Oh, yes! I went to school, for instance, where, I must confess, I liked the drawing lesson better than Greek. But I fear I learned nothing of either that has been of much service to me since."

"And then?"

"I did the best thing I ever did in my life, though at the time I was cut up about it. I was destined for the army, and failed in my exam. One never knows when one's lucky star is in the ascendant; it is often mistaken for a sign of disaster instead of a blessing in disguise. Pardon my mixed metaphors."

"Well, dropping stars and metaphors for the present, did—you—like Manitoba?" I queried, eyeing him askance.

"Not much, I didn't. Manitoba spells flies. Billions of 'em. You eat flies, drink flies, breathe flies in Manitoba, and it gets a little monotonous. I don't begrudge the time I spent there. It was



"ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN."

FROM THE LARGE WATER COLOUR PAINTING BY JOHN HASSALL.

(By permission of the artist.)

an experience, and I have no doubt it did me good. One thing I have to thank Manitoba for, and that is, that the loneliness of the long winter evenings, and the lack of society, made me hunt about for something to occupy my time. A dozen sketches were the result, and where do you think I sent them?"

"Well," I replied, thoughtfully, "most young aspirants send their first attempts to *Punch*."

"Guessed first time," laughed Mr. Hassall. "That's just what I did, and I also sent a few sketches of Manitoba life to the *Daily Graphic*. I fired high, and hit the bull's-eye first time, for Mr. Burnand considered all my sketches good enough to get blocks made of them at least. Here they are, all in a row."

Mr. Hassall opened a big scrap-book.

"This is the first picture of mine that ever appeared in *Punch*. One or two others also appeared later, but several of them got no further than the proof stage. But Mr. Burnand must have thought they showed some promise, for he sent me a nice letter in which he compared my handling of the subject with Leech's—of course, very much to my disadvantage. He said Leech would have done so and so, and so and so, whereas I had done just the opposite. He asked me to amend this particular sketch according to his suggestions, which I did."

"WELL! HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU."
(From a pen drawing by John Hassall.)

The picture represents an officer "ordered to the Front," seated in the midst of the contents of his trunk. He has a look of abject despair upon his face, and is saying:—

"Confound it, I have forgotten my dress-coat!"

"M—— (that is the friend whom my brother and I had joined in Manitoba) said to me, 'Hassall, why don't you go in for the thing as a profession?' I said, 'I will to-morrow,' and I did.

"I came back to England, went home to my people at Deal, and spent the next month or two making little sea sketches. Then I began to see that, to a certain extent, I was wasting my time. If I was to do anything in the art world, I must get some training by hook or by crook. I paid Sidney Cooper a visit at Canterbury, but the veteran Royal Academician, whom I consider, nevertheless, no end of a good fellow, did not seem to think my stuff of much value. Somebody told me that there was a free School of Art at Antwerp. That was just my sort, so, in my usual haphazard way, I crossed to Antwerp and presented myself at the Academy there. They asked me if I had any sketches, and I said I had not. While they were trying to make me understand that they must have something in proof of my aptitude, and while I was trying to make them understand that any sketches I had were in England, an old man came along. He was evidently well known there, and, indeed, as I learned afterwards, was on a visit of inspection. He said, when he understood my grievance, 'You vill come to my studio, and in any months I vill make you to be an artist.'—'In any months' was his way of saying 'in a few months.' I found that my good friend was P. van Havermaet, and he and his son,

MR. HASSALL'S STUDIO.
Showing first Academy picture "Birds of Prey" over the fireplace.

a younger man than myself, taught me everything that I know. The old man is dead, but his son Charles, who is in England now, painted two of my children this year, and the picture hangs upon the walls of the Royal Academy, No. 167."

"How long were you in Antwerp?" I said.

"Oh, I spent six months with Van Havermaet, then I ran over to Paris, and stayed there another six months; after which I returned to the Art School at Antwerp. I was away in all about three years."

"You didn't design posters at Antwerp, I guess?" said I, with a twinkle.

"Oh, dear no," replied Mr. Hassall. "I was going to be a great artist, of course. The kind of artist who paints enormous pictures, and gets infinitesimal prices for them, or fails to sell them at all. Yonder are two pictures I painted at Antwerp."

Nearly the whole end of the studio was occupied with one of these, and the other, a smaller one, flanked it. They are both remarkable pictures, and so unlike the sort of thing which is associated with the name of Hassall to-day that I found it hard to believe that he painted them. He reached down the Royal Academy catalogue for 1895, and, lo and behold! there the two pictures were. One, entitled "Birds of Prey," represents a meeting of a gang of Nihilists, and the other, equally sombre both in treatment and subject, shows a despairing woman who is about to asphyxiate herself with charcoal fumes. Lively subjects these for the man who has brightened our dull streets with six hundred beautiful posters!

"Talk about hitting the bull's-eye," I said; "you seem never to have scored an 'outer' in your life. *Punch* accepts your drawings at the first time of sending, and the Academy hangs the first picture you paint."

"That's what I began to think at the time. I was mightily uplifted, and I came to London bent upon carrying all before me. I could not afford to spend six months upon a painting, as I had done upon 'Birds of Prey,' so I turned for immediate results to black and white work, and I can truthfully say that I was, metaphorically speaking, kicked out of every editorial office in London.

"Dudley Hardy had turned his attention to posters, and the idea struck me that I would have a shot. I designed one and sent it along. There came an immediate request for more, and I have been designing posters ever

MR. HASSALL'S BOOK-CASE.
The left-hand side is really a door covered with bogus book-covers, and the right contains books the covers of which the artist has designed.

since. My earliest ones were theatrical posters, but soon the lynx-eyed advertisement man spotted me, and brought me a request from Judson's, of Moonlight Soup fame, to design them something which would make the whole British public mad to taste their wares. Now I not only design trade posters, but I get scores of applications for ideas."

Just at that moment, oddly enough, the maid knocked at the door, and said that Mr. So-and-so wanted to see Mr. Hassall.

something of that sort. I seem to memorise everything. I never forget an impression. I can reproduce every detail of anything I have seen once. It is impossible to say how these things are done, but I suppose the fact that I would do hundreds of hands, say, a week, in my student days, accounts for much. I suppose it is a species of memory, mixed with imagination. Look here, for instance."

He turned to a pile of weird-looking drawings, and threw them towards me one by one.

"CINDERELLA AND HER FAIRY GODMOTHER."
(From a water colour painting by John Hassall.)

"That's one of them," said the artist; "they come in droves."

"How do you begin work?" I asked. "Do you have the whole thing in your mind, procure suitable models, make studies, and then begin on your picture, or what?"

"Well, I suppose I am the most unconventional artist in London," said Mr. Hassall. "I never use a model, unless it be to ask someone about the house to hold their arm up—so—for a minute, or

"That's Cecil Aldin; that's Tom Browne; that's Phil May; that's René Bull; that's Dudley Hardy; that's Haité," and on and on he went through about forty names well known in the art world, producing a picture for everyone.

"What in the world are these?" I said, looking in amazement as the squares of cardboard came flying towards me.

"These are the pictures of the Spoof Exhibition held at the dinner of the Sketch Club the other

night. They were stuck up all round the room, and caused no end of fun."

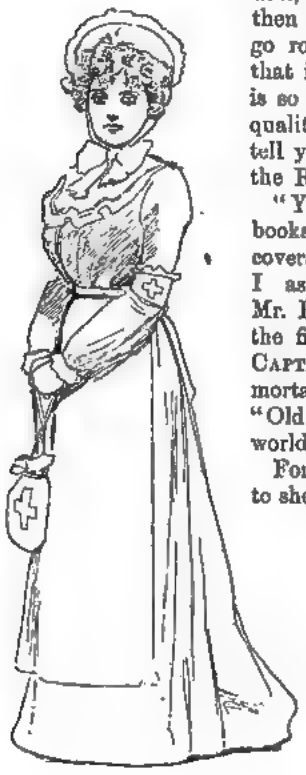
"But—but—did Aldin and Browne and the rest do them?"

"Oh, no," laughed Mr. Hassall. "Another fellow and myself did them all, just taking off the different well-known styles of the members of the Sketch Club. I just showed them to you to illustrate what I said about memory, for I have not the slightest doubt it is that which stands me in such good stead. As for the rest, I have not any set plan of either commencing or continuing my work. I sometimes begin in the middle of my picture with the back leg of a horse, say, and finish in the top left-hand corner with a chimney-top. Somehow it seems to come right, for I have the whole scene in my mind to begin with, and know exactly what I am going to do."

I turned to a picture behind me, entitled "All the King's Horses and All the King's Men." It contained about eighty figures, all beautifully drawn.

"Surely," I said, "you made a preliminary sketch for this?"

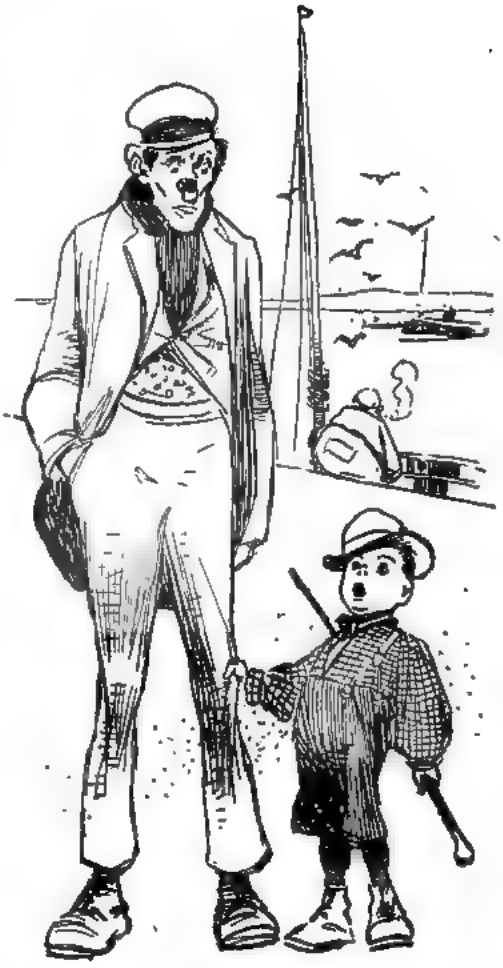
"Well, for a picture like that I will sometimes make a very rough scheme," he said. "I sketch everything out in pencil first, then I ink it round, then I colour it, then I go round it again, and that is why all my work is so clear in outline, a quality which I need not tell you is anathema to the Royal Academy."



A RED CROSS NURSE.

"You make children's books, and design book-covers, too, don't you?" I asked, remembering Mr. Hassall's design for the first cover of THE CAPTAIN, and his immortal portrait of the "Old Fag," which all the world knows.

For answer he pointed to shelves containing nothing but books the covers of which were of his own designing, and produced a pile of children's books besides. I chuckled with delight as I turned the pages. They are just every-



SATURDAY NIGHT.
'Look here, father! Are you comin' 'ome quietly or 'ave I got to make yer?"

thing that children's books should be. There is the "Army Alphabet" and the "Naval Alphabet"—tip-toppers both. There is also the "Pantomime A.B.C.," and, perhaps the most delightful of all, "Barbara's Song Book," a perfect work of art.

As the posters of this marvellously prolific artist are to be seen on every hoarding, it has been thought unnecessary to reproduce any of them in the pages of THE CAPTAIN, thus leaving room for the reproduction of the artist's characteristic work less known to the general public.

At this juncture I began to ask questions about the curios in the studio.

"Ah," said Mr. Hassall, "my brother is an officer in the 22nd Cheshire Regiment, and is

"A BIT OF HISTORY."

ROUGH SKETCH OF A PICTURE BY JOHN HASSALL REPRESENTING TWO GUTTER CHILDREN ACTING QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

now in Johanneaburg. Meanwhile he has been up the Niger, and I don't know where else. He brings back a miniature British Museum every time he comes home, and he piles it all upon me. Here is a leather apron worn by one of Lobengula's wives, for my brother was in the Matabele campaign. This hat went through the Jameson Raid. There are a pair of leather unmentionables which once adorned the lower limbs of one of Khama's warriors.

I stopped in front of a very beautiful picture, remarkable for its fine colouring and correct drawing. It represented Cinderella in a lovely grass-green gown, which the fairy god-mother has just wrought, by her magic, out of the dingy old rags in which she had found her. I said, "What a remarkable painting! I guess that took you quite a long time to paint."

"I did it in two hours, the other night," Mr. Hassall said, "and by gaslight. I suppose I must have imagined how the green would look by daylight."

MR. HASSALL'S CHILDREN.

Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

THE ARTIST BUSY UPON HIS PICTURE, "ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN," NOW HUNG AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

"But how did you get that remarkable earthy background?" I said.

"Oh, that?" said Mr. Hassall, "I put it on the floor and trod on it, and shuffled my feet about on it. That's a new way of getting a novel effect, but I wouldn't advise anybody else to try it!"

And I agreed with Mr. Hassall that it is only an artist of well-established repute who can take liberties of this sort with his canvas in order to get "background effects."

Apropos of the well-known poster which advertised the play entitled *The Only Way*, Mr. Hassall told me an amusing story. Mr. Martin Harvey is represented going up the steps to the guillotine, while the Parisian mob is howling at the foot. The bootmaker's man came into the studio one day to take Mr. Hassall's measure, and this particular poster seemed to exercise a weird fascination over him. The artist began to think what a thoughtful man this was, and how artistically impressionable. "Ah, I see now!" the man exclaimed, the heavy clouds of thought lifting from his brow. "I see now—the *only way* is up them there little steps!" And, as Mr. Hassall remarked, "He wasn't far wrong."

Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.
From a snapshot by C. R. France, R.E.

Illustrated by
J. Macfarlane.

III.—THE LONG 'UN'S DUEL

THE Long 'Un and Pete made their way back among the great boulders; then, striking a foot-path, gradually descended into a deep valley. They passed through dense thickets still haunted by dangerous members of the tiger family, and under cliffs where great human-like baboons watched them from safe points of vantage. At last they came to a grassy bottom, where they found their horses grazing with two armed troopers in charge. They had carried their saddles down on their heads, so to saddle up and mount was the work of only a few minutes.

"Now, then," observed the Long 'Un, "we've only got to round the bluff to the left and we're bound to catch that sniper. It can't be more than a couple of miles or so. Give us a lead, Pete, and let her rip!"

"You bet—I am the hackimo!" said the ex-cowboy from the Western plains, and, giving his horse its head, they set off at a swinging gallop.

The travelling was upon the whole easy, and as their horses were comparatively fresh, they made good time.

"I can hear our chaps pegging away yet," remarked the Long 'Un, as they rode shoulder to shoulder, "and that Boer isn't slow at giving them their change either. It's queer how the report of the Lee-Metford and the Mauser should be so utterly different. Stay with it, Barney, my boy!"

The wiry Basutos settled down to their work, and it required no urging of heel and spur to speed them on their course. They tore over the open grassy ground like things possessed; they charged through natural spinneys with a recklessness that savoured of madness, and dashed through dried-up water-courses where iron-shod hoofs struck fire and beat a very devil's tattoo upon the flinty rocks. At last they rounded the mighty bluff, and entered the valley that led up to the ravine. They passed a hut on the right that flew a white flag, but kept well out of sight. One never knew what deserted-looking huts in South Africa harboured—particularly when they sported white flags. Half a mile or so farther, and they pulled up close to a dense clump of bushes which would screen their horses effectually.

"Now, Pete," explained the Long 'Un, "we must get off and leave our mokes here. You'll take one side of the ravine, and I'll take the other. Keep your weather eye open, and don't leave your side even should you hear a little shooting, for the chances are there's more than one Boer in this valley. S'long, and take care of yourself!"

"Adieu!" responded the frontiersman smilingly. He was elated at the prospect of drawing a bead on someone.

In another minute they had separated, and were making their way cautiously to opposite

sides of the ravine, which, at this point, might have been about half a mile or so in breadth. The great cliffs over their heads shot right up to a height of several hundred feet, but here and there were ledges on which grew all manner of trees, grasses, and creeping plants. It seemed the headquarters of the baboon world, for, as they approached, large numbers scampered away, barking indignantly as if resenting their intrusion.

And now the Long 'Un knew by the sharp crack of a Mauser that his enemy was not far distant. Still, the curious series of echoes which kept rebounding from one side of the cliff to the other made it difficult for him to determine on which side of the ravine the sniper really was. It was quite evident that their comrades on the plateau above were occasionally showing themselves, and keeping the Boer employed until they got within striking distance. The sniper probably did not reckon upon being taken at such short notice in the rear. The Long 'Un pressed on. The fire from the Mauser had ceased for a few minutes, but he made sure he had located his man. What fun it would be to snipe the sniper! He ceased to observe his usual caution and stepped boldly out, letting the boughs that he pressed aside spring back with a rustle. The trees now grew more widely apart, and the brushwood ceased. He could not be more than a few hundred yards from where he had heard the last shot. If that Boer only knew how near the enemy was in reality how he would cut and run. He laughed softly to himself at the thought of it; and then there was a significant *phut!* close to his head, and his stiff cowboy hat went spinning into the air. The crack of a Mauser sent his heart into his mouth the same moment.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the Long 'Un, as he slid behind a convenient tree.

He did not do so a moment too soon, for another bullet sent the bark flying within an inch of his nose.

"Well, if that doesn't take the cake!" exclaimed the discomfited man-hunter. "I fancy this chap and I have got to fight a duel for it, and he can shoot fairly straight, and no mistake."

He peeped low down from behind his friendly shelter, and was just in time to see, not more than eighty yards away, a long, evil-looking Boer slip quickly from one tree to another, thus shortening the distance between them. This was the Boer's game, and a "schlim" one, as all Boer games are. Great Britain did not find the drill book of much assistance to her in the late war when dealing with a nation of hunters, each of whom, when in action, acted on his own initiative.

The Long 'Un lay down on the ground and peered from behind a tussock of coarse grass. In another moment he saw what looked like an eye and an arched eyebrow peering sideways from behind the enemy's tree. Then a rifle-barrel protruded and seemed to cover him. The Long 'Un lay perfectly still and breathed hard. It was unlikely the Boer would accredit the "verdomd Engleeshman" with cunning enough to put his head where it was least expected—close to the ground. He would naturally look for it at the usual level, and he did. The Long 'Un slid his rifle forward, till he knew he could use it at any moment, and waited for the next move. Then suddenly, with a hop, skip, and a jump, the Boer made for another tree, but the Long 'Un was too quick for him, and, ere he reached it, a Lee-Metford bullet had struck him on the left heel, grazing the leather and the flesh at the same time. The Long 'Un, taking advantage of the situation, sprang to his feet, and, unobserved, made a dart for and gained another tree a few paces to the right. It was now a case of Greek against Greek, and the affair was becoming exciting. The Long 'Un felt as if his throat was getting just a trifle dry, but his hand was steady enough for all that. For a minute or two after his hat had gone spinning from his head, he felt just a little shaky, but then the Boer's bullet had shaved a lock of hair from his right temple as cleanly as if it had been done by a razor.

It was now a game of life or death, and the stakes were to the smartest man. The Long 'Un knew that the Boer probably thought he was behind another tree, and this gave him a distinct advantage. Still, he had to be careful, and not take things for granted—that might prove awkward. Furtively he stole another look, and then he saw to his intense satisfaction that the greater part of the Boer's body was exposed, and that he was looking at the tree which he had just vacated. He had him entirely at his mercy now. Raising his gun to his shoulder, he took deliberate aim, and his finger caressed the trigger. But suddenly he stopped and lowered his rifle. It was so like murder to take a man at such a palpable disadvantage—so horribly like murder! But had the sniper not tried to murder him? He raised his rifle again, and his foresight covered the man's heart. Why should he be squeamish over such a matter as this? Was he becoming womanish? But he could not do it, and once again he eased the pressure on the trigger. He was surprised at himself, and even more surprised when, almost without premeditation, he took a step to the right and cried out in Dutch:—

"Put up your hands; I've got you covered. You are my prisoner!"

With the lightning-like movement of a startled lizard, the Boer disappeared at the first sound of his enemy's voice. Almost before the Long 'Un realised the fact there was a flash and a report, and he felt as if a red-hot knitting needle were being thrust through the fleshy part of his left arm. A couple of shots followed in quick succession, but he had drawn back behind the tree again. For the moment he felt sick and faint, but he rallied quickly and set his teeth. He would live, if it were only to get even with that base ingrate.

At first he had hoped, with all that love of fair play which the sporting Briton has, that Pete would not come up to see what all the racket was about when he heard the shots; now he felt that if something did not happen quickly he must fall an easy victim to the Boer. But he had told Pete to keep to his own side of the ravine, and the frontiersman generally did as he was told. The time was past for temporising, and either he must kill this Boer, or the Boer must kill him. He was much relieved to find that, though bleeding badly, neither the bone nor the sinews of his arm had been injured; he could still use it, though it pained him to do so. As soon as the Boer was disposed of he must find his comrade and make a tourniquet, so as to stop the bleeding. But to dispose of the Boer—that was the knotty point.

He waited for a minute or two, but there was no sign of his adversary. Then an idea struck him, and he took off his khaki coat. It was a difficult thing to do, for it necessitated taking off his bandoleer and putting it over his shirt again. If the Boer had happened to rush in upon him while he was doing it, he knew it would be all up with him; but time was pressing just then, and his arm kept on bleeding. Cutting a hole just under the collar of the coat, he shoved his rifle barrel through it, and showed a few inches of it from behind the tree. In another second

"PUT UP YOUR HANDS—YOU ARE MY PRISONER!"

there were a couple of *pings*, and two bullets ripped through it. The Long 'Un took chances, and, disengaging the tunic, he held it in his left hand as he took aim at the rifle and the hand, eye, and shoulder showing alongside the tree.

Both must have fired at exactly the same moment, for the two reports seemed as one. The Boer's bullet switched the Long 'Un's coat out of his hand, but the latter had the satisfaction of seeing a jet of blood spurt from the fingers of the hand that supported the Mauser rifle barrel. The Boer jerked himself back, probably with pain, but he overstepped his shelter, and another bullet ripped open his

coat, wounding him in the shoulder. For the next few minutes the two combatants seemed to have lost their heads, and blazed away at each other indiscriminately. It was a wonder Pete did not put in an appearance. But at last the end came.

The Long 'Un, feeling that he was losing more blood than he could well afford—Government field rations are not conducive to blood-making—determined to put an end to the combat without further delay. He made a bolt for a tree within twenty yards of that which concealed his enemy. As he did so a bullet stung him in the right ear. It was a narrow shave. He had no sooner gained his tree than he heard the *click-click* of his enemy's Mauser, and knew that the Boer was slipping in a fresh clip of cartridges. Now was his chance. He boldly took a couple of steps out from his shelter and covered the Boer; but the latter was as quick as he, for without putting his rifle to his shoulder he fired at him point blank. The bullet just missed the Long 'Un's head, but the latter made surer work, for he sent his bullet crashing through his treacherous enemy's brain. The evil-looking, hairy-faced Boer dropped all of a heap, and so ended the Long 'Un's duel.

He was about to coo-ee for the frontiersman, when, putting his hands to his mouth, he discovered he lacked the strength to do so. He was feeling strangely sick and dizzy. Suddenly he was hailed by a voice that he seemed to know. It was the frontiersman come to see what the firing was about. He had been told not to come, but then, he knew the Long 'Un.

"What ho, there!" he cried cheerily. "Waal, I reckon I came none too soon," and then he caught hold of the Long 'Un, who swayed as if he were about to fall. "Steady, Old Stocking; you've got to buck up. We're not 'xactly shet of this bisness yet. Lay down here for a minit while I gits some water, then I'll fix your arm."

He was back in two minutes with his water-bottle full of clear cold water from the creek that ran hard by. Then he made a tourniquet above the wound with a pocket-handkerchief and a split piece of hazel, fixing it in its place. The bleeding stopped, and the wounded man began to feel better.

"It's a clean wound," remarked the frontiersman, "and will heal in no time. Do you think you can walk back to the mokes, or will I fetch 'em up?"

The Long 'Un insisted on walking. In ten minutes they had reached their horses. They were jogging along leisurely between the hut that flew the white flag and the bluff, when suddenly the frontiersman wheeled his horse to the right and sang out:—

"Git back! Git back! I kin see a dozen Boer cayuses in thet there c'rall behind the shack. Git a rustle on, ole chap."

The Long 'Un did not feel much like "getting a rustle on" just then, as he felt a trifle stiff and sore, but he knew that since there were Boer horses in the yard behind the hut, there must be Boers in the house. In point of fact they had actually been there overnight, but the two troopers had not been close enough to observe any signs of them when they passed up the valley. They were now to have very forcible signs of their presence, for as they turned their horses' heads there flashed out a raking volley from the doorway and windows of the hut. The bullets whizzed and sang past them and over their heads.

"Jehoshophat!" exclaimed Pete. "Strikes me them chaps ain't very friendly. Guess we'd better give them a lead or they'll be wanting to go through our money-belts, and to pry into our private correspondence"—giving his horse a gentle tap on the neck with the end of his long reins—"Git thar, Jean!"

"Crumbs!" remarked the Long 'Un as he dug his heels into his horse's sides, encircling his rifle barrel—carried in a gun bucket just below the flap of the saddle—with his right arm, and holding his reins in his right hand. "It's a good job those chaps didn't know there were only the two of us up the kloof, or they'd have caught us like rats in a trap. But they didn't know, and that's what saved us."

"But, in the name of Julius Cæsar, what may they be a-doin' of here so close to our lines?"

"They are some of Botha's commando who have broken away from Barberton," was the reply. "They evidently didn't care to cross into Portuguese territory, so are making back. Very likely they know where there's a lot of loot to be got in some of those deserted houses, so are stealing a march on their friends. Marauding is a thing that seems to grow on the Boer nature. They probably don't know they're so close to our lines. By Jove, they're swarming out now!"

He had looked back over his shoulder, and sure enough the Boers were swarming out, pushing against one another in their haste to get to their horses in the yard. For a minute or two they had a respite from the firing. They were rounding a little headland when Pete suddenly pulled up and said:—

"You go on, boss, and make time. They don't know I'm here, but they very soon will!"

As the Long 'Un felt that his arm incapaci-

tated him from such active measures as the frontiersman evidently meditated, he rode on as requested.

Pete jumped off his horse, letting it stand in lee of the rock. Then, taking his Lee-Metford, he peered cautiously round the corner. There must have been twelve or fifteen Boers in pursuit of them, stretching out in one long straggling line, and making their wiry Basuto ponies cover the ground in great style.

"I reckon some of them jokers'll be sorry they comed," remarked Pete, as he drew a bead on the foremost man and pulled the trigger.

But Pete had fired low, and the bullet only succeeded in hitting the plucky little horse the Boer rode on the forehead. It plunged forward and rolled over, its rider, rifle in hand, diving head-first into one of those huge dense bushes covered with long thorny spikes, sharp as needles, so unpleasantly common in South Africa.

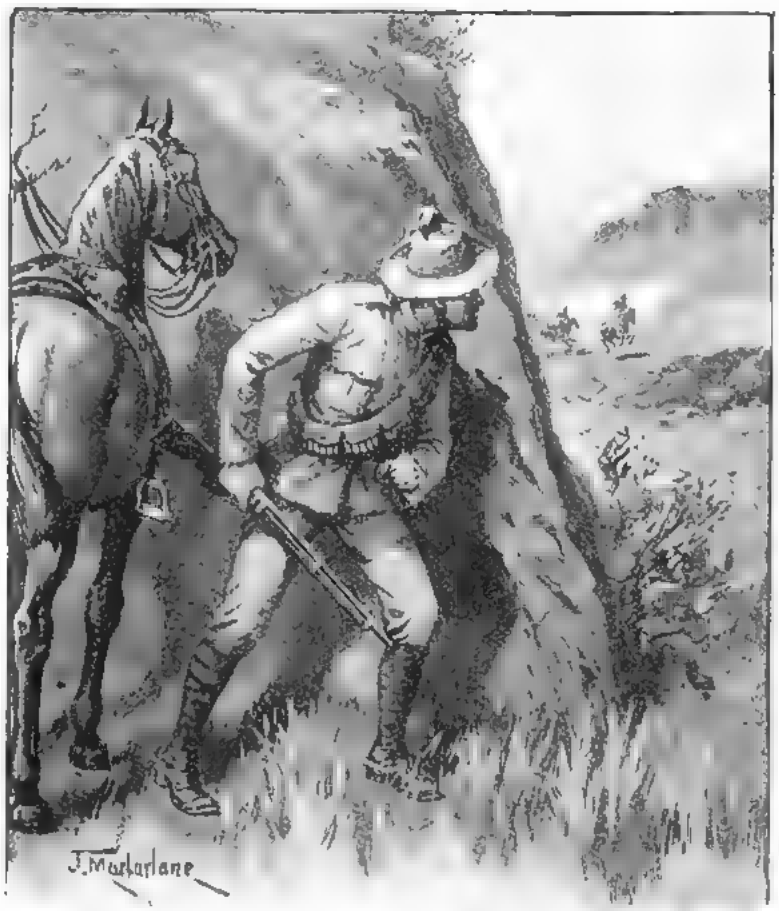
"Hopes you likes it," remarked Pete in a matter-of-fact way to himself, and then he put seven more shots in quick succession into the ranks of the approaching burghers, or mercenaries, as the case might be. As Pete noted, they were a rough, vagabond-looking lot. The frontiersman saw the effects of his shots, as he hastily crammed more cartridges into the magazine of his rifle. He had emptied three saddles, and the riderless horses were now galloping wildly along with the others, as if unwilling to be left out of the running. The remaining Boers came on at an increased pace, swinging their rifles wildly about in their hands as if in excitement and rage. It would be a blue look-out for the two if they were caught, for quarter would of course be out of the question.

"Sorry I can't wait—there's too many of you, and I can't spare the time," said Pete again. He sprang into the saddle, and was off after his comrade as fast as his hardy Basuto could carry him.

He had not gone more than a few hundred yards when there was a sharp *ping*, and his horse sprang into the air. A bullet had glanced off the lower part of its ribs. Then Pete became aware that one or two of the Boers had rounded the bluff, had dismounted, and were firing upon him. He bent low over his horse's neck, and urged it on with voice and heel.

"Git thar, Jean!" he cried. "In ten minutes more we'll be at the horse camp, an' as it's purty sartin as the boys has seen us, we may jist be able to give them a welkim."

Still, poor Pete's horse was already done up, and the Boers' horses, as they generally are,



HE PEERED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND THE CORNER.

were fresh, so that in a few minutes more he realised that they would be close at his heels.

"Git thar, Jean!" he cried again, with a feeling of desperation. He could see the Long 'Un a couple of hundred yards ahead of him, going for all he was worth, but he knew the man was handicapped with his wounded arm, and that his horse also was losing ground. Then there was another sharp *ping* behind him, and a bullet struck and glanced off the cantle of his saddle. A narrow squeak that; he could not afford to let it occur again. He was a Western man, and now some of his old Western ways stood him in good stead. He pulled his rifle from the bucket and turned in the saddle. There was a lithe, hairy Boer within eighty yards of him, and he was just in the act of taking a flying shot at the hunted man. But Pete was too quick for him, for, letting his reins lie loosely on his horse's neck, he raised his rifle and fired. Jan Retief clapped his hand to his mouth, and the blood spurted out between his fingers. He swayed in the saddle, but managed to maintain his balance for about a minute. Then his head was jerked back, and he was shot to the ground all of a heap, just as a bale of rags might be bundled from an express train going at full speed.

And now Pete was abreast of the Long 'Un, and they were nearing the horse camp. To their surprise they found the horses gone—what had become of them?

"Ride to the foot of the trail, and *cache* yourself in the scrub," cried Pete. "It's your only chance."

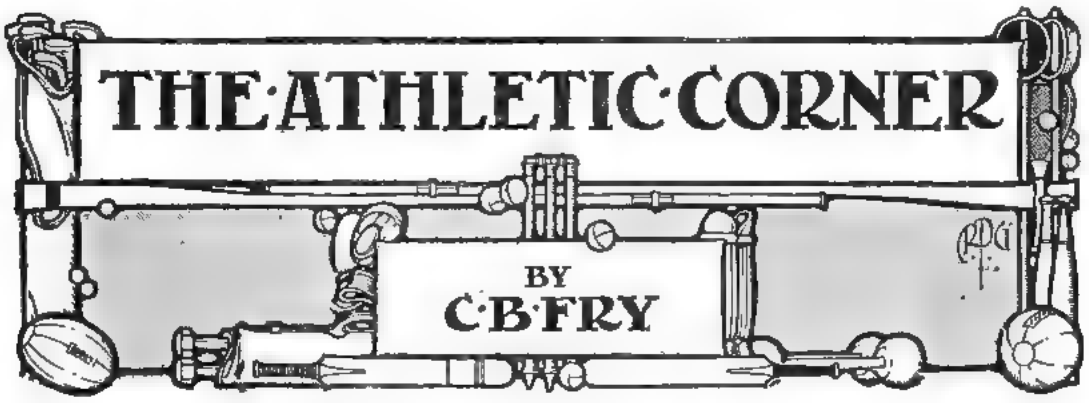
As he spoke, the bullets began to whistle past their heads again, and they realised that the Boers had dismounted and were firing upon them. Suddenly the Long 'Un's horse gave a short spring into the air, slowed down, and quivered all over. It's rider knew that it had been shot, and slid to the ground. At the same moment, from far up in the heights above them, there came a welcome sound. It was the short, quick bark of a Vickers-Maxim gun, and it was turned upon the attacking Boers.

"Cricky, look at that!" cried the frontiersman, who had pulled up, despite the hail of bullets, when his comrade's horse had come to grief.

He pointed to a little rise, only a few hundred yards away, and there saw a great commotion among the dozen or so of Boers who occupied it. It was evident that some pom-pom shells had fallen and burst in their midst, dealing out death and destruction. Before the uninjured Boers could get out of the way, a company of Brabant's Horse swept round the shoulder of the ridge to the right, and charged down upon them. It was an easy rout that followed.

"Guess you'd better come wid me to the camp, and interview the doc.," remarked Pete to his comrade when he returned a few minutes later from the fray, leading a fine, serviceable Basuto pony, "but you'd better freeze on to this 'ere moke first—the Boer as it belonged to ain't got any furder use for 'im."

Another Trench Tale next month.



THREE-DAY MATCHES.

How to Finish Them in Three Days.

You know nothing is so much talked about in cricket circles nowadays as the inordinate number of unfinished first-class matches, and the general advantage the bat holds over the ball. Lots of people much cleverer than I am have been trying to find means of altering this state of affairs, so you must not expect me to provide a solution of the question. Though, mind you, we of THE CAPTAIN are equal to any ordinary task. Still, the puzzle will stand a little fingering. There is no doubt that

THE MAIN CAUSE OF DRAWN MATCHES AND HIGH SCORING

is the perfection attained by the modern groundman in the art of preparing wickets; we play in fine weather upon billiard tables, as the saying is; of course, fine weather is taken for granted, for in wet weather, though matches are unfinished for want of time, the bowler has the advantage, and low scoring is the rule. But perfection of pitches is not the only cause; there are, in my opinion, two besides; first, a somewhat low average standard of fielding; and, secondly, a general improvement in the standard of batting without any corresponding improvement in that of bowling.

About fielding I shall speak later. As to batting, you will probably have read all sorts of tirades to the effect that batsmen were far more skilful in the old days, and that any fool can make runs nowadays. This is, I think, incorrect. I dare say the best batsmen of to-day are no better than the best of the past, but they are probably at least as good. Moreover,

THERE ARE NOW ABOUT TEN TIMES AS MANY BATSMEN OF THE HIGHEST CLASS AS THERE WERE WHEN COUNTY MATCHES FIRST BEGAN,

and about fifty times as many who may be described as only just below the highest class. Some eight or nine years ago there were five or six first-class county teams weak in batting. Now, though the number of first-class counties has increased, there are only two or three—and even these are strong enough when they get all their men together. With regard to bowlers, the number of good ones has increased, but not in anything like proportion with batsmen. This is chiefly because bowling requires more natural ability than batting. There are a hundred men who have the ability to make themselves good batsmen to one who can make himself a good bowler. But another reason is that everything favours batting and is against bowling. Perfect wickets not only handicap and dishearten bowlers, but also give batsmen a chance of learning the art of batting, for though a bad wicket is the exacting test of batting skill, a prevalence of good ones is conducive to a general acquirement of skill. Again,

THE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF MATCHES PLAYED IS ALL AGAINST THE BOWLERS,

for whereas they are liable to become tired out and over-worked, batsmen as a rule flourish the more they play and the more runs they make

So, one way and another, the bat has nowadays the upper hand to an extent that is unfair on the bowler, and not in the best interests of the game.

Two attempts have been made to alter the rules of the game under the idea of helping the bowler. You remember last season the boundary-net experiment was instituted at Lord's in M.C.C. matches. Some people high in authority maintained that if we had to run our runs out as they had to in their time we should not score as heavily as we do. No doubt they were right, for it is much more exhausting to run out fourers than to stand still and see the ball reach the boundary. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible on enclosed grounds to reproduce the conditions of open commons. The boundary-net was a compromise. Every hit that reached the boundary counted two, and as many more as the batsmen could run. It was necessary to count something for hitting to the net, otherwise the best strokes would have scored less than gentle pokes and snicks. But the experiment did not turn out as its proposers expected. Runs were cheaper than ever, fives and sixes became common, and

THE ONLY PERSON HANDICAPPED WAS THE WRETCHED FIELDSMAN,

who had far more work than before. Still, the experiment, even though it failed, was worth while. Had it not been tried there would still be many to maintain that the abolition of boundaries is the way to prevent draws.

The second alteration attempted is fresh in your memories. It was proposed, but not passed, at the M.C.C. general meeting this year, that the l.b.w. rule should be amended, so that the bowler might get the batsman out l.b.w. when the ball pitched off the wicket, as well as when it pitched dead straight. Those who voted in favour of this proposal, did so, I suppose, on one of three grounds; they thought either that the use of the legs to defend the wickets is a main cause of high scoring; or that instances of the ball beating the bat, but being unintentionally intercepted by the leg, are common; or else they considered the amended rule better than the old one on theoretical grounds. Personally, I dispute all three points. It is true some batsmen—a very few—defend their wickets with their legs on sticky pitches when the ball breaks a lot; but no one does so on good pitches for the simple reason that on these the ball does not break much, a fact that is always strongly emphasised by all who deprecate the present perfection of grounds. But there is no huge scoring on sticky wickets; the hundreds are made on hard pitches. So it is difficult to see how the new rule would have diminished the number of drawn games. Again, any batsman in the habit of making runs will tell you that

ON GOOD PITCHES THE BALL HITS HIS LEGS VERY, VERY RARELY AFTER BEATING HIS BAT.

Perhaps in theory any ball that beats the bat and would hit the stumps but for the interposition of the player's leg, ought to score a wicket to the bowler, but against this it must be noticed that such cases occur almost entirely upon sticky wickets, when the ball is breaking a lot, and that then, the umpire, not being behind the direction taken by the ball after pitching, cannot possibly judge whether or not it would hit the stumps. I am sure, on good wickets, this change in the rule would make no difference to speak of, while on difficult wickets the umpires would be unable to administer it. However, in any case the new rule should have been given a practical trial before being proposed at a law-making meeting of the M.C.C. Why not have experimented with it, as with the boundary-net, in some of the M.C.C. matches?

I expect you have discovered by now that neither of the above alterations in the rules is calculated to diminish the prevalence of draws, for the simple reason that neither of them touches the real causes of the state of things complained of. If it was a matter merely of providing for a definite result in every match,

"W. G.'S" IDEA

of deciding three-day, as well as one-day matches, on the first innings is all that is required. But this is not the point so much as to bring bowler and batsman to a level. In order to do this, either the wickets must be made less perfect, or the batsman must be handicapped by an alteration in the implements of the game, or else the standard of fielding must be greatly improved. There is no means of giving more skill to bowlers or taking it away from batsmen. If it were possible to manage that all grounds were of just the right sort, neither too easy nor too difficult, all would be well. But this is impossible; you cannot instruct groundmen to prepare wickets up to a certain limit of trueness and no farther. It has been suggested that all artificial preparation should be forbidden; that is to say, the use of clay and marl and other dressings. But, unfortunately, there are some grounds that cannot be rendered at all fit to play on without these dressings, though the Hove ground, which is supposed to be one of the best, is treated like an ordinary tennis-lawn. On the whole, there seems no satisfactory way of altering the state

of the modern first-class wicket. You cannot have one law for one ground and another for another. With regard to

ALTERATIONS IN THE IMPLEMENTS OF THE GAME,

the case is not quite as simple as it appears. It is easy enough to say make the bat smaller or else the wicket larger, but not so easy to decide how much. Really it is useless discussing such changes before making actual experiments. It seems to me that unless you narrow the bat considerably, the difference would scarcely be appreciable on good wickets; on the other hand, if you narrow it much, you reduce cricket on wet wickets, which after all do occur, to a mere farce. This also applies to enlarging the wicket; a small addition to its size would not be felt on good wickets, whereas we all find the wicket quite big enough at present on occasions when the bowler can do much with the ball. It is also worth remembering that a reduction in the size of the bat sufficient to handicap the batsman will almost inevitably lead to the adoption of a very careful and uninteresting style of play.

PERHAPS THE BEST ARRANGEMENT WOULD BE TO ENLARGE THE WICKET A LITTLE AND NARROW THE BAT A LITTLE.

The wicket might be an inch higher and an inch wider. There is no necessity to add a fourth stump; the extra breadth could be obtained by having each stump a third of an inch thicker and setting them the same distance apart as at present. The bat might be reduced by half an inch—not more, I think. I am not sure it would not be advantageous to reduce slightly the size of the ball It always seems to me easier to obtain spin and pace with one of the small-sized balls (now used in many private schools) than with the ordinary match ball, and certainly a small ball is easier to catch. Something between the two sizes might be tried. But suppose any changes in the implements are seriously entertained by the cricket authorities, the proper course is to introduce them for experimental purposes into some first-class matches. It is better to legislate on facts than on mere theories. Best of all, however, would be a reformation from within the game itself. Everyone with any knowledge of cricket knows that

GOOD FIELDING WINS MORE MATCHES THAN EITHER GOOD BATTING OR GOOD BOWLING.

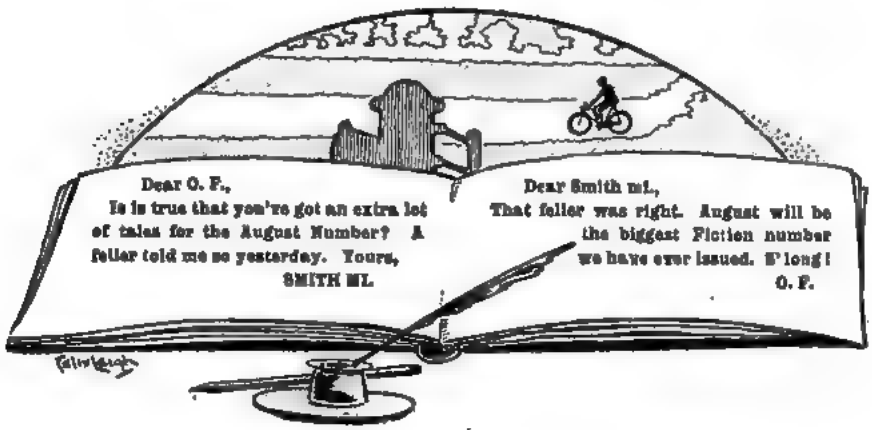
Why, then, is not fielding better than it is in first-class cricket? Two of the counties alone are consistently good in this department of the game, and they win their matches—Yorkshire and Lancashire. It is absurd to talk, as some critics do, as though every man could, if he tried, be a fine fielder, and as though every catch ought to be caught. But it is quite certain that, were every county team as useful and keen in the field as Yorkshire—a not impossible ideal—the number of drawn games would be wonderfully diminished. Dozens of batsmen make centuries, but how many do so without giving chances? Not many. Perhaps if good fielding were made as much fuss of in the papers as high scoring, we should see an improvement. Every practical cricketer agrees that a really high standard of fielding would make an enormous difference. The difficulty is how to obtain excellence in this respect. I am sure I do not know. I think we all try our best.

C. B. Fry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Shepherd.—First class and other batting averages are arrived at by the simple process of dividing the aggregate of runs credited to each batsman by the number of times he has been got out. The bowling averages are the result of dividing the number of runs hit off each bowler by the number of wickets credited to him. It is usual to work out these little division sums to two places of decimals. Maiden overs have nothing to do with bowling averages, but they are included in the bowling analysis. Glad to hear you admire "K. S. Ranji." Well you may. As yet I have not the pleasure of knowing your Japanese friends. You are correct in your estimation of this magazine as "the jolliest going." They tell me everyone thinks so. My selections are Cuttell, Hirst, Mason, and Jones. **Puella.**—Willingly would I help you if I could, but I cannot for the life of me give you any advice worth having. Dame Nature is the best of all nurses, though, and she often corrects her mistakes if one gives her time. **Engineer.**—You are a bit short for your age, but you do not appear to be too fat. Your mark is to take plenty of exercise, either at games or with such appliances as dumb-bells. **Manchester Admirer.**—As a matter of fact, some bats need oil oftener than others, and the weather makes a difference; but, as a rule, if you wipe a bat over with an oily rag two or three times a week the face keeps well. A mixture of linseed and olive oil is better than pure linseed. Some people play in spectacles—Killick, of Sussex, for instance. I rather think he has a special kind, warranted not to splinter. Still, if you can manage without so much the better. Eyesight is a valuable asset. **F. G. S.**—About that disputed goal at the Palace I cannot give an opinion worth having, as I was looking at General Sir Redvers Buller at the moment when it happened, and not at the game. I am bound to say, though, I was surprised that the referee was able to give a decision from the position he was in. Still, he is a particularly good referee, and he had no doubts. All is well that ends well. The article you suggest might do—of course I should be willing

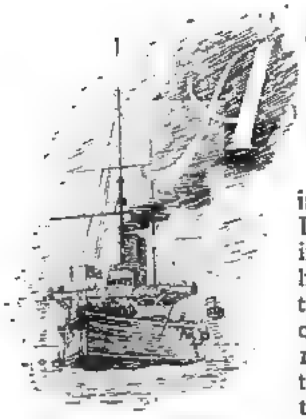
enough. I rather favour Mason, but it is a near thing. **M. O. C. C.** (Kirkcaldy).—Your present arrangement of dumb-bell exercise is all right. Rubbing down is good after exercise, because it stimulates the circulation of the blood through the tired muscles, and thus helps the muscles to recover. It is not wise to take heavy exercise immediately before a meal; there should be an interval of an hour. The evening is not at all a bad time for long-distance running. **J. Price.**—A Sandow Developer, properly used, will certainly not hurt you; quite the contrary. Either on getting up in the morning, or just before you go to bed, is a good time; though any time except immediately before or after meals is suitable. Get the lightest dumb-bells you can. **G. R. N.**—Thank you very much for your kind words. I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but hope you are all right now. Gabbitas & Thring, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., are the best known scholastic agents. Your letter did not come to me in time for the June number. It is better, by the way, to manage without agents if you can. You might write personally to a certain number of head-masters. You probably know where to find their names and addresses. **D. S. D.**—Right! We are all o/o the Old Fag. If A is bowling, and B and C are batting, and B hits the ball so as to knock down C's wicket, C would be out if A or someone on A's side touched the ball before it hit the wicket, not otherwise. Hayward was unfortunate enough to get out thus last year. **L. J. B.**—See above under "Manchester Admirer." **Enthusiast.**—Your best plan would be to enter for various handicap races of the distances you fancy. I see no reason why you should not run in the sports you mention. Certainly it would not make you a "pro." Of course, you must not run against a professional; that would make you a "pro." **Frank Jones.**—The question of how to assign marks for the championship in school sports has always been a difficulty. On principle, I think each event should count the same, for though the mile, for instance, is a more imposing and exacting race than the hundred yards, the sprinter can no more win the former than the long-distance runner the latter—as a rule, of course. At Repton the marks are uniform, but the long-distance runner has the advantage because his races, all except one, I think, are run off on separate days before the final day, whereas the sprinter has to do all his work on the final day. From the list, it appears that several of your championship events are handicaps. This seems to me strange. Usually all the events that count for the championship are level scratch. It is impossible to handicap satisfactorily by fixed allowances per annum. I will bear your matter in mind. **R. Ponder.**—You cannot do better than swim a moderate distance either every day, if you can stand it, or four times a week. You might occasionally try a rather long distance. You will find useful advice in the swimming volume of the All-England Series, price 1s. **H. Sharples.**—To keep a bat clean, wipe it very lightly with oil before use; then wipe off with a rag any dust or mud after use; then put it into one of the paper bat covers most makers send with new bats. It does a soft-faced bat good to hammer it, only you must hammer carefully with a convex-faced tool. A better plan is to hang up a ball on a long string and play it gently to and fro. **H. S.**—If the ground is a rough field you should roll it with as heavy a roller as possible whenever it is soft after rain. When you have made it fairly level, roll it when it is soft, but not when it is waterlogged. Young boys should use small-sized balls, and learn to bowl straight and a good length. The great point is to discourage wildness and extravagant pace. You cannot train such young boys for sports save by encouraging them to practise running. **G. Perkins.**—You will find a good chapter on "putting" in the athletic volume of the All-England Series. The regulation weight is 16lbs., but boys ought to use a lighter shot. The square is 7ft. Whether 24ft. 6ins. is good depends on the age and size of the boy. You must learn the correct style, or you cannot do much. Look it up in the book above mentioned, or, better still, in the Badminton Library Athletic Volume. **A. L. Clarke.**—I have handed your letter to the Old Fag, as it is hardly one to be dealt with in my department.



By permission.] [*Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co.*

AND ITS STEAMERS.—PART II.

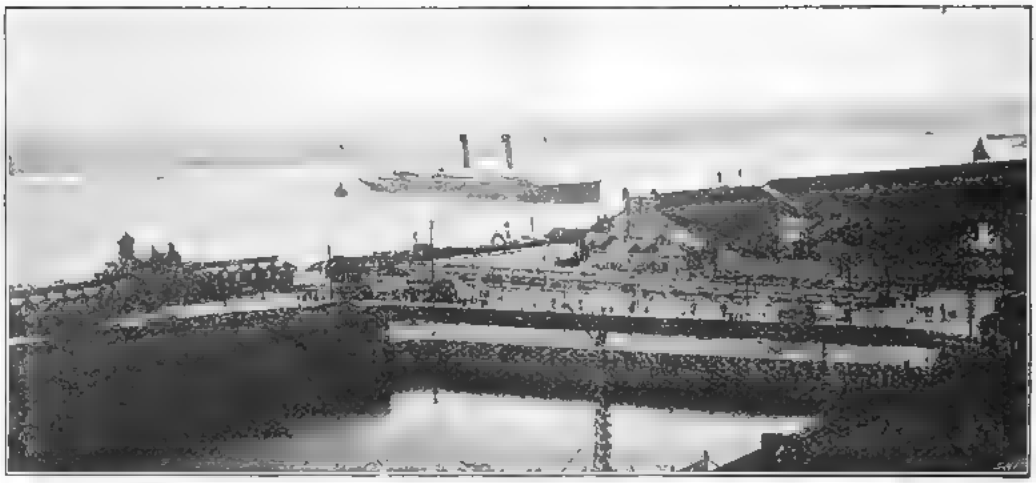
By J. A. Kay.



DERELICT HUNTING.

ATLANTIC records have been made and broken many times since that of the Cunarder *Britannia* which in 1840 crossed from Liverpool to Halifax in 12 days and 10 hours. In 1850 one of the Collins' steamers crossed in 9 days and 17 hours. In 1869 the Inman Line took the lead, and their steamer the *City of Brussels* astonished everyone by a record voyage home of 7 days 22 hours 3 minutes. In 1874-75 the two steamships *Britannic* and *Germanic*, of the White Star Line, started record breaking with a vengeance, and their performances may be said without exaggeration to have attracted world-wide attention. They reduced the Atlantic passage to seven and a half days. In 1882 the *Aurania* was added to the Cunard fleet, followed in 1883 by the *Servia*, which was the largest vessel of her day. In June, 1884, the *America* brought the record down to 6 days 14 hours 18 minutes. The *America* only held its record for two months, for in August, 1884, the *Oregon*, of the Guion Line, crossed the Atlantic in six and a half days. In 1884 the *Umbria* and *Etruria* reduced the record to 5 days 20 hours and 55 minutes. The best passage of the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*, of the Inman and International Steamship Company, was 5 days 14 hours 24 minutes. In 1889 the *Teutonic*, another famous White Star record breaker, was launched. Her average speed, and that of her sister ship, the *Majestic*, was twenty knots, and on one occasion the *Teutonic* crossed in 5 days 16 hours 31 minutes. In 1893 and 1894 the Cunard Line started breaking all previous records with their famous twin ships, the *Campania* and *Lucania*. The fastest westward passages of the *Lucania* and *Campania* are respectively 5 days 7 hours 23 minutes and 5 days 9 hours 6 minutes.

On the Southampton route to New York, a noteworthy record was made in September, 1897, by the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of the North German Lloyd Line, when she performed the journey in 5 days 22 hours 30 minutes. The best previous run between the same points was 6 days and 31 minutes, made in August,



Photograph by, *Permission.*
S.S. "OCEANIC" APPROACHING THE LANDING STAGE AND RIVERSIDE STATION, LIVERPOOL.

1896, by the American liner *St. Paul*. But since last summer all record Atlantic passages have been made by Germany. At present the record for a transatlantic passage is held by the *Deutschland*, which voyaged from New York to Plymouth, last September, in 5 days 7 hours 38 minutes. The *Lucania's* fastest eastern ocean passage is 5 days 8 hours 38 minutes.

The foregoing paragraphs show how the record time for an Atlantic passage has been gradually decreased. But apart from mere facts and figures, there is plenty of excitement in ocean record breaking; it is not all merely a question of gaining so many minutes each hour. For instance, when the *Campania* made her first trip to New York, she took things pretty easily, with the result that the *Paris*, which left Southampton on the same day, got home first. So on the return journey the mails were given to the American boat, which started on her passage to England a quarter of an hour in advance of the *Campania*. But this time the captain of the British vessel let her go. When the pilot was dropped, he stopped for half an hour to adjust some of the machinery and to make a few alterations. So that altogether the other steamer had a good three-quarters of an hour start. But once again under weigh, little by little the speed was worked up—it takes an ocean greyhound a deal longer to get up her maximum speed than a crack express, and correspondingly longer to stop—until between five and six o'clock those on board had the satisfaction of seeing her sweep past her rival. Before midnight her rival was left out of sight below the horizon. Once in mid-ocean, the *Campania* made another stop in order that some repairs to the steering-gear might be made—to the great alarm of some of the passengers, who thought that the American boat would overtake them again. Their fears were groundless, however, and little by little the captain pressed the ship to her full power. From Queenstown to Liverpool she ploughed her way along at the rate of twenty-six statute miles an hour, and anchored in the Mersey five and three-quarter hours before her rival had passed the Lizard. The

By permission.] *[Messrs. Issacy, Imrie & Co.*
TUGS ALONGSIDE THE ATLANTIC LINER "OCEANIC" IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

few late mails on board were distributed from twelve to forty-eight hours earlier than the regular ones.

Our list of Atlantic records, of course, only refers to the actual ocean passages, and it is interesting to note that London passengers leaving with the mails have been landed in New York from the *Lucania* in 6 days 2 hours 46 minutes; whilst London passengers homewards by the same vessel, landing at Liverpool and being conveyed thence by special train, have reached Euston Station in 6 days 5 hours 56 minutes from the time the steamer left the New York wharf. This same steamer's average speed is twenty-one and a-half knots (or twenty-five statute miles) per hour, or six hundred miles per day. This has now been kept up for many consecutive voyages, and it is not in any way an exceptional performance, such as, for instance, the measured mile trips of war-ships. On a service such as the Atlantic ferry speed is of no value unless it can be maintained with unwavering regularity. When the *Oceanic* was designed, the chief object kept in view was not to build a record-breaking vessel, but a steamer provided with every comfort and luxury possible, so that, be the weather calm or boisterous, as one Wednesday witnesses her departure from one side of the Atlantic, so the following Wednesday morning should see her arrival on the opposite side.

A similar object was kept in view by the designer of the *Celtic*, the new White Star liner, which was launched last April from Messrs. Harland & Wolff's shipbuilding works at Belfast. She is the biggest ship in the world as regards tonnage, but is not quite so fast a boat nor so long as the *Oceanic*. She has not been built for record breaking, but with a view to carrying a big cargo and a large number of passengers in safety and comfort. When she makes her first trip it is expected she will cross the Atlantic in about seven days, and there will be ample room on board for 3,294 persons! In one respect, at least, the *Celtic* marks an interesting departure from what has hitherto been an accepted principle with the steamship companies which compete for the vast carrying trade of the Atlantic. In the past they have striven to make each new ship at once faster and bigger than all predecessors. But now the time seems to have come when all Atlantic steamers will either be built for carrying capacity or fleetness. The *Celtic* belongs to the former class. Beside her the largest battle-ship looks almost insignificant. But it is to be hoped that the next important steamer that the British companies build for the Atlantic traffic may belong to the latter class.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STERN OF THE R.M.S. "OCEANIC" IN DRY DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

The following table contains some interesting comparisons:—

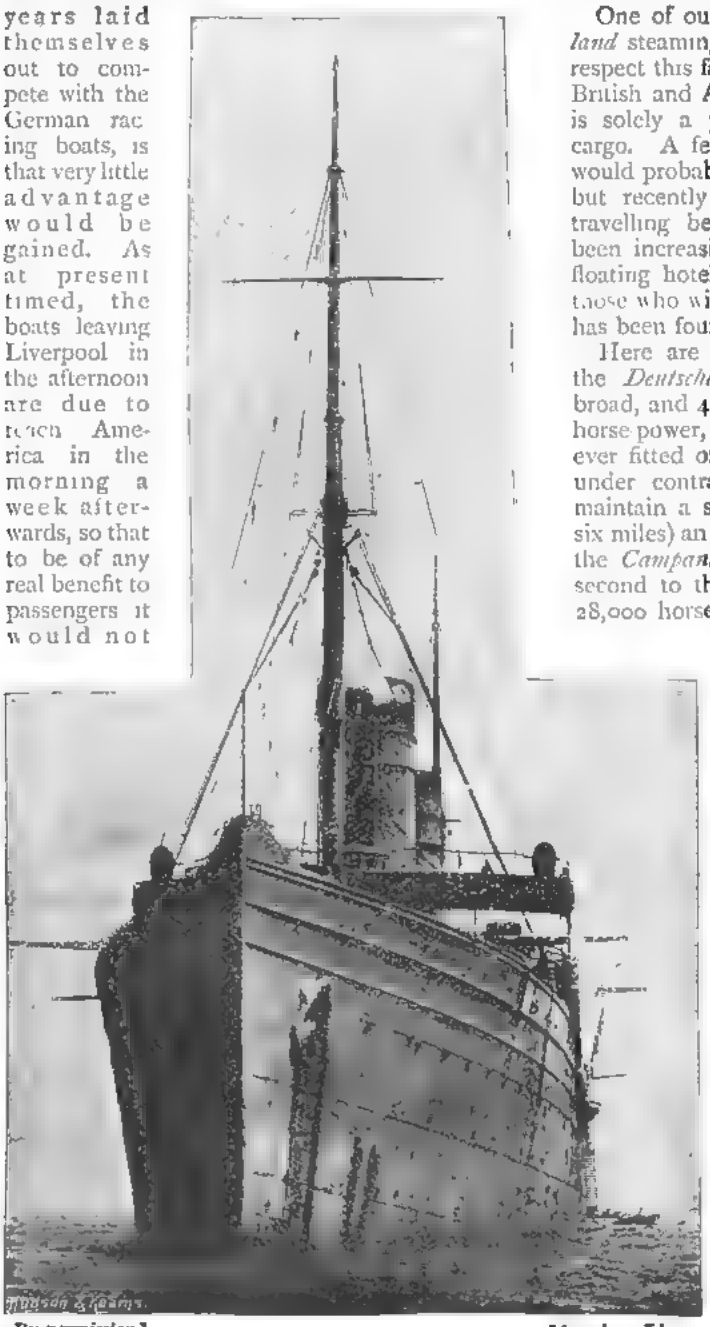
Vessel.	Length over all.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tons Gross.
	ft. ins.	ft. ins.	ft. ins.	
Great Eastern	691 0	83 8	48 2	18,915
Celtic	700 0	75 0	49 0	20,880
Oceanic	705 6	68 0	44 6	17,274
Deutschland	660 9	67 3	40 3	16,502
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	626 7	66 0	39 0	14,349
Campania and Lucania	625 0	65 0	43 0	12,950
City of Rome	600 0	52 3	37 0	8,144
Paris	560 0	63 2	39 2	10,500
Ivernia and Saxonia ..	600 0	64 0	43 0	14,191

Another fact to be borne in mind in regard to the question of speed of Atlantic liners, and one which goes a long way to explain why English steamship companies have not during the last few years laid themselves out to compete with the German racing boats, is that very little advantage would be gained. As at present timed, the boats leaving Liverpool in the afternoon are due to reach America in the morning a week afterwards, so that to be of any real benefit to passengers it would not merely be a question of beating the German record by an hour or two. In fact, steamers would have to be built to run the passage in some fifteen hours less than our fastest liners can now do it in.

One of our illustrations pictures the *Deutschland* steaming at full speed. In one essential respect this famous vessel differs from all other British and American transatlantic liners. She is solely a passenger vessel, and carries no cargo. A few years ago such a vessel as this would probably never have been made to pay; but recently the number of wealthy people travelling between America and Europe has been increasing so rapidly that the idea of a floating hotel specially designed for the use of those who wish to cross the Atlantic in a hurry has been found practicable.

Here are a few interesting facts concerning the *Deutschland*. She is 686½ft. long, 67ft. broad, and 44ft. deep. Her engines, of 33,000 horse power, are the most gigantic and powerful ever fitted on a steamer, and the builders were under contract to make a boat that would maintain a speed of twenty-two knots (twenty-six miles) an hour. As regards powerful engines the *Campania*, with 30,000 horse-power, ranks second to the *Deutschland*. The *Oceanic* has 28,000 horse-power. The *Deutschland* has two bottoms—the false bottom lies from 4ft. to 8ft. beneath the real one. Both of these are equally strong, so that, even if she strikes a hidden reef which bursts through the outer plates, the inner bottom still remains to keep out the water. The space between the upper and lower bottoms is composed of numerous compartments, into which water can be let at will, so as to balance the vessel if she does not ride evenly.

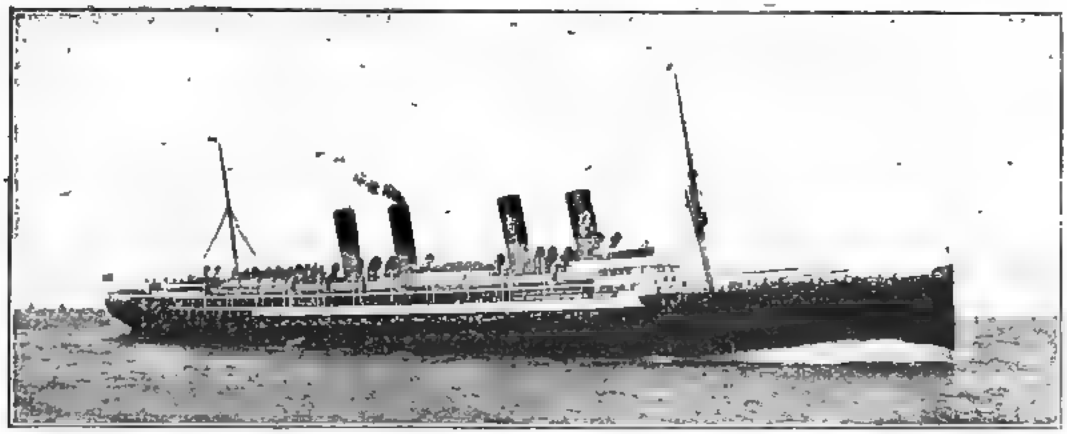
The following particulars are interesting from the mere passenger's point of view. The *Deutschland*, amongst its many other appointments, is fitted with a complete refrigerating plant, four hospitals, a safety deposit vault for the immense quantities of gold which pass between the banks of Europe and America, eight kitchens, a complete post-office with German and American clerks, thirty electrical motors, thirty-six pumps, no fewer than seventy-two steam engines, a complete drug store, a complete fire department, with pumps, hose,



By permission. [*American Line.*

AN ATLANTIC LINER IN WAR PAINT.

The *St. Louis* as she appeared as an armed cruiser during the Spanish-American War.



From a photograph.

THE FASTEST OCEAN GREYHOUND IN THE WORLD.
The *Deutschland* leaving Sandy Hook.

and other fire-fighting machinery; a library, 2,600 electric lights, two barbers' shops, room for an orchestra and brass band, a telegraph system, a telephone system, a complete printing establishment, a photographic dark-room, a cigar store, an electric fire-alarm system, and a special refrigerator for flowers.

With the exception of the *Deutschland* all the passenger ships in the Atlantic service carry a certain amount of cargo, and in addition there are several large fleets of steamers that do nothing but carry freight to and fro between America and Europe. Without these vessels many merchants would soon have to close their businesses for want of supplies. To those who have never seen them before, a walk round the Liverpool docks and warehouses is a revelation; whilst the carrying capacity of modern cargo steamers is marvellous.

Last month we gave a picture of the *Saxonia*, which, with her sister ship, the *Ivernia*, are the newest and largest steamers of the Cunard Line. These steamers are employed on the Liverpool and Boston service, and are proving themselves remarkable vessels for steadiness and comfort at sea. Their carrying capacity is very great, and, if engaged in trooping, each ship could carry 200 officers and 3,500 men, together with 10,000 tons of stores. On April 23rd last the *Saxonia* left Liverpool with the largest number of passengers and crew ever carried from a port of the United Kingdom to the United States—viz., 2,428.

Many of the fastest Atlantic liners—British, German, and American—can be rapidly transformed into armed cruisers in time of war, when their services would be claimed by the Government of the country whose flag they fly. The *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, and other steamers of the American Line did yeoman service for their country in the summer of 1898, during the Spanish-American war. The rapidity with which these vessels were transformed from ordinary peaceable liners into armed cruisers was remarkable. By the middle of April it was only a matter of days when war would be declared, and the American Government arranged for the transfer to it of the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, *Paris*, and *New York*. At the same time this was arranged the first-named vessel was the only one within immediate hail, but by the first week in May these four ocean greyhounds suddenly found themselves unleashed as dogs of war.

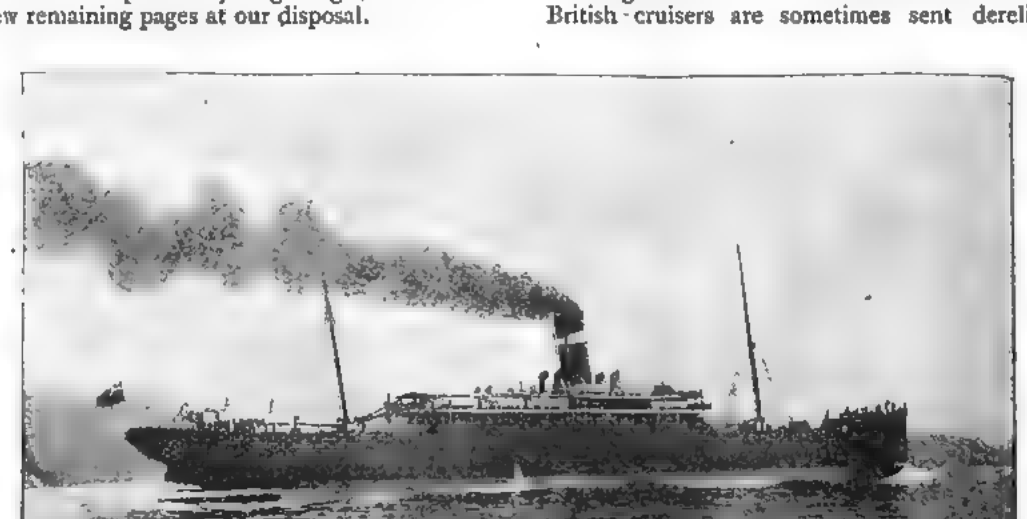
An accompanying illustration shows the *St. Louis* as she appeared when fully armed and in war paint.

Amongst the Atlantic steamship lines running vessels between England and Canada, the Allan, Cunard, and Dominion companies take leading places. (The Allan Line was the first to build a steel ocean steamer, *i.e.*, the *Buenos Ayrean*, launched in 1881.) In 1852 the Allan Line started their mail steamships between Liverpool and Canada, and since 1859 the service has been a weekly one. The latest addition to their fleet is the *Tunisian*, which made her maiden trip in April of this year. She is a twin-screw steamer of 10,576 tons gross, and, like the *Bavarian*, embodies all those improvements and luxuries which Messrs. Allan's long and unique experience of the Canadian trade have shown them are wanted by the voyaging community travelling between this country and the Dominion. The Allan steamers sail round the north of Ireland, which accounts for their not competing for ocean records, despite their swiftness. The average trip, from the wharf at

Montreal to the landing stage at Liverpool, is from eight to nine days.

The transatlantic steamers of the Anchor Line, founded in 1851, run between Glasgow and New York. The Dominion Line run a service of steamers between Liverpool and Canada, and also to Boston. In a recent article in THE CAPTAIN an illustration was given of the largest of the fine vessels of this line.

This article is of necessity short. Once begin writing about the romance of the Atlantic ferry—its mysteries, wrecks, tales of heroism, life on board the varied vessels that steam or sail across it, from tramps to ocean greyhounds, and there would be no possibility of getting it all into the few remaining pages at our disposal.

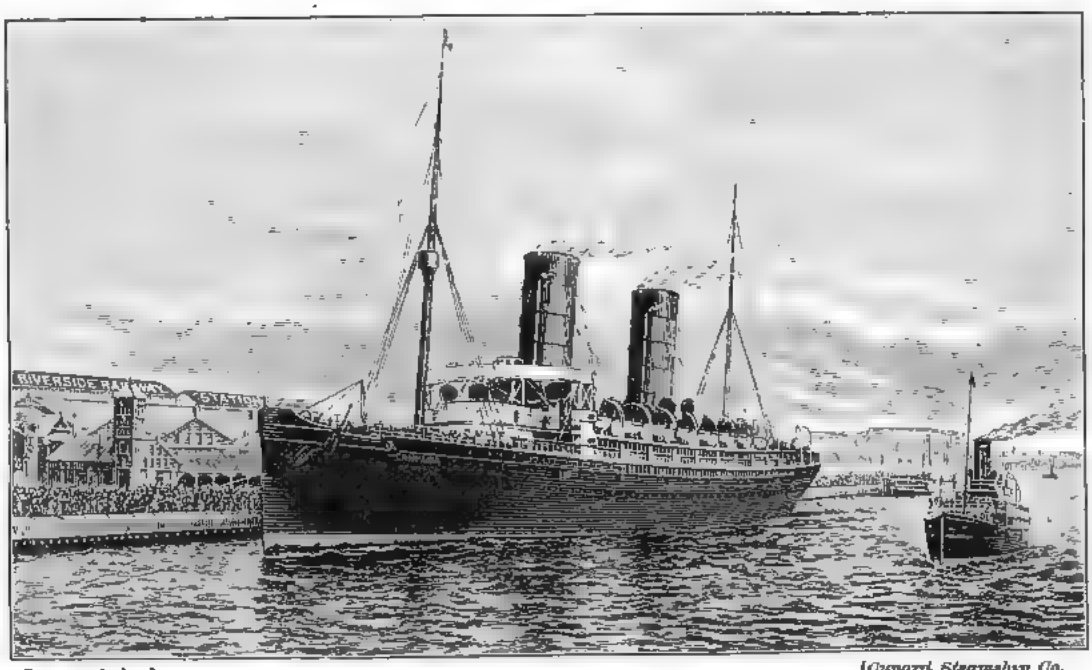


By permission. A TYPICAL ALLAN LINE STEAMER. *En route* for Montreal. [*Allan Bros. & Co.*

Few things at sea are more to be dreaded than derelicts. There are more of these in the North Atlantic than in any other part of the sea; and in such a busy ocean highway it naturally follows that the danger to passing steamers is proportionately greater. Norway has an unenviable notoriety for what she does to swell the numbers of ocean derelicts. Old disused sailing ships, which shipowners of other nations have discarded as being unfit for further use, are eagerly bought up by thrifty Norwegians; who, after patching them up, send them out again on their ocean journeyings. If they come in for much bad weather it is very soon all up with them, but even after their scanty crews have left them to their fate, many continue to roam about half sunk—a menace to all that comes in their way. Moreover, many of these vessels are laden with logs, thus rendering them unsinkable; and if, from the fury of the waves, they do at length fall to pieces, their cargoes of huge logs, thus liberated, go floating about far and wide, each (many are as much as 40ft. long, and 4ft. thick) capable of doing considerable damage to any ship's side they happen to crash against.

What is to be done to get rid of the derelict is a pressing question. Too often Lloyd's tragic epitaph "missing" is called forth by one of these wastrels of the waves looming out of the darkness—lying low in the water, a noisome mass of weed-grown timbers—and suddenly crashing into the bows of some ill-fated steamer. British cruisers are sometimes sent derelict-hunting in the Atlantic, with instructions to either locate or destroy them.

Like every other ocean highway, the Atlantic has its tale of disaster and death as well as that of progress and prosperity, record breaking, and bigger vessels. Many valuable ships have been lost through collisions. The terrible wreck of the *Bourgogne*, of the French Transatlantique Line, will be remembered by most readers, also the wreck of the *Elbe* in the English Channel in January, 1895, when 850 lives were lost. The only vessel the Cunard Line has lost was the *Oregon*, and even then everyone was saved. She was run into by an unknown sailing vessel off Fire Island, but although she quickly filled and sank, her passengers and crew (995 in all) were rescued by the *Fulda*, of the North German



By permission.] [*Cunard Steamship Co.*

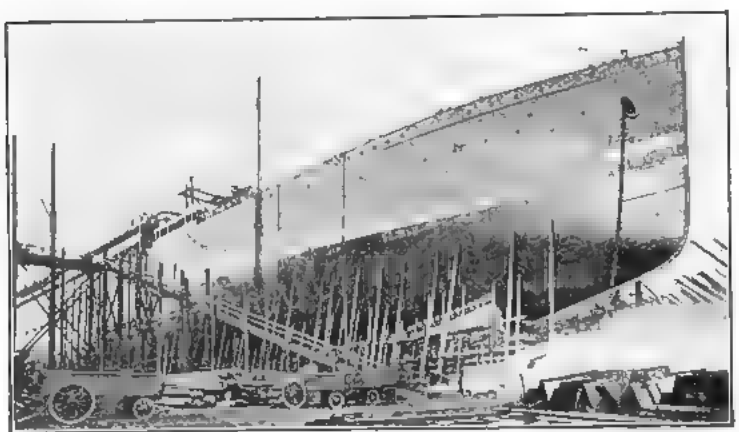
THE "CAMPANIA."

Embarking passengers at the Riverside Station, Liverpool.

Lloyd Line, which chanced to pass by at the moment of necessity. We have already referred to the disasters which befel the steamers of the old Collins' Line, and the Inman Line had also its share of misfortune. The *City of Brussels*, launched in 1869, which reduced the passage between New York and Liverpool to eight days, was sunk by collision a few years later in a fog off the Mersey; the *City of Montreal* was burned at sea; and the *City of Washington* was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast, as was also the *City of Chicago*. The impaling of the *Paris* on the Manacles two summers ago is another disaster which is still fresh in our memories.

Amongst other well-known vessels that have met with disaster are the *Austria*, which was burned at sea in 1858, when only sixty-seven were saved out of a total of 538; the *Schiller*, which was wrecked on the Scilly Islands in 1875, drowning 331 of her passengers and crew; and the *Cimbria*, which in 1883 foundered off the coast of Holland. In that disaster 289 were lost. The *Ville de Havre* and the *Ville de St. Nazaire* were both lost at sea, with great loss of life.

The White Star Line, out of all their vast fleet, past and present, have only lost two vessels. One of those was the *Atlantic*, which was wrecked off the Nova Scotia coast in 1873, but the fate that befell their fine steamer, the *Naronic*, is still a mystery.



Photograph by] [*permission.*

THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP IN THE WORLD.

The *Celtic* as she appeared shortly before launching at Messrs. Harland & Wolff's yard, Belfast.

She sailed from Liverpool for New York on February 11th, 1893, and never reached her destination. What happened to her is still unknown, for, though two of the boats were afterwards picked up, they contained no clue to a solution of the mystery. Moreover, there are several similar sad and silent mysteries connected with the Atlantic ferry. One of the first vessels to disappear with no hint being found of her fate was the *City of Glasgow*, which met her doom in 1854. Since then the *Ella*, *Barton*, and many other liners have steamed out of port, and never been heard of again. Other noted steamers have created great alarm by the long time they have remained unheard of at sea, and have been almost given up for lost. This has usually been caused by the breaking of shafts in hurricane weather, and amongst those that have turned up safely after long periods of absence are the *Umbria* and *Gascoyne*.

By permission.] H.M.S. "MAJESTIC" DOCKING IN NEW YORK. [*Ismay, Imrie & Co.*

From an etching by W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

Reference has already been made to most of the illustrations to this article, but we wish to draw special attention to three out of our striking set of pictures of scenes and steamers connected with the Atlantic Ferry. On the top of page 310 is a capital view of the River Mersey with one of the Liverpool docks in the foreground. Broadside across the river you see the *Oceanic* approaching the riverside station to take on board the passengers before starting for New York. The lower picture on the same page shows her arrival in New York Harbour with a cluster of tugs alongside, whilst the photograph reproduced on the following page, showing the *Oceanic* in dry dock, gives one a vividly realistic idea of what is meant by the term an "ocean leviathan."

Sir William White has thus summarised the result of the past sixty years' enterprise and experiment in transatlantic steam navigation:—Speed has been increased from eight and a-half to twenty-two and a-half knots; the time occupied on the voyage has been reduced to about 38 per cent. of what it was in 1840. Ships have been more than trebled in length, about doubled in breadth, and increased tenfold in displacement. The average number of passengers carried by a steamship has been increased from about a hundred to nearly two thousand. The engine power has been made forty times as great. The ratio of horse-power to the weight driven has been increased fourfold. The rate of coal consumption (measured per horse-power per hour) is now only about one-third what it was in 1840. To drive 2,000 tons weight across the Atlantic at a speed of eight and a-half knots, about 550 tons of coal were then burnt; now to drive 20,000 tons across at twenty-two knots, about 3,000 tons of coal are burnt. With the low pressure of steam, and heavy, slow-moving paddle-engines of 1840, each ton weight of machinery, boilers, etc., produced only about two horse-power for continuous working at sea. With modern twin-screw engines and high steam pressure, each ton weight of propelling apparatus produces from six to seven horse-power.

Had the old rate of coal consumption continued, instead of 3,000 tons of coal, 9,000 tons would have been required for a voyage at twenty-two knots. Had the engines been proportionately as heavy as those in use sixty years ago, they would have weighed about 14,000 tons. In other words, machinery, boilers, and coals would have exceeded in weight the total weight of the Campania as she floats to-day. There could not be a more striking illustration than this of the close relation between improvements in marine engineering and the development of steam navigation at high speeds.

JUNGLY ACHIEVES THE IMPOSSIBLE

Written and illustrated by **E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS**

PART I.

THERE was a blur of dust on the horizon against the crimson glories of the setting sun. I had looked through my field-glasses, but they showed me no more than a pillar of dust raised by some moving object. It couldn't be a herd of deer, as the dust would be more scattered.

"It is a blue bull," I remarked.

"No, it's a man," said Jungly.

"How do you make that out?"

"Nothing but the long swinging stride of a man piles up the dust in such a manner. Wait a moment, and I will be sure," he added.

But instead of watching the cloud of dust any longer, his eyes were fixed on a flock of teal which were swiftly skimming the plain towards the distant dust. As they neared it they rose higher, but suddenly separated into two bodies, darting rapidly to right and left as if alarmed; farther on they joined again as they flew onward.

"It is a man," said Jungly, with decision, "and most probably a white man. But why comes he into this wilderness at nightfall?"

We were seated on a slight eminence, after a day's shooting. Behind us, buried in a fog of miasma, lay, in the valley of death, the Kala Jheel, or black marshes—shallow lake and quaking bog—a place shunned by man and beast, but teeming with water fowl of every description; before us stretched a plain with a herd of black buck and ravine deer feeding in the distance. We were twenty miles from the nearest village, and leagues more from any town.

I put up my glasses again, and could barely see the turban and drapery that suggested a fakir. This I told Jungly, but he answered promptly:—

"It is no Hindoo; it is an Englishman."

"How can you tell at that long distance?"

"My eyes are better than your telescope," he answered, "but even I cannot see his skin all that way."

"Then how can you be so positive?" I asked.

"Watch the deer and you will see," he answered. "A native passing within fifty yards of them would not scare them, yet look how frightened they are of that man half a mile away from them."

I looked through my glasses, and could see the deer huddled together in a frightened manner, and as the black speck came a little nearer they set off in a panic, bounding high in the air as they went like so many tennis balls.

"There!" said Jungly, triumphantly, "only a tiger or an Englishman could scare them so. When I am in doubt," he added, "I want to know what the animals think. Now the teal and the deer think as I do, therefore I know I am right. In the jungle men are but poor reasoners compared with animals."

With all the pride of learning we of the Western world possess I set myself to explain to Jungly that human beings had the monopoly of reason, and that animals had only instinct given them—an unconscious, unreasoning impulse to action through which they avoid that which is dangerous, and are attracted to that which is congenial to their existence without instruction or experience. I found it extremely difficult to explain to him this difference,

which he received with as much surprise as incredulity.

"Then, sahib, is this instinct never at fault?"

"Never," said I, "that is, while they live under natural conditions."

"Ah!" replied Jungly, after a moment's thought, "what a pity human beings have not instinct instead of reason. It would be grand to know you could not make mistakes!"

This aspect of the case had never occurred to me, and I did not reply, for obvious reasons.

I was relieved when he proceeded, "But, sahib, you cannot be right, else why do chickens fall into water and get drowned? Why does a dog play with a scorpion, and get stung to death? Why do the deer which live on the plains die through eating poisonous plants when they are driven into the hills?—and why—urre! Gunga!" he stopped with a cry of pain as a locust shot like a bullet into his eye—"yes, why does this sort of thing happen to creatures blessed with unerring instinct?" and he stamped the blundering insect under foot.

BOUNDING HIGH IN THE AIR AS THEY WENT.

"No, protector of the poor, I think there are wise and foolish among animals as there are among men, and this grasshopper is the greatest fool of all, for he seldom dies a natural death; either he starves and dies when the grass dries up, or he drowns himself in the pond he mistakes for the sky above, or dashes his life out against a glittering stone; while the ant is only second to man in taking forethought.

"No, sahib, animals can reason, and some reason better than others."

"Show me any such animal," said I, "and I will be convinced that there is reason in beasts."

"I will do your bidding, sahib," he answered, "but we need not go far; even here at our feet is such a creature," and Jungly indicated a small black ant wandering about in an aimless manner.

He picked up the dead locust and dropped it within a few inches of the foraging ant. In a few moments the ant got the scent; he stopped still, and his antennæ waved to and fro in an inquiring manner; then, having located the meat, he set off straight for it. He soon found the locust, and walked round it several times, then mounted upon it and surveyed it under that aspect.

"See, sahib," said Jungly, "now he is calculating how many ants it will take to carry this meat to the nest. You will find, sir, he will not bring one too many, and yet not an insufficient number."

Then he asked, "How many ants do you think necessary to move it?"

"About a hundred," I replied.

"Ah, sahib, the little ant is stronger than you imagine! I should think myself that thirty ants will be about the number he will bring," rejoined Jungly.

I was immensely interested in this experiment, and waited with impatience for the little forager ant to return homewards. But he was in no hurry, and seemed either lost in thought or going to sleep, and I was thinking the experiment would come to nothing, when suddenly he set off at a brisk pace back over the road he had come by, but, instead of meandering about, he made a bee line for the nest.

"Now, protector of the poor, while the black ant has gone to fetch its labourers, we will let this red ant see the locust as well, so that we will have two experiments instead of one," and, trailing the locust along the ground, so that the scent was not lost, Jungly moved the insect a yard away into the path of an ant of another tribe, as his red colour showed. The red ant surveyed the prize in the same manner as the black ant had done, and was off in a minute for his labourers. Then Jungly left the locust midway between the points where the ants had

found it, taking care not to lift it from the ground, otherwise they would have been unable to find it again.

I had kept an eye on the black ant. It travelled about three yards, and then met another foraging ant from its own nest. Unscrewing the magnifying lens from my field-glass, I carefully watched the meeting. The two ants put their antennæ together in what at first appeared to be a friendly salutation, but it proved, from what followed, that the first ant was communicating his information to the second, for after a minute they separated, and, to my surprise—for it proved that some language existed in the ant world—ant No. 2 went straight back to the nest, while our ant returned to the locust, and stood guard over it. It was not long, however, before we saw a little string of black ants coming straight for the locust. I counted them with interest, and there were exactly thirty-two, including the pioneer; so Jungly was not far out, after all.

"Well, sahib, is not that a proof that ants can calculate, count, and speak?"

"You are a wonderful man, Jungly," I answered, "to have found out so many of Nature's secrets. I am entirely convinced."

"I am not wonderful, sahib," said he; "but these little people are more wonderful than men think. See, there are just enough ants to move the locust—none too many, or too few. Had their path lain up a straight wall they would have brought a double number, so that one party could rest while the other pulled. They are a wise little people—better than men, except in times of scarcity, when they plunder the granaries of some other tribe, or when they are constructing some great work; then they will make whole tribes of weaker ants their slaves, and set them to work while they look on, which is no worse than human beings."

While we were speaking the red ants came upon the scene. I counted them—there were exactly thirty-two. Finding the locust had been dragged away, they set out hot-foot to find it. They soon came upon the black ants, and a tug-of-war ensued, the black dragging one way and the red another. Neither party seemed to be getting any advantage, when I noticed two of the ants on either side detach themselves from the rest and set out at a great pace for their respective nests.

"You see," said Jungly, "these be messengers sent off for the soldiers! Now we will have a battle in real earnest. The labourers don't fight—it isn't their trade."

Not many minutes after about fifty large soldier ants arrived from each nest and commenced a ferocious fight, while each labourer still doggedly hung on to the locust, except when a soldier from the enemy's side approached, when he tried to escape before he was snipped in half. In ten minutes' time each side had about twenty warriors slain, while several of the labourers also bit the dust or squirmed round with headless bodies.

"See, sahib, they are sending for more troops? Had we not better stop this waste of life, for they are fairly equal in size and strength, and will go on fighting till thousands are slain?"

"I don't see how you can stop them?" I observed.

Taking my water-bottle, he sprinkled a few drops on the combatants. They immediately released their hold of each other, and both parties fled from the field—the battle was over!

By this time the distant man had come quite close to us.

"Saw you ever fakir or priest," said Jungly, "walk with so straight a back? No one but an Englishman has such a lordly, swinging stride."

The man came nearer. He appeared to be a fakir, with a big turban, and he was carrying a bundle. We slipped behind a screen of bushes, and watched him unobserved. He was now so near that I could see his skin was brown as Jungly's, also that he had some sectarial marks on his forehead. These I pointed out to Jungly.

"It is easy to dye your skin, sahib," he answered, "and as for the sect marks, Brama and the trimurti is not thus shown. None but an amateur would draw marks like those on that fakir, from whom I can get the smell of English tobacco even at this distance."

The strange fakir, walking bare-foot, passed within twenty yards of us, and made straight for the Kala Jheel.

"Look at his feet and see how he turns out his toes—no Sepoy, Pathan, or Sikh can walk like that. Now for another proof," added Jungly. "Watch that animal."

Just then a jackal slunk out of a patch of wild plum and crossed the man's path, but he strode on unheeding it.

"There, again!" claimed Jungly. "Had he been a Hindoo, at the sight of that sign of misfortune he would have walked back a few yards and gone by another way, or given up his journey and returned, rather than face certain calamity."

The more determined Jungly was that the man was an Englishman, the more I became convinced that he was a Hindoo. But we both wondered what he was doing so far from civilisation at nightfall, and in a place above all others that no recluse or anchorite could exist in.

Straight he went for the quaking bog. Was the man aware of his danger? He seemed quite confident as he entered the marsh, picking his way along the narrow veins of firm ground that wandered here and there through the treacherous ooze. We were amazed. The black peaty earth, to me, was quite indistinguishable from the thin crust that hid the murderous slime, and earlier in the day I had in consequence nearly forfeited my life on more than one occasion, and was only saved by Jungly's timely warning, and this on the outskirts of the marsh. And here was this mysterious fakir, whom Jungly had called an Englishman, walking into the heart of the morass at nightfall.

"What Englishman could do that?" I asked, triumphantly, in my turn.

"It is wonderful," answered Jungly, "especially as he is making for the centre of the morass, on which there is some firm ground and the ruins of a tomb built when there was no water or bog in the valley, which now has but one path leading to it, as difficult to find as a hair in a bed of straw. Only once I trod that path, and would not like to do so again. Some solitary wild pig or buffalo must have walked that way, and he has followed the footprints."

WE SLIPPED BEHIND SOME BUSHES, AND WATCHED HIM UNOBSERVED.

Suddenly, subdued by the distance, came the sound of singing.

"Listen!" said Jungly. "He is singing a song, and it is no louney or gazul of the bazaars."

I could not hear clearly enough to tell whether it was an English or Hindustani song.

At the sound of his voice myriads of waterfowl arose in a dense black cloud, and circled round the marsh, blotting out the landscape entirely, and deafening the ear with their discordant clangour. Upon this scene night came down suddenly, so, collecting our spoils, we departed campwards.

I remember that night it rained heavily, and the flood invaded my tent, so that my servants, who always slept on the ground, had to pass the night sitting on my tables and chairs to keep their feet out of the water. Jungly, however, slept in a tree very comfortably.

About a week after we camped again near the Kala Jheel. The next morning Jungly and I went out to see if we could find a few good specimens of the kulong—a stork—and auk—the night heron.

Although it was about eight in the morning the malarious fog made a twilight over the black marsh, and the dank reeds and grasses dripped with a slimy sweat that could not be called dew. Altogether it was a place in which neither man nor beast could have existed, even had there been absent that hidden death to engulf him at the first false step. Nothing would have induced me to revisit the spot had it not been for the large variety of storks, herons, cormorants, ducks, geese, teal, and other water-fowl that had their home in this dismal swamp.

The auks and kulongs were plentiful, but we lost several specimens that fell to my gun through the fact of their falling into the black ooze of the bog, and sinking out of sight immediately. The report of my gun was followed by the cries of thousands of birds screaming and shrieking in every key, while tens of thousands circled round the marsh, hiding the sun from view.

Jungly, who had become somewhat preoccupied, suddenly said:—

"Sahib, I have been thinking that if the mysterious fakir we saw a week ago found the road to the centre of the marsh by following the tracks of some wild pig, then when the

rain came down that night, and washed the tracks away, he would be unable to find his way out again, so perhaps he is starving in this place of death. See, there are no footprints coming out of the swamp. Had he passed this way even once this week, I could see the marks of his feet in the soft ground, and this is the only path he can take."

"Perhaps he has plenty of food with him," I ventured.

"Perhaps, but it is well to know, he being your countryman also."

I was much struck by the argument. Though Jungly's untiring observation and rapid method of deduction were familiar to me, yet I could never emulate them; to me the jungle was ever silent, while to Jungly it spoke with a hundred voices. The ground under foot seemed ever the same to me, while for him it always bore a budget of fresh news.

As I followed him through the mazes of the swamp, all the earth looked the same black puddle, and yet I knew he was tracking the one narrow path that led to the centre of the morass which, in his own words, was as difficult to find as a hair in a bed of straw. He cautioned me frequently not to tread anywhere but in his footprints, as the very narrow path was constantly twisting, and a stride to the right or left might have engulfed me in a moment.

"How can you tell firm ground from the crust upon the ooze?" I asked him.

"Sahib," said he, "I am an ignorant man in most matters, and to me the diamond looks the same as an imitation in glass, but you could tell the difference at a glance. To me there is the same difference in this ground. But look! We can see the ruined tomb. The man is dying."

I raised my glasses and could just discern the crumbling walls and cupola of the ruin, but no indication of a man.

"I cannot see any dying man," I answered.

"No, but there is something else which tells me that."

"I can see nothing but a few cormorants on the dome," I answered.

"They are not cormorants, but vultures," said Jungly.

"Ah, then, we are too late; the man is dead!"

"Not dead, but dying!"

"How can you tell?"

"By the craning necks of the vultures. They are full of curiosity just now. Once they are gorged they sit all of a heap, and take very little interest in life, and you can often knock them on the head with a stick before they will attempt to fly."

We again proceeded cautiously along the path, now a ridge between two lakes of pitch, and arrived on the island in the midst of the morass. A vulture on watch in the doorway flapped heavily away.

I was just about to enter the tomb, when the sight I saw made me start back in terror. Wasted to a skeleton lay the fakir, to all appearance dead, but with eyes distended with some nameless horror, and fixed in a dying glare upon the entrance to the tomb. In his hand was a bulrush, with which he seemed to have been defending himself. "Against what?" I asked myself, and then I remembered, with a shudder, the expectant vulture in the doorway.

WASTED TO A SKELETON LAY THE FAKIR.

Recovering myself, I advanced and felt for the pulsation of the heart. Yes, he was alive—there was just a feeble beat. I forced a little brandy down his throat—a tremor went through his body—he drew a deep breath, and the light of intelligence came to his eye. He stared at me for a few seconds, and said feebly and with great difficulty:—

"Aliah Shookkur!"—(Thanks be to God!)—and then relapsed into a comatose state.

I looked meaningly at Jungly, and said:—

"Those are not the first words a white man would have used."

"No," he replied. "It is a pious Mohammedan expression, but this man is a Hindoo."

For some inexplicable reason I was irritated at Jungly's discovering this piece of inconsistency, and made some remark about his obstinacy.

He did not reply, but his next action was eloquent. Shaking a few drops of water on to the forearm of the fakir, he gently wiped them off, but did not alter the brown complexion.

I was quite pleased at Jungly's failure, and let him see it. But he only laughed.

"Has the sahib never heard of such a thing as walnut juice?" he said. "No soap or water can move the stain, and it takes a full year to wear off a man."

There was no time, however, to waste in talk, for the strange fakir was at the gate of death, brought thither by fever or starvation.

"We must take him to camp as soon as possible," I said to Jungly; "but how are we going to carry him over that awful bog?"

"We could make a stretcher or hammock if there were any wood or bamboo on this island, but there is not even a stick," he replied. "But wait, sahib," he added. "I have an idea."

There were quantities of a weed growing round the island, called kalum grass, from the stem of which the Hindoo pen is made. These he cut down in great numbers, and, laying them side by side, wove the rushes in and out between them with great ingenuity, and eventually constructed a hurdle on which we could carry our strange friend. Then placing the bundle—as to the contents of which I was curious—under his head as a pillow, we were about to commence our hazardous journey across the Kala Jheel when Jungly picked up a bamboo staff that, lying in a dark corner, had escaped our notice.

"What do you think of this?" said he, as he placed it in my hands.

But, to my astonishment, it broke through my grasp and fell on the floor, for, instead of being the weight of a bamboo, it weighed as much as a bar of lead.

"Why, it's too heavy to be of any use at all," I said.

"Humph!" said Jungly. "It's useless as a staff, but it makes a good safe"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He answered nothing, but, taking his knife, he picked out some black cement from a crevice at the bottom of one of the joints, and then banged it upon the floor of the tomb. There was a slight chink, chink, and a golden coin rolled out upon the ground, and another, and another. The bamboo was chock full of gold mohurs. We replaced them, and, hiding the staff under the dust in a dark corner, we set out to cross the marshes, bearing the dying fakir.

We arrived safely in camp, where I put the fakir into my tent and administered a strong dose of quinine as a precaution, though I soon found he was only suffering from starvation.

He had become so weak that I felt sure he would die unless I could feed him with strong soups, but this would defile the holy man in the eyes of my Hindoo servants, and they would rebel against my orders for the broth. Fortunately I had some bovril with me, and could pass it off as medicine. This I did, and with signal success, for on the second day he could sit up. But the mysterious fakir was still an enigma, for I could not get him to talk. He made some signs, however, by which he meant me to understand he had taken a vow of silence. Jungly laughed when he heard this; he quite expected it, he said. So I didn't trouble him to talk, nor did the servants, who showed him great veneration, and attended carefully to all his little wants.

There was something very familiar to me in his face, but his eyes haunted me most of all, the eyes of a long-forgotten friend pleading to be recognised, and several times that week I was on the point of remembering the man whom he reminded me of; but it came and went, that mental shadow, blurred and indistinct, and took no shape.

The jealous care with which he guarded that little bundle of his amused me considerably. He could never bear it to be out of his sight.

About a week after this I was sitting at the door of my tent, curing bird-skins, when I happened to look up and saw the khaki-clad forms of two soldiers approaching. They proved to be two non-coms. from the Fusiliers, quartered at ——, Sergeants Burke and Topman. After four weeks in the jungle a white face is a godsend, and they were soon seated in my tent, each with unbuttoned coat and loosened belt, sipping a cool drink.

"What on earth has brought you so far from the cantonments to this man-forsaken spot?" I asked.

They exchanged glances, and Burke said, "We've come out after black buck, sir, which we heard were here in plenty."

"What!" I exclaimed, "walked a hundred miles when you could have got any amount within ten miles of cantonments! No, Burke, that fish won't swim. I suspect there is some other game afoot."

Burke eyed his companion askance. But the latter shot out with, "'Tell 'im, av course! What yer 'fraid of? 'E 'aint no bloomin' nig to deal spishus wid."

"Well, it's like this, sir," proceeded Burke. "Private Leonard, whom you must have known

at one time, went off his head with heat or something about six months ago, and tried to shoot Sergeant Topman. Next he broke out of guard-room and cleared, and we heard nothing of him till some days ago, when we were told he was hanging about here somewhere, disguised as a native."

"There weren't no 'eat or nothing as made him do it," snarled Topman, "but his bloomin' bad temper. I can't stand no sulkin' or black looks, and I towld him straite, an' 'e ups wid 'is Martini, and let me 'ave it point blank in the face; but I ducked in time, an' me 'elmet was blown off as me 'ead might 'ave been."

Topman was a coarse, heavy man, and the passion with which he delivered himself purpled his repulsive face.

"It's a 'anging matter, it is, and if I can only clap 'im in irons I'll be happy, the murdering soor."

"Did you hear anything of him at the last village?" I asked.

"Yes," said Burke. "They say a fakir passed that way more than a week ago; but they could tell by the way he spoke the bat that he was a sahib."

With a start I remembered Jungly's opinion of my patient, and now I had little doubt it was the same man. But Topman's next remark made me feel alarmed.

"'Oo is that fakir we seed under the neem trees with yer servants as we come along? 'E's a rummy lookin' chap. I'll just go an' 'ave a squint at 'im. I bet my boots Leonard don't give me the slip if he p'ints 'imself as black as 'ink."

I trembled for the safety of poor Leonard, whom I knew to be a most deserving soldier, if the fakir should prove to be he, as Topman went out of the tent.

Then Burke drew near to me and said: "You are surprised to hear that about Leonard, I am sure. There wasn't a finer man in the army, but when you're set upon and nagged at in the hot sun, and by a beast like Topman, it isn't surprising if you lose your temper and do something mad."

Here Topman returned to say the fakir had "cleared," which relieved me immensely.

As he wanted to know what he was doing near my tents, I told him how we had found the fakir dying in the marshes, but I made no mention of the bundle, which was just behind the sergeant's chair.

Presently we went for a stroll near the Jheel, and Topman urged me to take him to the tomb in the marshes, but I could not find Jungly anywhere, and didn't think I could attempt it myself.

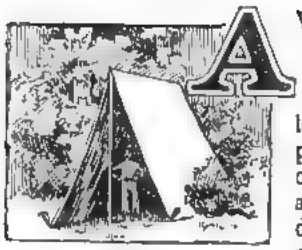
However, when we got to the place where the path to the island began, our footprints were still so distinct that I thought I might try it, especially as Topman would give me no peace till I made the attempt. So, after cautioning my companions, we started, but I had not gone far when I noticed water oozing into a footprint on the ground before me. I looked nearer, and found that two men had gone that way recently. Then it occurred to me that Jungly had taken the fakir into the marsh to escape the sergeant. I was now in a quandary; to take the sergeants on to the island was to give poor Leonard up, and this I was not going to do till I had heard his side of the story, and I could not think of any excuse to turn back when the track was so plain

I LOOKED UP, AND SAW TWO SOLDIERS APPROACHING.

before us. Worrying out this problem must have made me less cautious, for suddenly the ground gave way like an egg-shell underfoot, and I sank like a stone into the black slime—into sudden darkness and suffocation. I struggled to swim, and felt like a fly in a treacle jar. I fought for breath—oh! the horror of it!—what ages that fight lasted! Suddenly there was calm, and I felt an infinite peace. Then somewhere inside my brain, as upon a curtain, came the whole panorama of the Kala Jheel, miles and miles of rotting vegetation, swamp, and slime—the miasma laden air; the flocks of wild birds with their discordant cries which wheeled for ever shrieking through the fever steam. Then their thousands changed to millions, and the air grew dark and darker, with countless myriads of wings. The stench of the rotten bog seemed to overpower my brain, and I remembered no more.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A TENT.



A VERY useful portable tent to hold three persons can be made as follows: Two round poles are first obtained, 7ft. long and about 1in. diameter. One end of each is sharpened so that it may be stuck into the ground easily, while the other end is cut like the top of a wicket (Fig. 1).

These are fixed in the ground 6ft. apart, about 12ins. being driven in, while the other 6ft. remain above ground. Rope is passed over

Fig 1.

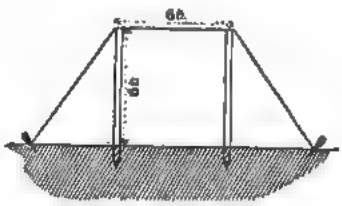


Fig 2

the notches, and fastened to the ground by wooden pegs (Fig. 2).

The tent will require to be 6ft. broad, so that the length of canvas for one side will be about 7ft. (Fig. 3). Thus 14ins. by 6ft. of canvas will be needed for the sides, and 6ft. by 6ft. for the ends, making 120 square feet, or 13⅓ square yards. The canvas costs about 8d. per square yard, so that 13⅓yds. will cost about 9s.—not a very large sum.

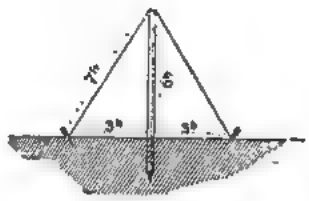


Fig 3

A rope is stitched along the bottom of the sides and ends, and loops are left as in Fig. 4—say every foot apart—so that pegs can be fitted in to fix the canvas to the ground. An air-hole had better be left at the top of each of the sticks, to provide sufficient ventilation during night time.

The canvas is left open down the middle of one of the ends, and loops arranged so that a peg can be driven into the ground to keep them together at night.

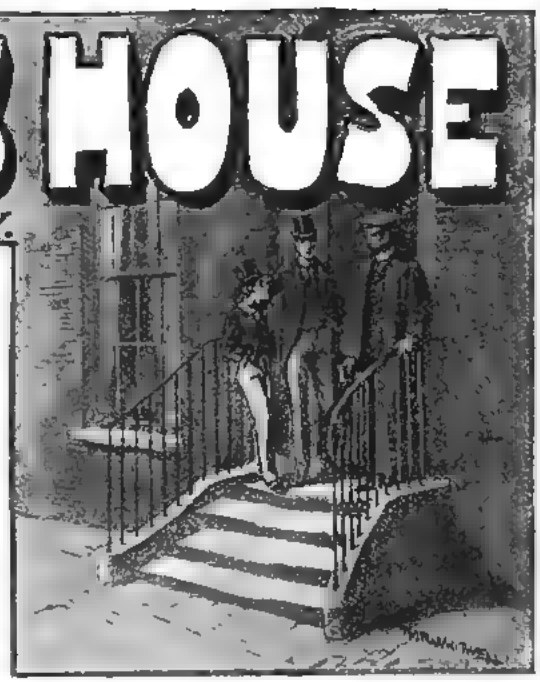
It will be better, also, to have a waterproof ground sheet, which will measure 6ft. by 6ft., or 4 square yards. The canvas is made waterproof by painting it with boiled linseed oil, no other coating being necessary, unless the tent is to be specially ornamental.

Fig 4

SIMON D. PEACE.

SMITH'S HOUSE

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.



BY FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "Acton's Feud."

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

BETWEEN Weedon and Glyn, of St. Elizabeth's School, a strong dislike exists, on account of which Weedon, knowing that Glyn wants a certain new boy, Arthur Gale, for fag, anticipates him in a most underhand manner. A few days later Glyn and his chum Bradfield, whilst practising on the river, run down Weedon's boat, which is coxed by Gale, and Weedon is pitched into the river by Glyn for not trying to save Gale, who is unable to swim. Glyn and Allen, the captain of St. Elizabeth's, are rivals for the silver sculls, Glyn is on the point of overtaking Allen when a punt swings out into the river and fouls him. Near by the tree to which the punt had been moored, a silver matchbox, bearing Weedon's initials, is found by Bradfield. But the school refuses to believe that Weedon was concerned in the matter, especially as Weedon disclaims the ownership of the matchbox. The incident doesn't improve the relations between Glyn and Weedon. Not long after this a very valuable stamp is stolen from Mr. Smith's cabinet in the seniors' common room. Suspicion falls on Bradfield, who is known to have disposed of just such a stamp to a London dealer.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND THE SCHOOL WONDERED.

WHEN Oakman had produced that unlucky half-sheet of paper, Fred Glyn felt as though he had been crushed to the earth. He could hardly believe his eyes, and the buzz of the busy whispering of the astounded seniors struck his ears as a confused babble of voices.

"Last fellow in the world I should have thought would have come such a cropper," said Burke.

"Why, Brad was another name for all that was straight and above-board."

"Still waters run deep," murmured a Fifth cynic.

"Did you ever hear or see a fellow who looked more like a convicted sinner?" said another.

"Looks count for nothing," murmured Oakman. "The rotten part of the business is that we have what is as good as absolute proof that he stole the stamp in this half-sheet."

"There might be another stamp," said McGlashan unconfidently.

"'*Might* be' granted; but is it likely that two out of the half-dozen in the world should gravitate to Smith's house?"

"That is too thin, Mac."

"What is to be done, anyhow?"

"Well, for my part," said Oakman slowly, "I would ask Bradfield simply for any explanation he can give us, and then leave the matter in Smith's hands."

"Bradfield can't complain if he's suspected, for we can't *now* forget about his ideas on the boat race."

All eyes turned on Weedon, who looked worried and anxious. He said, hesitatingly:—

"That's an old affair, Burke, so never mind that. I'm afraid Bradfield's in a leaky boat himself now."

One might almost have thought from Weedon's tone that he felt desperately concerned for his old enemy.

"Anyhow, Jim, you don't kick a man when he is down," said Burke with sympathy.

"What about the captaincy of the house?"

This new problem made the fellows again look at each other blankly, but Burke said:—

"That depends on Bradfield's explanation, and it can wait."

"If Bradfield has—is—a thief, there'll be but one result—he can't stay at Eliza's."

This conversation had been listened to by Glyn

with dull ears, but the words of the last speaker, Arlington—a very quiet fellow—roused him. He stood up again, and said fiercely :—

"Bradfield never in his life did a mean or dishonourable trick, and until he tells me himself he's turned cad, I'll believe in him. I know Jack—you fellows don't. I don't care a hang about that half-sheet of paper—there's an explanation for it. I'm going to see him now, and if he says he didn't steal that stamp, I'll knock down the first fellow who says he did."

Glyn flung out of the common room, his face livid with passion, and left the fellows thinking very mingled thoughts.

"Fred's magnificent," observed Oakman, quietly, "but his method isn't war."

"We don't want war, we want justice," said Weedon.

The seniors debated the question for the next hour, and finally Oakman was asked to see Bradfield, and Arlington proposed "That Smith be asked to take his cabinet of stamps into his own quarters."

Fred had gone immediately to Bradfield's den after flinging out of the common room, and found his chum sunk in the arm-chair with a look of utter despair on his face. He looked up forebodingly as Fred came in, but he read in his friend's eyes that, among the unfaithful, one had faith in him still.

Fred flung himself down beside Bradfield, and said hastily : "Don't speak, Jack, till I've spoken, please. First of all, old man, I'm never going to believe you're a thief before you tell me so yourself. Do you know anything of that filthy stamp!"

"Not an iota, Fred," said Bradfield, solemnly.

"That's enough for me," said Fred, hotly, "and the others can believe what they like."

"I should like to explain —"

"You needn't say a word, Jack, unless you like."

"I'd rather, if you don't mind."

Bradfield thereupon told his chum the full, true, and particular history of his own stamp. He omitted nothing, glossed over nothing, and Fred learned for the first time what he had rather guessed before—the state of his chum's finances.

"Well," said Fred, warmly, "you can put the house right in one moment. Where is your uncle's letter?"

"I have destroyed it," said Bradfield, slowly.

"Now, by all that is unlucky," exclaimed Glyn, "that is fatal!"

"That can't be helped now," said Bradfield, blankly.

"They won't think your explanation enough without the letter."

"They can think what they like," said Bradfield, proudly.

"You'll write your uncle and explain matters to him?"

"Can't," said Bradfield, helplessly. "Where is he? He wrote me last from Singapore, but goodness knows where he'll touch next! This stamp affair has been a funny business from the beginning. Remember when you asked me if I'd come into fifty quid? That was the exact amount! Recall how you asked me if I had turned dealer in my old age? I poured your tea into your lap because that was the very thing I had done. I'm rather an ass, Fred, in many respects, but I did not want a fellow in Eliza's to know anything about my own private difficulties."

"Quite see your point, Jack," said Glyn, sympathetically.

"Nor shall I ever tell them," said Bradfield, proudly. "But, Fred, the stamp was there all right the morning I received mine. I compared the two, and they were alike in every respect."

"Most odd business," said Fred, wonderingly. "You'll explain matters to Smith, of course?"

"Must do, I suppose. I don't like it," said Bradfield, breaking into a gentle perspiration at the thought.

There came a knock at Bradfield's door, and Oakman came in, nervous and with very evident constraint, but Bradfield faced round proudly, and looked at the wretched Oakman with anything but a miserable front. Glyn's faith had given him the courage to face calumny with flags flying. "Have a chair, Oak—do."

"Thanks, Bradfield," said Oakman, dropping heavily into it. "You can spare me a few minutes?"

"Hours, Oak, if you want 'em."

"The fellows sent me to see you about Smith's stamp. This sheet of notepaper as good as says you took it."

"Then it doesn't speak the truth, Oak."

"Oh," said Oakman, looking at Bradfield with a troubled face.

"I know absolutely nothing, nothing, nothing about the stamp."

Oakman waggled that half sheet of paper forlornly across to Bradfield. "Then do, for heaven's sake, explain this!"

"That refers to another stamp.'

"There aren't half a dozen of them in the world."

"Well, I had one, and Smith certainly had another. I compared them."

"How did you get yours? I'm almost sick, Bradfield, of asking you these rotten questions, but I've got it to do."

"It was posted to me by my uncle, who is globe-trotting."

"That is good news," said Oakman, grasping at

the idea as a drowning man struggles for a plank.

"Show me that letter, Brad, do."

"It is destroyed."

Oakman drew a long breath when he heard this, and was silent. At last he said: "Will you tell me why you sold a curiosity like that?"

"I will not," said Bradfield calmly.

"Why?"

"For reasons which only concern myself. I won't answer that, Oak."

"This will—must—go into Smith's hands, then, Bradfield."

"Quite so," said Bradfield steadily.

"I should fancy that *that* would be serious," said Oakman gravely.

"Possibly, but still, that can't be helped. By the way, Oakman, I think I am entitled to a little consideration from the fellows. To the best of my recollection, I have done nothing since I came to Eliza's that the fellows shouldn't take my bare word. I'd take yours, Oak."

"Thanks. I should not have come, Bradfield, on such a business but for one thing. You once wanted us to believe that Weedon was a double-dyed cad on evidence which was, to put it mildly, horribly weak. The fellows all think the evidence against you horribly strong."

Oakman spoke gravely, if nervously, and looked at Bradfield anxiously.

"I still believe that Weedon lost Fred the Sculls," said Jack quietly.

"Then *you* can't wonder that the house are suspicious against you. I am awfully sorry, Bradfield, at the turn things have taken."

"So am I, Oakman," said Jack, opening the door to let his visitor out.

Bradfield lost no time in seeing the house master, who listened gravely to his account of the affair. He put a few searching questions to the house captain, and finally wound up with a plain point-blank question:—

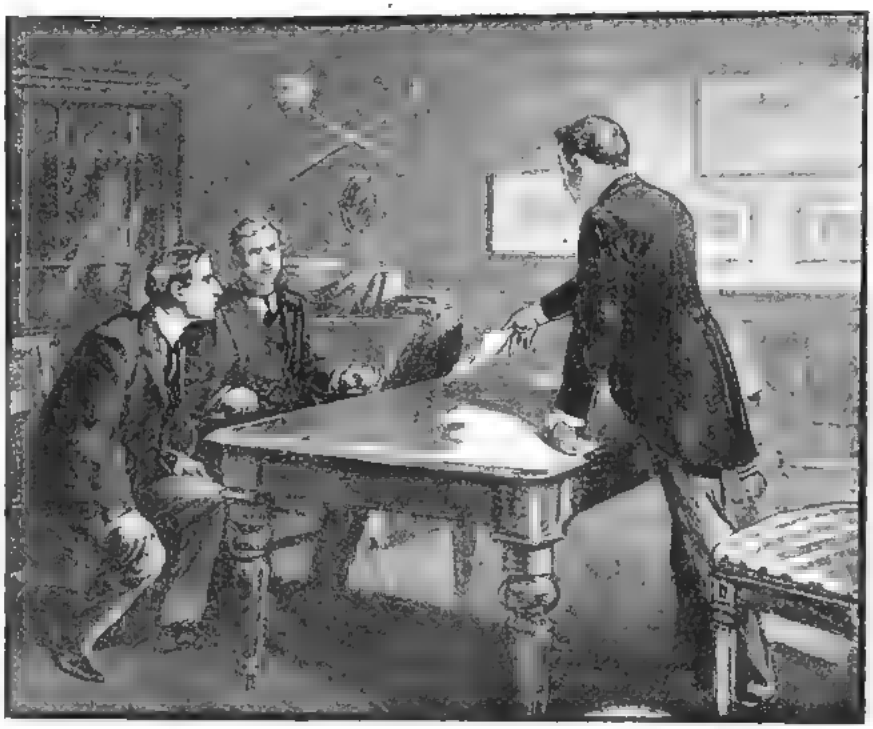
"You did not take the stamp, Bradfield?"

"No. I know nothing of it."

"Very good. You can go now."

Bradfield felt somehow that Mr. Smith believed him.

Oakman merely told Mr. Smith the plain facts of the case, *sans* comment, and the house master thanked him. "I have had Bradfield to see me, Oakman. The case is a most complicated one,



"THEN DO, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE EXPLAIN THIS!"

and I shall consider it closed from this until I have considered all the points fully."

"Smith takes the business a sight easier than he has a right," said Burke to Weedon. "I guess the old man would rather lose his stamp than his best classic."

"Have we to follow Smith's lead, and let the matter rest?" said a Fifth Form fellow. "We can't have a suspect thief as captain of the house."

"Don't you be afraid of that, Powell," said Oakman. "Bradfield's about the most gentlemanly thief that I think we're ever likely to meet. In fact, I'm not more than just convinced he is one.

He'll resign his captaincy without you telling him to do so."

"He'll have to wander up and down the lanes of Coventry until he produces that letter," said Powell, sharply.

"That's only fair," was the general comment.

"We're all more or less under a ban, from this rotten theft," said Arlington. "Bradfield must resign."

The same day the news circulated through St. Elizabeth's that Bradfield had given up his captaincy, that Mr. Smith had accepted it, and that the house had sent Bradfield to Coventry. "For stealing," said Eliza's, with an astonished wrinkle of the forehead. "Well, anyhow, that is their own private affair. Oakman in his place! Let him look out, or they'll have him out for stealing matches. The house seem to have a mania for calling each other rogues and vagabonds"

CHAPTER XV.

THREE BLACK SHEEP.

Weedon's friends had felt immensely relieved when he told them that he had settled with Ricketts, and, as this was a great surprise—in fact, absolutely unexpected—the trio were pardonably curious as to how Weedon had managed it. Weedon explained that he had written home, and that the letter had unloosened the parental purse-strings. Jenkins gasped when he heard this. "Jove, Jim, you are the complete letter-writer, and no error! This has the miracle flavour about it."

"Well, you see, it had to be done, hook or crook."

"I suppose there'll be an earthquake when you put in an appearance at home with the Christmas turkey."

"There'll be explanations, I don't doubt," said Weedon.

"Well, Jim, you're no end clever," said Jenkins, admiringly, "and awfully decent into the bargain. *I* couldn't work the oracle with my letter to Ricketts. Twenty pounds is awfully steep, too, by return of post."

"Twenty pounds!" whistled Miller. "Jim, you aren't mortal!"

Weedon's chums were properly grateful, of course, for they had found out unmistakably that Ricketts was inexorable. He meant to have his pound of flesh, or—in his own idiom—"he would blow the gaff to Carver!" His threats were more especially directed against Weedon, but the trio felt that they could not very well be kept out of it. If Carver ever came to know of the Saltby affair, they were quite certain that their career at St. Elizabeth's would receive a sharp and sudden shock. Expulsion isn't always pleasant, even for black sheep; hence the tremendous relief when the danger was over.

The rack of anxiety on which they had been stretched for Ricketts' week of grace had an effect on all. Jenkins, after he had given Weedon his cash, almost up to his uttermost penny, thought anxiously whether it was worth the candle, after all, to belong to Weedon's band. He realised that, since he had known him, he had been continually in very muddy water. True, there had been illegal pickings in the past times, but their last escapade, being so very serious, naturally obliterated from Jenkins' mind those unlawful gains. Jenkins gave his general position the benefit of a little serious thinking. His head-piece, being of a superior brand to Miller's or Isaacs', distinctly warned him whither his present steps were leading him, and the result of his deep cogitations was that he determined to come out of his old chums' exclusive society pretty shortly. He felt that he could make his retreat, not dishonourably—Jenkins had a sense of honour—for he had done his very utmost for the common cause.

But Miller and Isaacs, the moment the pressure was relieved, regarded the incident as closed, and were quite, as a matter of course, ready to resume the old ways. But each privately resented Weedon's bitter scoffs and threats on the return from the races, and Isaacs groaned over his lost watch, and Miller over his lost money, in a peculiarly irritating manner. They "nagged" Weedon rather artistically. Miller wanted Weedon to explain exactly where his "treat" to Saltby came in, and Isaacs said before *he* drove a cab he'd take a few lessons in the art of driving. "Someone," he added venomously, "asserts that the art of tooling is dead—what do you think, Jim?" Jim privately thought that a gentle booting would improve Isaacs' manners. Weedon, too, was under no delusions when both of these worthies paid what they could into the Ricketts' pool. Unlike Jenkins', there had been nothing spontaneous about their contributions. What they gave was merely ransom for their own skins, and Weedon, knowing this, "bled them white" without any compunction.

One would have thought that Weedon, being no fool, would, when he had found out exactly what animals two of his three friends were, have left them severely alone for the future. But the truth was, Weedon enjoyed the leadership of his band. Until the Saltby cropper he had heard nothing but praise; his satellites offered up to him the delicate incense of their homage, and he

had come to regard himself almost as a Napoleon among mediocrities. He did not quite relish the idea of being practically sent into dishonourable exile, and therefore, half from pride, half from desire, he determined to show his old worshippers that Saltby was not his Waterloo.

He explained a day or two afterwards that his remittance from home had been rather more than was absolutely necessary for the payment of Ricketts, and he could finance them moderately until the end of the term. Miller and Isaacs beamed at this welcome announcement.

"Just like the old Jim!" said Miller. "That letter of yours must have been an eye-opener."

"Purse opener, anyhow," said Isaacs.

"Where is Bill, Ned?" asked Weedon.

"Bill said he was busy and couldn't come, Jim," said Miller. "He would, though, if he'd known you were going to tip us."

"What's he busy with, Ned?"

"Dunno! Seemed just a trifle chilly to me—perhaps it's his cold pockets, Jim. You show him half a sov., and he'll thaw."

"What do you say to a little gallery shooting next half, Abraham? Heard quite accidentally that a fellow has a range at Hornby. I stand damages."

"Agreed—if you don't drive again."

"Hip-pip-pip——" said Miller enthusiastically.

"Isn't Jim coming out strong though?"

Weedon, rather struck by Jenkins' non-appearance at their usual rendezvous, took the opportunity of slipping over to Bultitude's and interviewing him. Jenkins refused steadily to take Weedon's money, to that gentleman's profound astonishment. "I thought you were stumped, Bill."

"I am, Jim. Somehow, thought you wouldn't be too flush either."

Weedon explained again, with a rather wan and forced smile, but Jenkins was not be moved. "I take it, Jim, that we should go slow after Ricketts' little bill. I intend to, anyhow."

"Abraham and Ned and self are going over to Hornby to-morrow. Found a shooting range, and going to kill a halfer dead that way. Will you come?"

"Can't, Jim—got another engagement. Thanks all the same!"

"May I know it?" said Weedon with a polite sneer.

"No mystery, Jim, at all. McArthur came in yesterday, and asked me if I wouldn't turn out next halfer."

"Footer?" asked Weedon in astonishment.

"Perhaps we'd better not call it 'footer' yet, but I put on boots and knickers and trot about in the mud. Expect I may kick the ball if it comes my way—in time."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gasped Weedon. "You!"

"Why *you* play 'footer,' Jim. Don't see anything abnormal in my experimental shot."

"But you! *you*!! you!!!" said Weedon in a crescendo of sneering laughs. "Why, Isaacs will be playing cricket next."

"I hope it doesn't sound as unearthly as that," said Jenkins with a smile.

"But McArthur is as much of a square toes, as 'pi,' as Allen, or any of the goody-goody gang. What do you want in that galley, Bill?"

"Just going to try it as a change, Jim. Struck me that after our Saltby cruise our ship was reasonably leaky."

"Then I'm to take it," said Weedon with a bitter sneer, "that you've ratted?"

"You can take it whatever way you like," said Jenkins, nettled by the word "ratted," "but I'm not fingering your money, nor going to Hornby either. I gave you my last coin, and wrote home for more to keep Ricketts from Carver's ears. That's a funny way of ratting."

"You've got your pockets lined, of course," said Weedon, "and were afraid *we'd* sponge on you?"

"Wrong," said Jenkins, with a little laugh. "My people weren't as generous as yours."

Without another word Weedon turned on his heel, and left Jenkins. The interview had not been a very cheerful ordeal, but Jenkins was glad that he had shown his former leader that he could put his foot down when it suited him. Miller came into his den before bed-time. His visitor stepped gingerly into the room, as a cat steps over a muddy road, and he said, with choice wit:—

"Prayers over here, Bill? Jim says you've chucked us, and turned parson."

"Humour isn't your strong point, Ned, so don't try to be funny. If you've got anything sensible to say, say it; if not, get out."

"Just came to ask you what is the difference between a corner goal and the centre-right-wing-inside-full-back? Ta-ta!"

Miller retreated just in time, for Jenkins shied one of the new footer boots accurately in his direction.

The next "halfer" Jenkins certainly supplied the school with a mild surprise. He turned out, shining in new footer paraphernalia, as Bultitude's captain's right half-back.

His play was ludicrously amateur, but McArthur, whilst entertaining him to tea afterwards, told the astonished Jenkins that he had long had his eye on him as a likely half.

"But you've always had your own way of amusing yourself, so had to give up the idea."

Jenkins, who had rather enjoyed the novelty

of a game, told McArthur to put his name down again, if he didn't regret the experiment.

Whilst Jenkins was thus breaking fresh ground, Weedon and the remainder of his firm had an enjoyable afternoon at Hornby, breaking any amount of school rules in pursuit of forbidden pleasures. An eminently pleasurable afternoon, thought Miller and Isaacs, for it had not cost them a farthing. Thenceforward Weedon gave these two youths as much of his time and blandishments as he could, consistently with turning out for footer, which had great attractions for him. He was an excellent athlete, and often the delights of half-back made him give his two clients the cold shoulder and the opportunity of foraging for themselves.

On one of these occasions Weedon, instead of turning out for a game, changed his mind, and took a stroll along the towing-path. As far as he could see there was no one on either bank, so he pulled out his cigar-case and lighted up. He thoroughly enjoyed his weed in the mild October afternoon. On returning, when he came opposite the spinney, through which you could make out the chimneys of the "Anglers' Arms," he was surprised to see two figures slip quietly, but quickly, back among the trees as he hove in sight. There was something familiar about this manœuvre to him, so that his curiosity was rather piqued as to who were executing it.

He walked quietly on, apparently taking no notice; but when he had gone into the next field he came to a full stop, and peered curiously out at the spinney through the shelter of the friendly hedge. If there had been something familiar about the manœuvre in the wood, there was something more familiar still about the figures which he saw slip quietly out of the spinney and head directly towards the school. In another minute Weedon's eyes made him absolutely certain as to the identity of the pair. Miller and Isaacs, as a matter of fact, ran into his arms.

A variety of emotions besieged Weedon when he saw his satellites coming from the "Anglers' Arms," and he threw away his half-smoked cigar, as they came face to face, with a gesture of contempt and disgust.

"You've been patronising that unspeakable Ricketts again!" cried Weedon savagely.

"How do you know?" began Isaacs.

"Don't lie about it! I saw you, and then there's the chalk marks on your coats."

"Well, what if we have?" said Isaacs defiantly. "You're not our keeper, are you?"

"You puppy—you semitic puppy! Who bled us to the extent of thirty pounds? That beast within an ace expelled the four of us, and you go and tipple his ale and hire his billiard table! Why, you haven't got the spirit of a worm!"

"We haven't," said Isaacs; "ours is a different brand. We paid what we could to settle the matter, and we can jolly well do what we like; and if you had not been always ragging Ricketts he wouldn't have cut up so rough. He said so, didn't he, Ned?"

Miller confirmed this with a nod.

"Well, you're the meanest hounds that ever——"

"Puppy-cum-worm-cum-hound—odd zoological phenomenon!" said Isaacs with a snigger.

Weedon's reply to this was a clincher. He caught Isaacs by the scruff of the neck, and dropped him into the river.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCERNING A PITH BALL.

After that lamentable fiasco concerning the committee room, the Ancients of Smith's house led very subdued lives indeed for quite a quantity of halfers. Mr. Smith ladled out to the whole distinguished band very choice portions from the Sixth Book of Æneid, and they were, perforce, so intent on the wanderings of the Sibyl and her companions among the gloomy shades, that they hadn't leisure for footer, nor even for harassing the Moderns. They emerged from the ordeal with properly chastened spirits.

"I'm not going to do another rag for an age," said Dick Glyn. "Hasn't Poddy gloated, just?"

"Footer will come strange to us, Dick, after our stringing up. But there's a funny thing, Dick, I meant to tell you of. I found a book in Weedon's den about an Italian poet—Dante."

"Name sounds ice-creamy, anyhow. What was he singing about?"

"That's the funny part. Hanged if the fellow didn't go a journey through Hades, just like Virgil; and since Virgil must have known all the ins and outs of the place, he took him with him as guide. And the funny things they saw! Make your hair curl!"

"Curl away, old fellow. What's the name of the book?"

"'Inferno.'"

"That sounds barbar-ous. Go on."

"It's where all the bad dead 'uns go," explained Gale with a blush, "and they've all got to go over the River Styx in a ferry. Regular fight among the ghosts, who all want to go over first, and Dante and Virgil nearly sink the ship, which only carries light weights."

"Shades," said Dick, who remembered his Æneid.

"Nearly the same. There's a place where a lot of ghosts are frozen into the ice, and Dante has to walk carefully, or he snaps their heads off."

"Ghosts' heads?" asked Dick Glyn, blinking.

"Yes, that's what it says. And there's a lake of boiling tar, where people are kept in by dragons and flying crocodiles."

"That's no end funny, anyhow."

"And there's a city there which is always burning, and Dante's horribly afraid."

"They get out, of course?"

"Yes, and that is the weirdest part of it. They climb up a demon and get on his shoulders, and so into the world again. His face was as big as the dome of St. Paul's, and——"

"I say, Arthur, cork the rest," said Glyn, who was very interested, "and we'll have it all after tea. Footer is our mark at present, and if I hear any more of it, it'll throw me off my game."

After tea Glyn astonished his chum with a remarkable proposal: "That book of yours is no end of a ripper. What do you say to telling the Ancients all about it some night after tea. It beats Jules Verne out of sight."

"A lecture!" said Gale, rather taken aback.

"Oh, don't call it *that*. That sounds speech room, dress suits, white ties. We don't want to frighten the fellows."

"Think I could do it, Dick?" asked Arthur, rather flattered at the idea, all the same.

"Rather, Arty," said Dick, drily. "You've cheek enough for anything."

Arthur finally professed himself willing to do what he could, and Dick sounded Parkhouse, Jellicoe, and other leading Ancient lights. They inquired variously as to whether there would be any rag on, or whether it would be slow.

Glyn struck the happy medium: "Gale made *my* hair curl, and I bet you vote it just prime."

Arrangements were thereupon made to have the meeting in the Junior Common Room, and on a night when most of the Moderns would be "swotting up" for a chemistry exam. on the morrow. And so appeared on the notice board Parkhouse's swagger announcement:—

SMITH'S JUNIOR ANCIENTS' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

"*A Pleasant Evening in Hades*" (*based on the comedy of Dante*). *An address on the above will be given by A. Gale, Esq., in the C.R., Thursday, 7 p.m.*

(*Signed*) *F. PARKHOUSE,*
Hon Sec.

This touching notice nearly killed the seniors with riotous laughter, and the house master himself made desperate efforts to smother his mirth as he confronted the atrocity on the board.

The lecture was an enormous success. Arthur let himself go over the details of that weird, gloomy journey, and when he finally brought his hearers to the upper world again they breathed freely. Many of them had clutched their chairs in an ecstasy of terror when poor Dante was in difficult places. A vote of thanks was proposed to the beaming lecturer, and it was carried with enthusiastic unanimity before Jellicoe had time to second it. There had been no rag. The only Modern present was Arding—sent to spy out the land—and he sat between Parkhouse and Dick Glyn for safety.

The Moderns received Arding's account of Gale's performance with unmixed feelings of envy, for he bore unwilling testimony that the address was prime. "When Gale got to the field of ice—Jove, I felt cold too!"

"Well, we can't sit down now," said Ponking; "we'll have to do something too."

"Never do to let those Ancient asses get all the clover; but what has it to be, Ponk?"

"Now, Pod, can't you give an address on anything?" asked Pilkington.

Podmore felt flattered, like Gale, that the fellows should rely on him to pull them out of a hole, and he said he was willing to do anything.

"Trot out ideas."

"A lecture on babies," suggested one fellow, meekly.

"If you fellows are going to rot, I'm off," said Podmore, sulkily.

"Shut up, Briggs," said Pilkington. "The question is, what can Poddy do best?"

"He always gets half marks at chemistry. Give us a chemical lecture, Pod," suggested Ponking.

The faces of the Moderns fell at this.

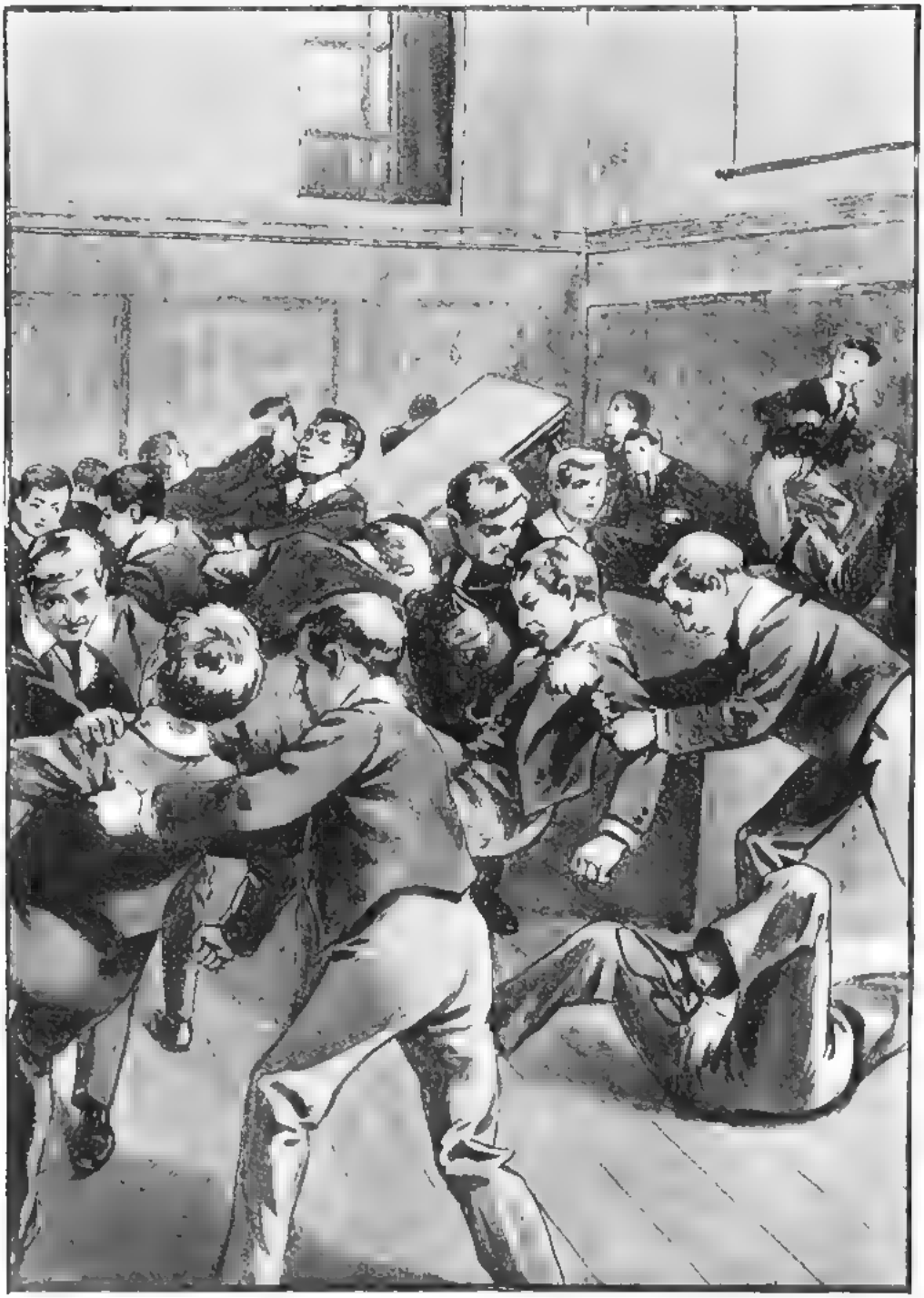
"Sounds horribly like an extra dose of Stinks. We get enough of that," said Briggs.

"With experiments—plenty of them."

"That sounds more cheerful," admitted Briggs. "Better sleep on it, Pod, and give us the result to-morrow."

Podmore collaborated earnestly with Pilkington and Ponking, and their united efforts were crowned with an apparently feasible scheme. This decided upon, Podmore got to work. He spent many anxious hours in the laboratory—with express approval of the science master—going over brilliant experiments, and doing marvellous things with an electric battery. When he had experimented sufficiently he announced to Pilkington that the lecture could be announced for any convenient night.

"I've got about half a pound of magnesium ribbon, a stick of phosphorus, and enough oxygen



IN THE HEAT OF THE TURMOIL THE LECTURER BORE HIS PART LIKE A HERO, BUT THE APPARATUS SUFFERED SEVERELY.

to fill a balloon. Fireworks won't be in it, Pilk. Knock the 'Pleasant Evening' into a cocked hat."

"What are we to call the address, Pod?"

With the air of a man exhibiting a diamond, Podmore told them to write it out as—

CURIOUS PHENOMENONS.

"That title'll make Smith smile," said Ponking admiringly.

"'Phenomenons' sounds a trifle rocky," hesitatingly added Arding.

"No, it's all right," declared Podmore. "You wouldn't have it phenomenes, would you? Get out the notice, Pilk."

Pilkington therefore evolved the following :—

NOTICE.

Algernon Podmore, Esq., will give an address on

CURIOUS PHENOMENONS

in the C.R. to-night at seven. All *Juniors cordially invited.*

(Signed) *P. PILKINGTON,*
Hon. Sec.

The Junior Moderns dropped into the common room in good time, and beheld Podmore entrenched behind a chaos of tubing, flasks, acid bottles, troughs, etc. He seemed to have looted the laboratory, though he looked anything but a thief, and contentment sat enthroned on his expansive brow. Pilkington was chairman. Just on the stroke of seven there was a modest knock at the door, and the Ancients came in solemnly—Indian file, ten yards apart. Not one was missing. Their get-up was splendid, for each fellow had donned his most superlative rig-out—collars were of the shiniest, hair mathematically correct, and pocket-handkerchiefs positively reeked with Floradora, etc. Each had a magnificent chrysanthemum in his button-hole. When they reached their seats each drew out his scented handkerchief and trumpeted vigorously. They all did this simultaneously, and the effect was funny, if not very musical.

When Podmore rose, beaming, he was received with appreciative applause by his friends, and by the Ancients with the gentle, polite, but very persistent handclap of polished society. Podmore stood waiting for about three minutes, until this unexpected welcome died away, but the lecturer in him was more than a trifle disconcerted.

However, he began hurriedly :—

"I say, you fellows, see this pith ball?"

"No," said Jellicoe, solemnly looking over Podmore's head.

"I do, Podmore. You've got it on a string, haven't you?" chimed in Parkhouse.

"Hold it a little to the right, please," gently requested Glyn. "Thanks—*I* do now."

"*I* can't now," complained Parkhouse, very politely. "A little to the left—ah, thanks!"

Podmore obliged, and hurriedly said :—

"You all see the pith ball, now?"

"Yes, thanks," sighed the Ancients, gratefully.

And then, above this whisper, Gale said distinctly :—

"I see *two*."

"Where?" said Podmore, surprised.

"Quite distinctly, a moment ago. Didn't you, Parky?"

"Oh, you're drunk!" said Podmore, hotly. "There's only one."

Parkhouse stood up solemnly.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order. Is that a Parliamentary expression? We were cordially invited, remember, and then we're branded as——"

"I rise to another point of order. Please, Mr. Chairman, what are Phenomenons?" cried somebody else.

At this point the angry Moderns tumbled to the deep design of the Ancients, and they arose for ejectment proceedings. The scrummage lasted for a quarter of an hour. In the heat of the turmoil the lecturer bore his part like a hero, but the apparatus suffered severely. When the last of the Ancients had been deported there wasn't enough oxygen left to light a glowing spill, and the lecture was incontinently abandoned.

Algernon Podmore, though he had done his best, was naturally dissatisfied with the result, and the weird threats, referring to Gale, were eloquent indeed. He got out rather more than half a dozen words, too. But in the Ancient quarters there was a sound of revelry by night, and whenever a Modern came in sight he was innocently asked : "*Do you see this pith ball?*"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EFFECT OF FISTICUFFS.

THE exile of Bradfield was as complete in every way as Ovid's banishment to Tomi, but Bradfield, unlike Naso, did not petition to come back and enjoy court favour. He answered the house's suspicions with a cold, haughty, and lofty disdain, but he wrote several letters to different ports, in the hope that one of them would reach his voyaging uncle. This he did, not to satisfy the house that had suspected him, but to show to the friends who had trusted him, viz., Glyn and Mr. Smith.

Oakman had been elected captain in his place.

Fred had serious thoughts of resigning the

captaincy of Smith's footer eleven, as a protest against the treatment of his chum, but Bradfield would not hear of it. "Don't be Don Quixote, Fred—you enjoy footer too well to be out in the cold. Play, old man, and I'll come and give you the benefit of my cheer."

Fred thereupon fell to work with his house eleven, and, thanks to his unremitting attention on "halfers," it was very evident that Smith's would not cut up badly in the house matches. Bradfield had been putting in a word for another side of school life, besides games—there *is* another side, gentlemen—and he earnestly pointed out to Fred that there was the Holden Prize and Medal for mathematics. "You see, old fellow, the Holden isn't to be despised, even if you only care about the prize—a cool twenty and the medal. But you've never yet put your best leg forward, as far as I remember, in the schools, and though you've done more for the house than anyone else, you could be the Crichton of Eliza's if you would only bestir yourself."

"Jack, you idiot—why, you could beat me in a canter."

"Not in maths., Fred," said Bradfield thoughtfully. "I might in the classics, but you've got the head for two and two making four."

"I admit, Jack, that those fairy stories in the classics rather bore me. As Carver sometimes tells me, I've no 'feeling for style.' Give me something that's exact, and with no poetry about it."

"Exactly. Euclid's your man and De Moivre's 'Theorem' your poetry; try the Holden, Fred."

"I won't get it, Jack. There's dozens——"

"Does it matter if you don't?" asked Bradfield pointedly. "You don't want the twenty."

"See your idea, Jack. I'll send in my name; it will be better than loafing in one's den after dark."

"Collar the Houser with your eleven, and the Holden off your own bat, and you'll be marked down as lineal descendant of Dick Allen."

"You're the only man to step into Allen's shoes, Jack."

"That is hopeless," said Bradfield bitterly. "I'm a suspect thief."

Glyn's ambition was more than a little fired by the programme which his friend unfolded, and *more suo*, he entered into both projects enthusiastically. He did not spare his team by day nor himself by night.

Trouble broke out almost immediately that footer was in full swing, for Weedon, inwardly disappointed at not getting the captaincy of the footer eleven, began to play fast and loose with the team. He was admittedly the best player after Glyn, and his performances at left half were really object lessons on how to play the game, but Weedon could not ever be depended upon to turn out on the "halfers." He might come down to the fields arrayed for footer, or he might go for mysterious rambles with Miller or Isaacs. There was no certainty about his appearance. Fred had a hazy suspicion of his old enemy's game, and characteristically determined to have a clear understanding on the matter. "Can you turn out, Weedon, regularly for us?"

"I'm not going to tie myself down to play every afternoon," said Weedon, who knew his value.

"Putting in emergency halves spoils our team. I'll expect you to turn out fairly regularly."

"You can expect what you like."

"If not I must see about another fellow for your place."

"Hope you find him," said Weedon curtly.

On three successive occasions Weedon was not there, and then Fred, *sans* hesitation, struck him out of the team. The fellows grumbled at this. Weedon's absence weakened the team materially, and they hinted that Fred should have used his best half very tenderly. "Not at all," said the captain hotly. "I'm not going on bended knees beseeching anyone to play, and if you think my policy isn't good enough, say so and I'll resign this minute. Weedon can play if he will play moderately regularly. Someone of you had better tackle him and try. If he won't promise, I put young Parkhouse down instead."

Weedon, with his usual sneer, refused compliance, and the captain of Smith's house rejected him finally. Young Parkhouse, who was no end conceited over his sudden preferment, got the vacant position, and the way he performed made great rejoicings in the Ancient camp. Podmore tried to explain that Parkhouse's prowess was due to a singularly subtle trip with which he upset the opposing forwards, and that neither Glyn nor the referee ever seemed to notice it, even when it was most palpable to him. "Why he used to grass me regularly until I twigged his game and——"

"All right, Poddy, you try to imitate Parky this halfer," said Gale, "and grass *me*."

Weedon hardly believed that Glyn would have the courage to go against the feelings of the house and bar him his place, but when he found he had miscalculated, he felt all his old hatred rise again.

"I'll get even with the brute somehow." Burke mentioned to him that Glyn had entered for the Holden. "That's my cue," said he to himself. "I'll show up the beauty on the exam. list. If I don't lick him out of sight, Isaacs can chuck *me* into the river."

That night Smith's house heard that Weedon was having a shot for the Holden, and heavy odds were laid on the ex-half-back that he would beat Fred Glyn out of hand.

The cold waters of the Lodden had dissolved the fag-end of the old partnership. Miller and Isaacs—especially Isaacs—hated Weedon with a deep and bitter hatred.

"One day, Ned, I'll serve that animal as he served me. I'd round on him now about the punt if I could do it safely."

"No you don't, Isaacs," said Miller. "We're all in the punt business."

They had approached Jenkins, as of old, to enter once more into their schemes, but Jenkins, though he did not quarrel with them, would not come into their muddy arena again.

"Haven't any time, Ned, really. McArthur says I'm all right at half-back, and I rather enjoy the fun. Playing against Smither's lot this afternoon, so I'm booked."

"We'll come and see you, Bill. To watch you cannon off Glyn will amuse us as much as to scramble home from Ricketts'."

"Do you still go there?" asked Jenkins, with a lift of the eyebrows, and a plain look of disgust.

"Occasionally, Bill. Why that blessed grin?"

"I'd have thought that Ricketts' performance wouldn't attract a second time. Weedon won't like it."

Isaacs swore viciously; a very sorry display.

Bultitude's v. Smither's attracted a good deal of attention that afternoon. Carver himself was there talking to Bultitude, and there were troops of disengaged Elizabethans lining the touch-line, or perching comfortably on the benches. Miller and Isaacs naturally looked out for a comfortable seat—they preferred to take their amusements sitting—and spotted one with a solitary individual in the middle of it. Bradfield moved towards the end, not quite pleased with his prospective companions for the match. They saw the shade of annoyance on his face, and rather enjoyed it.

"Sure you didn't want the whole seat?" said Isaacs, with mock politeness, as Jack moved along.

"Some people," said Miller, "generally do try to collar an awful lot."

"Rather!" chimed in Isaacs; "sometimes even when it doesn't belong to them."

"Got your pocket-book quite safe, Abraham?"

"Yes," said that gentleman, feeling hurriedly.

"No stamps gone from home, eh?"

"Put the last on letter to mine uncle. He's cruising somewhere near Timbuctoo, in the Engadine."

This was quite evidently meant for Bradfield's address, but Jack treated the atrocious "hazing" with a limitless contempt, and thereupon the two beauties turned their attention to the game. Jenkins came in for a good deal of ill-natured chaff from his old cronies.

"Oh, well played, Bill!" shouted Miller, when Jenkins made a wonderful mis-kick. "There's a half-back for Bult's!"

Oakman grassed Jenkins rather neatly, and the two black sheep bleated in chorus:—

"Played—well played, Bill! Ornamental, that!"

Whenever Jenkins threw in near their quarter he was overwhelmed with ironical compliments.

"Didn't Bill fetch down young Parkhouse in fine style? What chance has a Smither giant against Bult's new half? What style! But it must be the new boots, eh, Ned? Bill will want a lemon at half time after all this"—(Jenkins hadn't kicked the ball for five minutes)—"Eureka, what heading!" This referred to a lamentable miscalculation on Jenkins' part.

The two kept this up throughout the first half, and I'm bound to say that they gave Jenkins no quarter very artistically. At the interval Glyn came and squatted at his chum's feet, and Fred gave Miller and Isaacs the honour of a little notice.

"Got fine company, Jack," he whispered as the whistle blew.

Isaacs' ears caught Fred's observation, and he turned his vial of wit and wisdom once more upon Jack. The cold and silent ex-captain seemed made for Isaacs' butt.

"Have you noticed, Ned, how the criminal classes hang together?"

"Rather! Thick as thieves."

"Does prigging things out of the common room amount to a misdemeanour or a felony, Ned?"

"Well," said Miller, pondering over the conundrum with mock solemnity. "From the common room, eh? I'd call that *felo(ny) de se*."

"Huge profits those stamp people make, I'm told."

"Burke said that it was something enormous. Would *you* treat me to a tea at Moon's if you'd made a good deal with rare samples?"

"I wouldn't for your own sake, Ned. Moon's 'high' teas are apt to give fellows indigestion. Burke said he had one there once, and he'd had a weight on his chest ever since."

"Smithers don't seem anxious to part with his gaol-bird."

"No. That dicky-bird sings in Latin and the other dead languages so beautifully that——"

"But still, a thief is a thief, after all."

Bradfield, whose ears had been tingling for the last five minutes, heard the word "thief." Forgetting his chill contempt, at that awful word he rose and faced the pair. There was a self-contained solemn scorn about his remarks that was not without its effect.

"Am glad you called me a thief, Miller. That is absolutely nett, and I can act on it."

"If the cap fits you can wear it," said Isaacs. "Mere school rumour, but your own house——"

"I allow no one to call me a thief, Miller, and I'm going to thrash anyone who says so."

"Gad! You'll have your hands full. Six hundred and more at Eliza's, you know."

"No one has said so yet, except yourself, Miller—you and your chum. Come down to the boat-house now, both of you."

"Mill?" said Isaacs, with a sneer. "I don't mill with thieves."

"There's an edict out against fighting; besides, this match is too interesting. Look at Jenkins, Abraham. Rolled Oakman over, by Jove!"

"Then I'll commence now," said Bradfield, in a tone that indicated that he meant to do so.

Isaacs and Miller looked at each other in stupefied astonishment. Was this the cold and unfeeling Bradfield? And there was Carver only a little way off.

"Don't be an utter ass," said Miller. "There's Carver a few yards down."

"I don't care for Carver—now. Will you fight—yes or no? If you don't, I'll knock you down here."

The pair finally realised that Bradfield meant what he said, and, for the life of them, they dared not have a scrimmage under Carver's eye, for they were in his black books already. Whatever it might mean for Bradfield, a fight for them would have been most serious. They dimly realised that they had overstepped the mark in calling Bradfield a thief, and Miller, seeing no help for it, said savagely: "All right, stamp-embezzler, you've got the whip hand over us now. We'll tan your hide for this."

Without more ado the three marched rapidly off the football field, and when they came to the boat-house, Miller said angrily: "This is mere rotten fooling, Bradfield. Where are the seconds?"

"You'd better be killed according to rule, Bradfield. It will look better at the inquest."

"I do not care a hang about seconds," said Bradfield. "You can time for Miller, for I'll take him first." Bradfield unloosened his sleeve links quietly, and Miller did not like at all that grim determined look in his face. However, there was no help for it, and he peeled.

"I ALLOW NO ONE TO CALL ME A THIEF."

The fight was long and stubborn, neither Bradfield nor Miller knowing much about the noble art; and, whereas Glyn would have knocked Miller out in five minutes, round after round was called, and Bradfield had not practically made much impression on his opponent. Miller was by no means

one of the white feather brood, and, having got one or two stinging reminders that Bradfield's power was greater than his science, he fought doggedly on.

At last, Bradfield, more by good luck than by good management, achieved the dread "point," and Miller dropped limply to the ground.

"Have you had enough?" asked Bradfield, savagely.

"Quite," said Miller, as things began to swim before his eyes. To do Miller justice, he certainly looked as though he had had enough.

Isaacs was catalogued next, though, from the game way Miller had struggled, he did not expect to be called upon. Bradfield, however, was wound-up, and said grimly, "I'm ready for you now, Isaacs."

Isaacs at heart was a poltroon, and, within five minutes, he was holding a nose which bled, and mingling salt tears with his bluest blood. Isaacs frankly snivelled and humbly begged Bradfield's pardon. Miller, when he saw that, got into his coat, and lurched, sick with pain and disgust, off the battle-field.

Miller had had a lesson in more ways than one. In the first place, he fathomed what an abject Isaacs really was; and, in the second, he made a very shrewd guess that Bradfield was no thief.

"I cut the painter from that rotten craft now and for ever," he said, as he applied lotion to his wounds. "Isaacs is a mere mongrel. After all, Jenkins is more my style than Jim or Abraham ever were, and I'll see if Bill can't open his door as before. As for Bradfield, there's something rotten somewhere in the stamp business, but he's not in the ring there. He may be a mere hymn-booker and goody-goozelum, but he's no thief, and he's no coward." Miller was rubbing in arnica very vigorously, but thinking more of his foe than his bruises. "Hanged if I don't tell him so, too!" he said in conclusion.

Bradfield, within a couple of hours, received two notes. I give them in full:—

Bultitude's.

I'm sorry I called you a thief to-day. I don't believe you are, whatever the fellows may say.

E. Miller.

Carver's.

Dear Bradfield,—

I should like to see you about the punt accident which occurred when Glyn went for the Sculls. I'll call to-morrow after dinner, if I don't hear from you to the contrary.—Yours sincerely,

A. Isaacs.

Isaacs, smarting under his thrashing and the sense of having made an exhibition of himself, and Miller's fierce contempt, felt he hated the world. Weedon had just passed him in the High, and his old patron had favoured him with a look—a glance of uttermost contempt, leavened with a pleasant affable curiosity as to his damaged nose. Isaacs writhed. He would have liked to have stretched Weedon for that glance on a rack. He wrote to Bradfield instead. Miller had rightly called him a mongrel, for he crawled to lick the feet of the fellow who had spurned him like a dog.

"Dear Bradfield" passed Isaacs' letter on to Glyn.

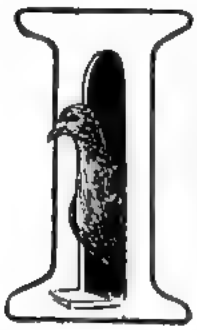
(To be continued.) Fred Swainson

AN EVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENT—THE POLICEMAN'S ARM.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL, *Editor of the "Philatelic Record."*

STAMPS AS AN INVESTMENT.



I SHOULD be very sorry to write anything that would tend to foster the speculative spirit in any boys taking up stamp collecting. Therefore, at the very outset let me warn them that any attempts at speculation in stamps are more likely to turn out badly than otherwise, except in very rare cases, unless the speculator has access to information rarely at the disposal of young collectors.

Some years ago, when I was writing in defence of stamp collecting as an investment, I received a very indignant letter from a collector who had made a large collection, complaining that he had then recently endeavoured to sell, but could get only a very small percentage of his outlay back, and that the very firms of whom he had bought most of his stamps scouted the idea of paying him anything like what they had cost him. He therefore ridiculed the idea that stamp collecting could be regarded as a safe investment, as in his case it had been a delusion and a snare. He was quite right, and it is still possible to make big collections of say five thousand, ten thousand, and even larger, of stamps that are never likely to appreciate, and it is possible to buy those stamps at such a price that any attempt to realise even a small percentage of the original outlay must result in a woeful eye-opener.

Let me explain. In the stamp business, as in all other branches of commerce, there are wholesale and retail dealers. The wholesaler buys by the thousand stamps that are printed by the million. I refer, of course, to used stamps. In some cases the price paid per thousand is only a few pence for large quantities that run into millions. The wholesaler sells to the retail dealer at a small advance per thousand. Those stamps the ordinary dealer makes up into packets at a further profit, but still at a comparatively low price. Good copies he picks out for sale in sets and separately. Those have to be catalogued. With the exception of Bright, the halfpenny is not a recognised minimum. Therefore, the catalogue price of common stamps bought and sold by the million eventually comes before the general collector at "one penny each," and the man who makes a collection of common stamps of the "one penny each" class can scarcely be expected to make a fortune out of his stamp collecting. When he offers his gatherings of years to the self-same dealer, and asks, say, only half what he paid, he is astounded when the dealer has the audacity to tell him frankly, "I can buy most of those stamps at a few shillings per thousand, and you want an average of a halfpenny each for them!" "But," retorts the collector, "I paid you one penny each for them years ago, and now you won't give me half that amount. A pretty thing investing money in stamps!" The reply of the dealer will be, "My dear fellow, you have put your money into the wrong stamps. I bought, and can still buy, those stamps wholesale at a few shillings per thousand, some of them at a few pence per thousand, but I have to pay clerks for handling them and sorting them out, other assistants for cataloguing them, and the printers for printing the catalogue, so that in the end I cannot afford to sell them *separately* for less than about one penny each, but if you want a few thousand of any value I can sell them to you at a price enormously below what you ask for your collection." The collector's eyes are opened.

HOW TO BUY COMMON STAMPS.

Now, my readers will naturally want to know how they are to avoid paying so much for common stamps. The way is clear. Every dealer advertises regularly packets of varieties from twenty up into thousands, which he makes up out of those very lots; and he offers those packets at prices which range considerably below a halfpenny each. Common used stamps should rarely be bought in any other form than in the cheap packet. Of course there is the objection that very bad specimens result from such purchases. That must be admitted. It is not, however, a very serious objection, for the simple reason that the better class of dealers do take considerable care to exclude bad specimens from their packets; and when here and there a bad specimen does crop up, it is cheaper to replace that specimen at even 1d. than to pick copies all round at 1d. each. Packets and sheets of stamps are sold at as low as 13s. to 15s. per thousand. It would hardly be fair for

me to mention any particular dealer, when so many offer their packets in the advertising pages of THE CAPTAIN.

Now, supposing a collector is making a start. Let him buy packets of varieties of five hundred or a thousand from one of the most respectable dealers, and mount up the lot in an album, keeping out bad specimens. Then get another packet of, say, one hundred or five hundred from another dealer. He will be certain to find many duplicates, but those duplicates will be useful for exchanging purposes. But he will make considerable additions, and also probably replace bad specimens. When in this way he has filled up the common stamps in the countries he intends to collect, he may judiciously buy stamps *separately*. Any collection built up on this basis can scarcely result in any serious disappointment to the collector.

STAMPS TO AVOID.

A word as to stamps to avoid, for there are many. Not a few American countries bear an unenviable nickname because they make a contract with certain engravers to supply them with stamps free, on the condition that they go in for new designs every year, and at the end of each year give them the right to sell the obsolete issues to the stamp trade. Thus those stamps are sold at a fraction of their original face value. The countries to so reject, as not worth the attention of the stamp collector, are mostly Central American, such as Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras. I am bound to admit that more ready buyers of utterly worthless rubbish than the general run of stamp collectors are not to be found on the habitable globe. The regular stamp journals warn them again and again against wasting their money on rubbish, but interested dealers, who make profits on the stuff, tell them not to be dictated to as to what they shall or shall not collect, and they fall into the trap, and buy just to emphasise their ability to choose for themselves, and the dealer chuckles at having landed another "flat."

WORTHLESS STAMPS.

Such stamps are very pretty in design. They are made attractive for sale to collectors. But the collector should, from the start, rigidly set his face against buying the stamps of those countries that manufacture labels for the purpose of fleecing him of his money. They are generally countries that find it difficult to keep clear of bankruptcy, and, surprising though it may seem, stamp collectors do regularly keep more than one State out of bankruptcy. The principal occupations of those States are cutting the throats of their Presidents and fleecing stamp collectors, and it is matter for regret that dealers in this country take up the position that they sell what collectors demand, and that as collectors demand the rubbish, it must be kept on sale. If respectable album publishers would exclude the swindling stuff from their albums there would be no demand for it. And so long as dealers print albums with the rubbish displayed to profusion, I shall do my best to persuade collectors to make their own albums, as described by me in last month's CAPTAIN. If any collector thinks I am too harsh, let him try and sell such stamps to any dealer. He will be surprised at his reception.

INVESTMENT VIEW UNAVOIDABLE.

It is impossible to get away from the necessity of regarding stamps as an investment. Even the school-boy could not afford to put his shilling into stamps unless he could be fairly assured that he could get his money back at critical periods, which will crop up even in school life. Indeed, it may be said that there are few, if any, stamp collectors nowadays who do not put more money into stamps than they could afford to do if there was not some element of investment in view. In some instances large fortunes are actually invested in stamps, and I was only recently told of a collector who had taken his money out of a very profitable business and put it into stamps, and had netted very much larger profits than he ever realised in his regular business. But to do that sort of thing requires a profound knowledge of stamps, and a ready command of a very large banking account.

Generally speaking, the best countries from an investment point of view are British colonials, especially those of the small colonies that have small populations, and, therefore, very small printings of stamps. Obviously, countries that put stamps into circulation by the million can never be very good for investment, so far as their common values are concerned. Those who buy with a keen eye on the investment purpose, always buy unused copies of uncommon values. Unused are not likely to depreciate, and they may appreciate.

BUY UNUSED FOR INVESTMENT.

In fact it may be safely said that, all round, the thing to do in stamps is to buy *unused* for investment. When stamps are printed by the million *used* supplies will be available for no one knows how long, but in the case of unused, when a new issue is made, the obsolete stamp is on the road to an advance in value. It is true dealers stock large quantities of all stamps, but there are

so many countries to be stocked now that no dealer can afford to stock unused to any great extent, and, even if he did, the dead capital would be an item which would compel him to advance the price of unused to protect himself from loss. Let us say a stamp becomes obsolete this year, and a dealer buys £100 worth. It would be a moderate estimate to place the earning power of stamps at 10 per cent. In seven years that £100 hoard would, reckoning compound interest, represent £200, or double face. Of course, no dealer would hoard up £100 worth of a common stamp, but from the day that it becomes obsolete it must be hoarded up by someone, and interest must be accruing on the investment which will have to be added to the value of the stamp, unless someone is to stand the loss. It will, therefore, be obvious that *unused* stamps must appreciate while *used* may remain stationary, for the simple reason that the limit of supply has been reached in one case, but not in the other.

NEW ISSUES FOR INVESTMENT.

Some people are never tired of recommending the purchase of new issues as an investment. The general collector will do wisely in most cases in confining himself to a single set. Some collectors are overstepping the ordinary bounds of collecting and buying several sets of many issues, urged on to that practice by dealers interested in the sale of new issues. Such buying is speculation pure and simple. It may turn out all right, but there are risks in it which the ordinary collector cannot estimate. Needless to say, if the dealer interested in promoting speculation in new issues gets any large numbers to follow his advice, the goods they buy must be a drug in the market, by reason of the extent of the speculation which has been encouraged. On the other hand, single sets of new issues at the small percentage over face now charged cannot hurt, and may turn out profitable.

PHILATELIC KNOWLEDGE THE BEST INVESTMENT.

In my humble opinion, the best investment that a collector can make is the accumulation of philatelic knowledge. Let him study his stamps thoroughly, and read all he can about them. In the end that will pay him a great deal better than buying stamps he does not need for his collection, and, as no man can hope to cover the whole of the ground, every collector should single out one country for special study. He will then find that he will gradually get to know more of that one country than most people, and that knowledge will be more profitable to him than any general knowledge is likely to be. He will know the stamps of that particular country so well that he will understand its range of values and its varieties, and every now and again he will pick up rarities priced by the ignorant as common stamps.

Some people tell us that we specialists have no commercial morality—that we have no right to such bargains. I do not admit the implied condemnation. The dealer prices his goods, and we buy at his prices. The knowledge that gives the stamp its higher value is ours. In an auction I recently bought for a few shillings a stamp which was worth from £12 to £15. The man who lotted had not studied the particular country so closely as I had, and put the rarity in with some common stamps. A similar stamp was subsequently bought by a dealer for £12 to sell again. On another occasion a dealer who had paid a specialist to arrange his stock of a certain country, gave me first pick, and I found one rarity worth £20 to £30, priced as an ordinary stamp at £2. I became a ready purchaser. On yet another occasion a specialist bought for half-a-crown at a dealer's counter in the Strand, London, a rarity which, a few minutes afterwards, he sold to the proprietor in his inner office for £10.

As I write, a friend over the telephone gives me yet another and quite recent case. A Colonial brought home some stamps which he had bought at face value. He asked a dealer what he thought a long price, valuing a one penny stamp in the lot at 25s. The dealer bought the lot, and within a few hours he sold that self-same one penny stamp for one hundred pounds to a fellow dealer, who will make a further profit on it. In fact, it is the specialist who closely studies one or two countries who makes money out of stamps. Take Mr. Castle, for instance. He recently sold his collection of unused Europeans for £30,000, which, it is well known, meant a clear profit of several thousands of pounds, all due to his great ability as a keen specialist. The collector of small means may specialise and may learn that in stamps, at all events, it does pay to put all your eggs into one basket, provided you make a wise choice of the basket.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

New issues are not very plentiful just now, and perhaps it is just as well to have a bit of a lull. Indeed, if we could so arrange it, we might confine the product of new issues to the winter months, when we are most philatelically inclined. However, for the present we must take them as they come, and this month, though they are not numerous, they are interesting.

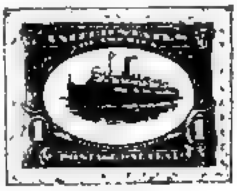
Southern Nigeria.—Those people who say there is no educative value in stamp collecting for boys will do well to note the historical import of

some of the issues of recent date. Here, for instance, is the illustration of a new series of stamps marking the change which has recently taken place in the Niger Territories. Some months ago our Government took over the sole management of these territories, and for government purposes divided them up into Northern Nigeria, Southern Nigeria, and Lagos. Lagos stamps we have had for many years, for it is an old colony, and takes its slice of the new territory without making any change in postal issues. But the other two divisions are practically newly created colonies, and our postal issues mark the year of their birth. Northern Nigeria stamps we have had for several months, but the set for Southern Nigeria has only just come to hand, though chronicled long since. The design is new and striking. The values are ½d., 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s.

SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

FEDERATED MALAY STATES.

FEDERATED MALAY STATES.—The fashion in federation has reached the Malay Peninsula, where the native states have now been federated under the name of the Federated Malay States. The illustration shows a new design for the new postal territory. Only a few of the values are yet issued. We will give the full set and colours later on.



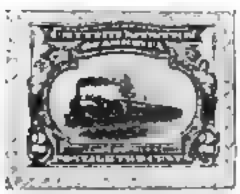
GERMAN COLONIES.—Some time ago you could not get the stamps of the German Colonies for love or money. Dealers who sent money to the various colonies for supplies had their money contemptuously returned. Now you may have German Colonials at so much per score. Complete sets of the usual values, as per illustration, have been manufactured wholesale, the one design serving for the lot by simply altering the name

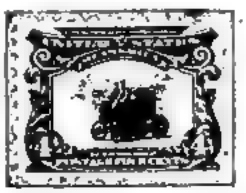
GERMAN COLONIES.

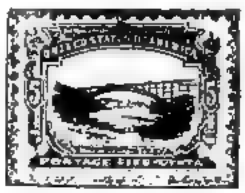
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

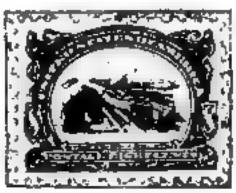
C. S. D. (WINNIPEG).—For packets, see our advertisement pages. For album, why not try plan outlined and recommended in May number of THE CAPTAIN? With Whitfield King & Co.'s catalogue, 1s. 3d., it should be simple. **Philatelist.**—The Spanish referred to is simply remainders officially defaced and put out of issue. Keep the undefaced. **J. B. R.**—Your New Zealand 1d. stamp which franked a letter to you from another part of London, is worth keeping, but only as a curiosity, as it is only an oversight which might occur any day with men who have to deal with millions of letters daily. **R. D.**—The current English ½d. blue is either an atmospheric or chemical changeling. Have seen several. **Sid B.**—We congratulate you on your school honours. Why not try albums recommended in May CAPTAIN, and spend the money in good sets of unused Colonials? Damaged stamps should all be excluded. They only disfigure a page, and are of no saleable value. The Transvaal 1d. red on yellow, imperf. is worth 25s. There is no genuine Transvaal perf. 14 by 17. Cannot say about the others without seeing them. **Idlos.**—Winch Brothers, Colchester. **R. M. W.**—Don't know such a 10s. Queensland as you describe. **R. A. S.**—Much obliged for essay, but no room for more than one stamp article in THE CAPTAIN per month. You write well and reasonably. Try one of the regular stamp papers with your contribution.

E. J. N.









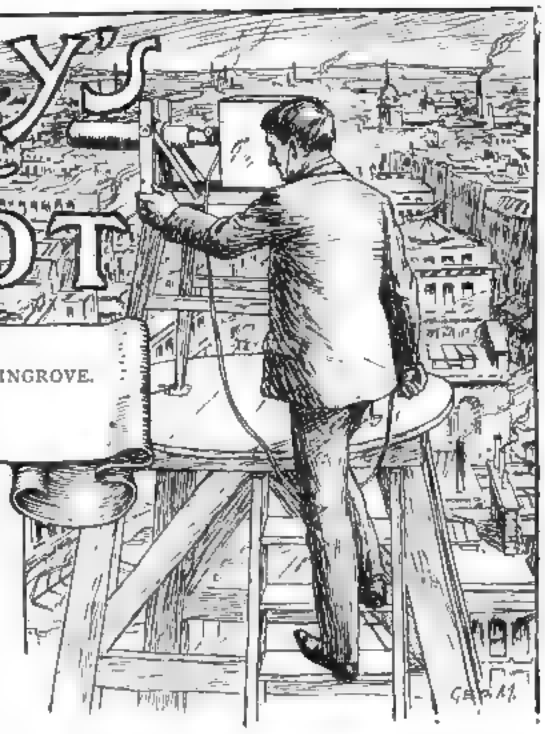
UNITED STATES.—Appended are the illustrations of the long-talked-of Pan-American series of stamps issued to advertise the International Exposition now being held at Buffalo. Those who collect mere advertising labels will, of course, add these to their albums, but many will regard them as what they are, mere advertisements, issued, it is true, by the postal department of the United States, but none the less catch-penny advertisement labels. They are,

UNITED STATES.

MR TRACY'S SNAP SHOT

By Ridgwell Cullum and Charles Wingrove.

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow



THE amateur photographer gazed for a moment over the sea of house-tops. His eye wandered away beyond Main Street, where the Hudson's Bay Company's store rose, mountain-like, above its smaller neighbours, until it rested on the Northern Pacific Railway Depot, near the southern extremity of Winnipeg. Suddenly he pressed the indiarubber ball in his hand, and a moment later the shutter of his camera closed with a snap.

"Guess that's enough for to-day," he muttered, as he glanced up from his watch to the sun, which was already getting low. "We'll go and have a look at the result."

Carefully lifting his camera from its temporary platform, erected high above his house-top, Mr. Caleb P. Tracy descended the uninvitingly perpendicular ladder to the roof.

Reaching his studio, he placed the plates in the dark room, preparatory to developing them, and divested himself of his coat.

As he was about to commence work, a loud knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," he said testily, with a look of irritation on his keen face.

The door was immediately flung open, and a heavy, jovial-looking man stepped in. Flinging himself into a chair with the air of a man on terms of familiarity with his host, he threw his leg over the arm of it.

"See you're busy, Tracy. Got time for a chat?"

"Not much," replied the American decidedly.

"Well, you've got to listen to me—it's important."

"Guess I'm going to develop these plates; so, if you *must* talk, you'd better come in here," entering the dark room.

"Can't say politeness is your strong point, my photographing friend," replied his visitor, following him. "Since you've taken up this beastly tele-photography you've become simply impossible. The door shut? All right. Blazes, it is dark!"

Joe Swilby, Mr. Tracy's bosom friend and co-worker in the Government surveys, stood for a moment in the little room watching his companion's movements by the dim, red light shining through the square pane of glass in front of him. At last he spoke.

"A little while ago business took me up to the house of your patron, Mr. Carbhoy."

"Um!" lifting a plate from its bath and looking at it.

"Say, he hadn't returned from the bank, where he had been to deposit a large sum of money."

"That so?"

"Well, it's no use beating about the bush—something has happened to him."

"Wal?" interrogated the photographer, without looking up.

"You don't seem very interested," said Swilby in disgust. "But listen. Carbhoy has mysteriously disappeared. He never arrived at the bank at all. The alarm was given only a few minutes ago, and now there is a hue

and cry all over the town after him. Ah, I thought that would fetch you!" he went on, as Mr. Caleb P. Tracy gave a start.

"Say, what do you think is up? Robbery?"

"Just so," replied Swilby, "and perhaps worse."

Mr. Tracy again turned to the bath and mechanically lifted a plate from it. His mind was working hard, though he gave no outward sign.

"Guess the police are on it. Any suspicion or clue?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I left the house and came straight here; didn't wait for anything else."

The American put a plate back in the solution and picked up another, scrutinising it carefully against the red light.

"Funny I've taken two of the same place," he muttered then aloud. "Say, how long ago since he was missed?"

"'Bout an hour. The bank people were expecting him, and, as it was near closing time and he hadn't arrived, they telephoned up. Of course he may have turned up by now, but somehow I think there's been crooked work."

For a minute nothing was said; then, suddenly, Mr. Caleb P. Tracy turned on his visitor and asked a question sharply.

"Say, how was he dressed?"

His friend burst into a loud laugh.

"How the dickens should I know? I told you I came on here as soon as I heard the news—didn't wait to make any inquiries. The millionaire is never a man for dress," he went on thoughtfully. "No doubt he wore his usual grey frock coat and soft felt hat."

Mr. Tracy turned once more to his work, scrutinising plate after plate as if nothing had occurred to disturb him. Finishing his inspection, he put the last one down and opened the door.

Once in the light of the studio, Swilby noticed the alteration in his friend's face. The thin, determined mouth was tightly compressed, the hollow jaws were shut with a force that distended their muscles, and his usually keen, calm eyes glowed with a fire that startled the other man.

"Guess you are doing nothing just now, eh?" asked the American suddenly, tapping the floor restlessly with his foot. "Well," as Swilby shook his head, "go downstairs and overhaul my 'jigger.' Put on the 'cross country' tyres, fill the lamp, and put tools into the wallet I'm just going round the block."

Utterly surprised, yet knowing his friend too well to question him, Swilby went down to the basement to carry out his instructions, while Mr. Caleb P. Tracy let himself out at the front door.

Taking the bicycle from its stand, Joe Swilby proceeded to overhaul it. It was a powerful machine, built on a plan of the American's own. The "diamond" of the frame was filled up with a metal case, about 6ins. wide, which exactly fitted its area. This case contained some electric appliance, the wires of which connected with the gearing. Altogether it looked as if built for heavy, rough work and long-distance riding.

He had just finished changing the tyres when his friend returned.

"I think it's all right," said Swilby, eyeing the "jigger" doubtfully. "But where do you intend going—to Mr. Carbhoy's?"

"Tyres went on without difficulty, I see," said Mr. Tracy, ignoring his friend's question. "Say," he went on, looking straight at his companion, "guess I'm going to quit town for a day or two. Now jest you sit tight, and don't gas. If you get a wire from me obey it literally. Savee?"

As he finished speaking, he picked up his bicycle in one hand, and, pressing a button in the metal case, the wheels rapidly revolved. Satisfied with his inspection, he stopped them and set it down again.

"Wal, good-bye, pard," he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "Can't say quite when I shall be back, but, in case I wire, don't forget."

Astonished at this unusual demonstration on the part of his imperturbable friend, Swilby gave his hand a hearty grip, and the two men left the house. Without another word, Mr. Caleb P. Tracy jumped on his machine and quickly disappeared round the corner, leaving the wondering Swilby on the sidewalk gazing after him.

"Well, he's the rummiest cuss I ever saw. Wonder what he's up to?" he muttered, as he walked away towards his hotel.

In the centre of a big farming district, not far to the south of Winnipeg, stands the little village of Morris. Utterly quiet and sleepy at all times, it is doubly so after the harvest has been reaped and before the winter sets in. The only sign of life in the place, on the evening Mr. Caleb P. Tracy had parted with his friend, was at the one hotel the village boasted. Outside this stood a waggon-load of hay, drawn by a pair of spanking roadsters.

Inside the bar two farmers were throwing dice with the landlord for drinks. They were burly, rough-looking men, typical specimens of the smaller Manitoba farmer. Luck seemed to be against them; the landlord's dice had a knack of turning up in favour of their owner. How-

ever, this didn't appear to disturb them, and, as money seemed plentiful, drinks became frequent.

The landlord encouraged his guests. He thought he saw a chance of buying their hay cheap, provided he could make them sufficiently drunk. This, however, appeared to be a slow process. At last he broached the subject.

"PLAY AGAIN?" HE ASKED, AS THE MEN SET DOWN THEIR EMPTY GLASSES.

"Want to sell that hay of yours?" he asked, indifferently shaking the dice-box. "Give you five bills for it."

"It's sold already," said one of the farmers, a red-headed man. "We have to deliver it at Emerson. Three aces and a pair! You are a lucky coon! Come 'four of a kind,'" and he blew into the dice-box preparatory to throwing.

"I take it you're not going on to-night," said the landlord, as he watched the man turn the dice out.

"Oh, yes," replied the farmer. "Deliver at six in the morning. There you are, mister, 'four sixes.' Guess you pay this time—mine's a lager."

The host poured out the drinks. As he did so a face that had been peering in at the window suddenly disappeared.

"Play again?" he asked, as the men set down their empty glasses.

"Guess not," replied Red Head. "Time's getting on; we don't want to be too late. Twenty odd miles by the old trail, ain't it?"

"Yes; but why the old trail? It's pretty rough, I don't mind telling you, and the other's only five miles longer."

"I dessay, but my mokes can't climb that Forter's Hill, and ain't agoin' to try neither. Come on, Bill," he went on, turning to the door, "we'd better make tracks."

For a moment the silent Bill looked longingly at the whisky bottle, then, turning, followed his companion out.

Branching from the main trail a solitary cyclist turned into the old road between Morris and Emerson. It was Mr. Caleb P. Tracy.

The night had closed in black and threatening, but this didn't seem to inconvenience him in the slightest. He had no light, and yet was travelling swiftly, with the assurance of a man who knows every inch of the trail. A big cigar stuck out of the corner of his mouth, at which he puffed vigorously, emitting dense clouds of smoke, much to the discomfort of the myriads of mosquitoes that buzzed around him.

His machine was running at top speed, and, considering the darkness of the night and the roughness of the road, he flew along at a dangerous pace. His eyes were fixed on the trail, and he rode like one whose mind was concentrated solely on the object of his journey, oblivious to all danger, and, in fact, everything but the rapidity with which he was travelling. Presently he came to a hill, which he ascended without slackening his speed. The top of it was quickly reached, and he began the descent on the other side.

He now proceeded with more caution. The road was very rough and uneven. Miniature dry watercourses lined its surface and threatened momentarily to upset him. By dint of careful steering and steady nerve he reached the bottom

of the hill in safety. Here he found the trail crossed a dry stream bed.

Evidently the American had reached his destination, for he at once dismounted, and, leaning his cycle against a tree, lit his lamp and proceeded to explore.

The stream when in flood was undoubtedly a swift one, for the bank on either side of the road was completely undermined. On the left this was more marked than on the right, and to this spot Mr. Caleb P. Tracy at once turned his attention. Sinking prone on his stomach, he pushed the lamp far in under the bank. The cavity the water had caused was greater than he had anticipated, and extended almost under the edge of the wheel tracks.

"Um," he muttered, as he withdrew his lamp, "if the water had only washed away another foot or so, it would have undermined the trail itself —good!" and a grim smile flickered over his keen, set features. "Guess it's kind o' queer I should have spotted this bank last time I was 'long here," and he stepped quickly towards his bicycle.

Taking a wrench from his wallet, and the sheath-knife from his belt, he went back to the hollow bank. Pushing his lamp ahead of him, he forced his way into the excavation until the upper part of his body was quite hidden from view.

For half an hour he remained in this position, working as though his life depended upon his exertions. At the end of that period he reappeared, his clothes, face, and hands all testifying to the nature of his labours. Extinguishing his lamp, he remounted his machine and returned the way he had come.

As soon as he again reached the top of the hill he put on all speed, and for a couple of miles kept steadily on. Selecting a convenient spot he dismounted, and, lighting a fresh cigar, laid his cycle down and seated himself beside it.

The night was still very black and threatening, and the air had an unmistakable feeling of rain in it. Nothing could be heard but the weird rustling of the grass, as slight puffs of wind blew sharply over the prairie. The American seemed quite impervious to the chilly atmosphere, and smoked placidly on, watching with keen intentness the road from Morris.

Now and again he would lean forward with a look of expectancy on his strong face, as some distant sound caught his ear, but beyond this he betrayed by no outward expression what was passing through his mind.

As the time passed and nothing occurred, he began to shift his position irritably. He smoked rapidly at his cigar, and chewed the end nervously. Suddenly, throwing the mangled stump away, he walked over to the road, and kneeling down, put his ear to it. After a moment he rose to his feet, and with a look of satisfaction on his face, went back to his machine.

A moment or two later the distant rumbling of an approaching vehicle was distinctly audible, and he turned his face in the direction whence the sound proceeded. The noise became louder, and the sound of horses' hoofs could be heard amidst the creaking and groaning of some cumbersome conveyance.

The sound came from the direction of Morris, and the vehicle was rapidly approaching. Suddenly, from out the gloomy blackness of the night, he saw the outline of a mountainous hay-rack.

"Hi! Waggon ahoy!" he shouted, stepping forward as if about to seize the bridle of the nearest horse.

"'Ere, what's up?" cried a rough voice, as the driver pulled the team up short.

"It's all right, mister. I've had an accident with my 'wheel' and can't get back to Emerson. Guess you might give me a lift."

"Can't give yer any bloomin' lift. I've got as much 'ere as my 'orses can haul, so you'd better hoof it, guv'nor. Get up, mare! Hi, Brownie!" and the man attempted to drive on.

The American had no idea of letting them pass so easily, and held the near horse's bridle tightly.

"Say, you needn't leave a fellow in the lurch like this," he cried plaintively. "I'll give you five dollars for a lift. Come on, man! Guess I ain't particularly heavy. Here, I'll make it ten dollars. Jumping Moses, I can't hoof twenty miles?"

He listened keenly to the mutterings that followed his proposal, but couldn't catch what was said. At last, however, the man answered his appeal.

"See 'ere, guv'nor, you can't ride on this waggon, so just you stand clear," and without waiting for reply he slashed viciously at the horses.

The American still held the bridle, but, as the animal reared and plunged, he let go, and the waggon went on its way. Still playing his part, he shouted a volley of abuse after the farmers, although really well satisfied with the result of his experiment.

He now turned, and, jumping on his bicycle, shut off the electric current and followed slowly and silently in their wake. Letting the waggon get well out of sight, he turned sharply off on to the prairie, and, making a wide détour, put on all speed and shot ahead, regardless of holes and roughness, bumping and jolting in a manner that

momentarily threatened to hurl him headlong to the ground.

Once in advance of the waggon he again turned into the road, and in a few moments reached the dry stream-bed. Concealing himself, he watched for the farmers' approach, chuckling triumphantly at the thought of what awaited them.

Turning a bend in the road, the conveyance loomed up, its ponderous proportions swaying and rolling over the uneven trail like some great prehistoric monster. He could hear the men's voices talking together as they came, occasionally breaking out into a loud, coarse laugh, which grated harshly on the stillness of the night.

A moment later the conveyance came abreast of him. For an instant the whole thing tottered, and then, with a sharp, crunching sound, it sank quickly over on its side and remained immovable. The farmers cursed and swore, the horses kicked and plunged, and general confusion ensued, whilst, in his hiding place, the American grinned sardonically. They had fallen into his trap!

Mr. Tracy saw one of the men dash to the horses' heads, while the other commenced to unhitch them. The task was a difficult one, and occupied all their attention.

Slipping round the back of the waggon, he passed to the side on which it was resting. The horses had become pacified, and the red-headed farmer had succeeded in freeing them from the whipple-trees.

"Say," cried the American, "guess you'd better off-load this hay if you're going to right the rack."

If a thunderbolt had fallen the men could not have been more surprised. Bill stopped on his way to fasten the horses to a tree, and stood with mouth agape. The red-headed man showed more presence of mind.

"'Ow did yer git 'ere?" he asked, climbing on to the front of the waggon. "Thought we left yer at the top of the 'ill."

"Guess you did," replied Mr. Tracy, easily. "I jest walked right along."

Without paying any further attention to the man he turned to the waggon. He knew instinctively, without observing, that the red-headed man did not believe him, but he was not to be moved from his purpose.

"Say," he went on, glancing at the fork sticking up in the hay, "I'll just off-load this stuff, and we'll soon get her up again."

As he spoke he heard a cat like foot-step behind him. Without appearing to take the slightest notice he paused, quickly slipped his hand into the outside pocket of his jacket, and again called out:—

"Wal, what d'ye say?"

"Never mind about that hay, guv'nor," said the voice of the driver close behind him; "jest ye listen to me."

Turning sharply round, Mr. Caleb P. Tracy found himself looking into the muzzle of a gun aimed square at his head, the driver's ugly face peering at him from the other end.

"Move so much as a single step an' I'll blow yer brains out," said the man, keeping the gun in position. "I ain't here for no bloomin' lark. I'm here for biz. Now just ye scoot off as quick as yer sticks'll carry ye, with never so much as a look behind, or ——" and he broke off with an ominous glitter in his eyes that spoke more than words could convey.

Not a muscle of the Yankee's face moved as he looked at his antagonist, but he thought rapidly.

"See here, mister," he exclaimed, "you're the queerest cuss I ever saw. I'm offering you a——"

"Git, d'ye hear? or I'll let daylight into ye!" broke in the man with savage ferocity.

Without another word the American, shrugging his shoulders, turned to go. As he did so there was the sharp report of a pistol, and the driver fell backwards, pressing his hand to his shoulder, while his gun dropped harmlessly to the ground.

"Guess you reckoned you'd found a 'sucker,'" drawled Mr. Caleb P. Tracy, as he drew his smoking revolver from his pocket.

At the sound of the shot Bill, the driver's companion, left the horses and hurried to the spot. In an instant the American had him covered.

"Say, jest you hand over that belt o' yours," he said, in the same drawling tones. "Come on," as the man hesitated to obey, "get a hustle on you!"

Cowed by the silent, shining revolver that confronted him, the man obeyed, and his belt and pistol were laid on the ground at the American's feet. A look of satisfaction passed over Mr. Tracy's face as he observed the hopeless expression of the man's countenance.

"Hands up!" went on the inexorable Yankee.

Up went the man's hands, and the other silently turned out the fellow's pockets. Satisfied with his examination, he lowered his revolver, and pointed to the wounded man.

"Guess it 'ud be as well to draw *his* teeth. Might just turn him out, too."

The man reluctantly obeyed. The ever-present glint of the Yankee's revolver had a wonderfully persuasive effect on the surly Bill.

Secure from any further attack from behind,

Mr. Caleb P. Tracy turned his attention to the waggon. "Now then, spring about, mister. Just haul off that hay quick as you know how. No, never mind the fork—guess it's all right where it is," and the pistol clicked ominously as the man reached towards the implement.

Foiled in his effort to secure a weapon, the man set sulkily to work under the watchful eye of the American. For a quarter of an hour he toiled on, exerting himself to the utmost, under the silent compulsion of the remorseless "six-shooter." At last, as the work approached completion, he turned doggedly on his task-master.

IN AN INSTANT THE AMERICAN HAD HIM COVERED.

"There y'are, guv'nor! I ain't agoing to chuck off no more. If ye want the rest out ye can do it yerself."

"Eh?" said Mr. Tracy, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked fondly at his pistol. "Say, this iron's a forty-five calibre, and makes a nasty hole. I don't want to be rough on you, but I take it you don't much fancy having this night atmosphere let into your vitals. Off with it!" he cried, with sudden harshness, "or by thunder you're a dead man!" and he sprang into the waggon and stood glaring like some wild beast on its prey.

The effect was instantaneous—the man quailed before him, begging for mercy, and promptly fell to work again. Two or three more armfuls, and the secret of the hay waggon lay revealed.

In the bottom of the rack, cruelly gagged and bound, lay the inanimate and almost unconscious form of Mr. Carbhoy, the Canadian railway king. His rolling eyes and heaving body gave conclusive evidence of the sufferings he was undergoing, and the sight maddened the usually imperturbable American. His eyes blazing with ferocity, he turned to the cowering ruffian and poured upon him a torrent of invective, garnished with the choicest epithets in his vocabulary.

"Ye dirty, skulking hounds!" he exclaimed, seizing the man by the throat and nearly strangling him in his iron grip, "mark my word, you shall both pay for this! Loose him, you dog-gone skunk, and look to it that he's come to no hurt," and he hurled his victim towards the prostrate millionaire.

The man proceeded to release the prisoner, the American's finger twitching nervously on the trigger as the fellow fumbled with the ropes. A groan from the millionaire, as the gag was removed, goaded him again to fury.

"Shooting's too good for you, you hound! A life sentence will be your lot, and take care you don't get a bit on account now," and pushing the man aside, he knelt by his friend.

Pressing his flask to the sufferer's lips, he made him drink some of the brandy it contained, and in a few moments he revived sufficiently to be able to sit up. The weight of the hay removed, his iron frame quickly recovered under the influence of the fresh air and the potent spirit, and ere long he was able to rise to his feet with the assistance of Mr. Tracy, who lost no time in assuring him of his safety.

A search disclosed the money, very nearly intact, hidden in the waggon box; the little

that had gone was of no consequence. The American then handed his revolver to the millionaire and made his prisoner assist him in righting the waggon. This done he securely bound both men, and, hitching up the horses, drove back to Morris.

"I don't think they're likely to trouble us again," said Mr. Carbhoy, as, accompanied by his host, Mr. Tracy, and Joe Swilby, he entered the American's studio. "I rather fancy fifteen or twenty years is the penalty for assault and kidnapping, and I've no doubt they'll get the full sentence. But," turning to the American, "you promised to tell me how you found out what had happened."

"Yes," added Swilby, "after the way you left me yesterday I think I deserve some explanation."

Without replying, Mr. Caleb P. Tracy entered his dark room, and quickly returned with two plates.

"Guess you did me the honour of calling me 'impossible' since I took up tele-photography, Joe," said he in an injured tone. "But these will explain," he went on, handing him the plates. "Let's hope you may alter your opinion of me."

Holding the plates up to the light, the two men examined them carefully, exclamations of astonishment breaking from them as they did so.

One plate was a scene in an obscure and desolate lane on the outskirts of the town, and represented two men hustling the millionaire towards an empty hay waggon, which stood outside a half-ruined barn. The other represented the same place, with the two men driving off with the waggon filled with hay.

"What a wonderful coincidence!" exclaimed Mr. Carbhoy with heartfelt fervour. "In future I shall live in town, and so avoid having to pass through these slums. But tell me," he went on, turning to the American, "how did you recognise me? The plate doesn't expose my face."

"Guess not," replied Mr. Tracy, with a red-hot poker poised in the act of relighting his cigar, "but there ain't two frock-coats as *pe*-culiar," eyeing the battered appearance of the millionaire's ancient garment, "as yours in the whole of Winnipeg city."

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

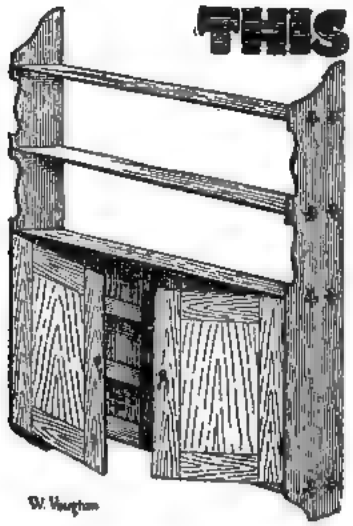
IT is a common reproach that Fox was a gambler from earliest youth. An actor might as well be charged with being theatrical. Not only was his age the golden age of gamblers, but his education was one long training for that profession. Taken from Eton and again from Oxford by a father whose avowed object was to rear him in the more advanced school of Continental profligacy, it is little wonder that Fox at twenty was a past master in the art of losing money. Yet at that age he was also Junior Lord of the Treasury, and parties canvassed for his favour as for a Prime Minister's.

His political life falls into two halves—the one when he was a Tory and in office, the second when a Whig and out of it. In this earlier period, when he was in the hey-day of his fame, it is a question which was the most amazing—his supreme confidence, or the precocious genius that justified it. This boy, who had the House of Commons at his feet at twenty, who bearded his political leaders from their own benches, who reeled from Brooks' or White's to utter a speech which took Parliament by storm, and turned the issues of an evening—what wonder was it that his elders bowed before him, or that Europe rang with his fame when he should have been still at Oxford?

The later period is practically the history of his duel with Pitt, a generous rival, a foeman worthy of his steel, with whom he was consistently in opposition. Fox's temperament drove him to extremes; Pitt, with an empire's responsibility on his shoulders, stood for compromise. And perhaps it was a personal as much as a political antagonism.

Of Fox's personal fascination there is abundant proof. From the devoted circle at Brooks' who followed him, loved him, paid his debts time and time again, to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose charms were publicly exerted in his favour, never were friends so faithful, so generous, or so enthusiastic. It was said of his followers in 1794, "There are only forty of them, but every man of them would be hanged for Fox." How can we judge such a man? There is a genius so transcendent that men of humbler metal are dazzled at its meteor-like radiance, looking back on the dark ages it illumined.—M. SIDGWICK.

HOW TO MAKE A COMBINED CUPBOARD AND BOOK-SHELVES.



THIS ARTICLE, which I designed and made myself, is a thing which should prove extremely useful in anyone's study or "den," whether at home or at school.

I will state at once that it can only be made by a person who knows a little about carpentry and the way to use every-day tools. I found it fairly easy to make, and all my knowledge in that line has been derived from what I have learnt at school.

The measurements given in the diagrams and sketches are those of the one I made; but, if necessary, any of these sizes can be altered to suit the requirements of certain cases.

Fig. 1 represents a front and side view of the carcass. The case was made throughout of ½in. teak, with walnut panels for the doors. The whole, except these panels, which were French polished, was stained to represent walnut.

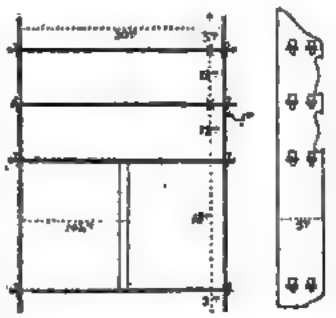


Fig I. Front and Side Elevations.

The sides and shelves should be made first, and fitted together as shown by Figs. 2 and 3, care being taken that each shelf is the same length, and, also, that the holes cut for the wedges (marked *a* in Fig. 3) go partly *inside* the side. This will readily be seen by studying the purpose of the wedges, which are intended to keep the shelves and sides tightly together.

Shelves & Sides

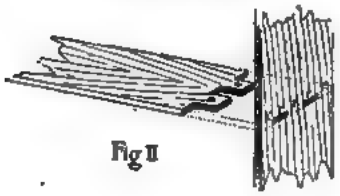


Fig II

When this is satisfactorily done, the partition should be cut out and fixed by means of a groove cut in the top and bottom of the cupboard. The next thing after this is to fix some thin boarding, to form a back to the cupboard only.

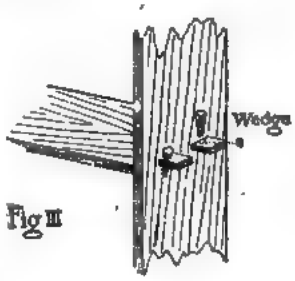


Fig III

Now comes the most difficult part—that of making the doors. These should be made of ¼in. wood as regards the frames, and thin wood for the panels. The kind of joints by which the framework is fixed is shown in Fig. 4, and is called "dove-tailed halving."

This part should be very carefully done, and then a rebate should be cut to let the panel come nearly flush with the surface. The doors, when the parts are all cut out, should be glued together and cleaned up. Then they should be hinged on, and, if desired, provided with locks.

The interior of the cupboard should be provided with shelves, placed so as to accommodate the articles intended to be kept in them.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the above article depends almost altogether on the neatness and accuracy with which it is made, as to whether it is strong or well-looking. I made mine to provide for the books I wanted at hand for my studies, and the cupboards to keep various materials required in the pursuance of them.

W. VAUGHAN.

Door

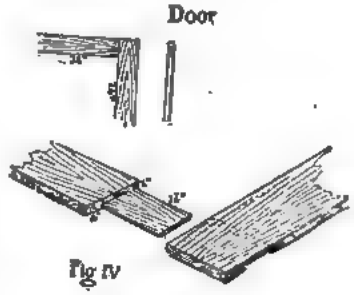
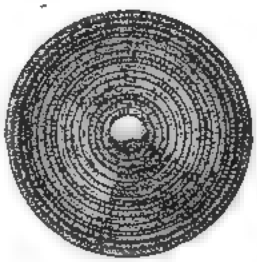


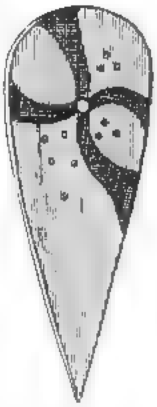
Fig IV

Ancient Assyrian Shield from a Bas-relief

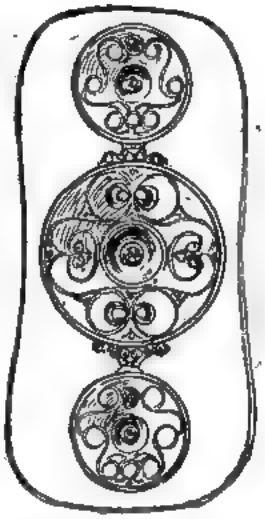
Ancient Egyptian Soldier with Shield.



Shield of the Bronze Age.



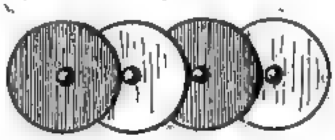
Norman "Kite"-shaped Shield.



Ancient British Bronze Shield found in the Thames.

"Pavise" or "Pavois."

Roman Shield "Scutum."



Circular Wooden Shields as arranged on the gunwale of a Viking Ship.

"Heater"-shaped Shield of Edward the Black Prince.

SOME SHIELDS OF BY-GONE DAYS.

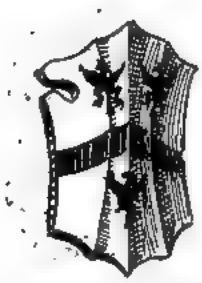
Drawn by Major C. Field, R.M.L.I.

SHIELDS

NEW AND OLD

By Major C. Field, R.M.L.I.

With Illustrations by the Author.



"ECUSSON À BOUCHE."

THE shield, or buckler, made of wood or hide was probably the first form of defensive armour devised in far away, prehistoric times. Among the wild and savage nations of the earth it still survives as an important part of a warrior's equipment, but in more civilised communities it began to disappear about the middle of the fifteenth century. The recent immense developments in the range, accuracy, and rapidity of rifle-fire have, however, again brought the desirability of some defensive contrivance of this kind to the front, and many suggestions have been made for the provision of steel or other shields, or mantlets, of greater or less portability.

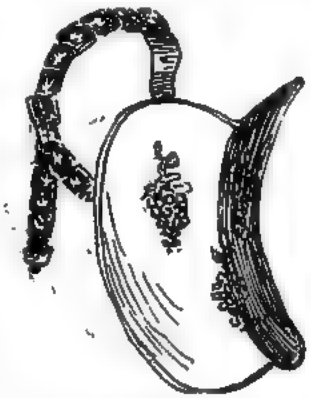
CROSS-BOWMAN WITH "PAVISE," OR "PAVOIS," FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Something of this nature will, in all probability, be added to the equipment of our armies in the near future, the improvements in the manufacture of steel rendering the production of such a defence much more feasible than it would have been a very few years back.

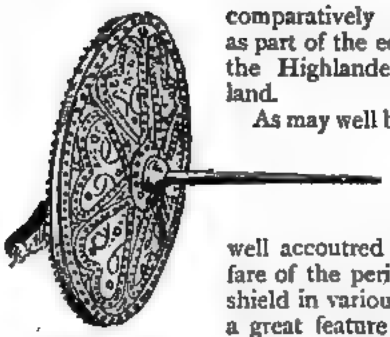
Before going on to describe any of the proposed shields, it will be of some interest to glance briefly at the past history of this very ancient invention.

Shields are very frequently mentioned in the Bible. It will be remembered that Goliath of Gath was preceded by "one bearing a shield," while elsewhere it is often used in a metaphorical sense, especially in the Psalms. The warriors depicted in the old Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures are well provided with these defensive articles. Those of the latter nation have shields of almost every variety of form.

Round shields, or targets, have always been a favourite form of protection, probably from their convenience and balance. They are generally made more or less convex on the outside, though occasionally flat. We find them among the ancient Assyrians, made of gold, silver, bronze, or iron. Probably wooden ones, or wood covered with hides, were also used by the rank and file of their armies. We find them also in general use by the Greeks of classic times, as a rule of larger size and made of various materials. They were used by our Saxon forefathers, and survived to a



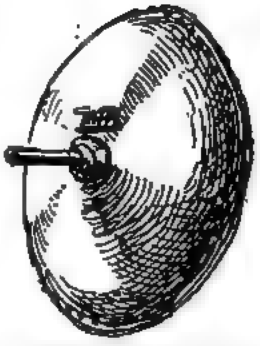
A KNIGHT'S BUCKLER, FIFTEENTH CENTURY



HIGHLAND TARGET, WITH SPIKE IN POSITION.

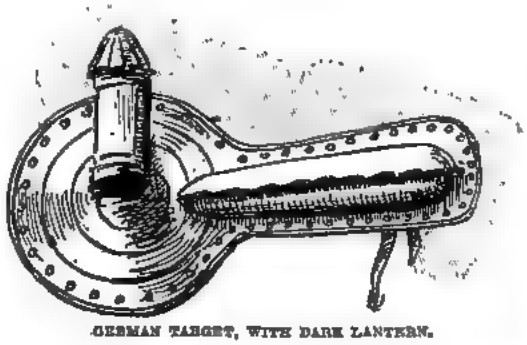
comparatively recent date as part of the equipment of the Highlanders of Scotland.

As may well be imagined, the highly organised Roman army was well accoutred for the warfare of the period, and the shield in various forms was a great feature in the defensive equipment of its soldiers. The cavalry carried a light round target under 3ft. in diameter, while a large portion of the infantry was also provided with similar shields of a slightly larger size. This round buckler was known as "clyphaeus," in contradistinction to the big oblong "scutum" which was carried by the spearmen. This was made of wood and leather, strengthened with iron. It was of considerable size, and covered the body from the face to the knee. These shields could be locked together to form a continuous defence in various ways. One of the most useful combinations was known as the "testudo," and afforded an excellent defence for a party told off to undermine a wall. The rank nearest the wall stood close to it, with their shields above their heads, sloping backwards; two or three other rows of shields, locked together to form a close sloping roof, which would deflect all the lighter missiles the besieged might hurl from their ramparts, were supported by stooping and kneeling ranks. Some of the oldest shields extant date back to the bronze age, and are made of that metal, and show the finest workmanship. A number have been found in Scotland, and one extremely handsome specimen was fished out of the Thames in 1857.



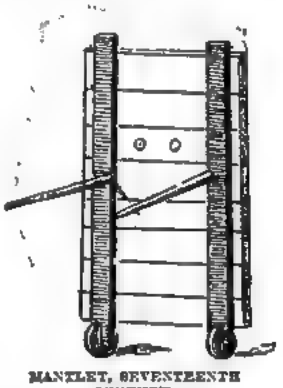
SIXTEENTH CENTURY TARGET WITH PISTOL.

The Danes and Vikings who ranged the seas from North Cape to "Micklagard" * used round targets, and while at sea fastened them in rows along the gunwales of their "long serpents," as a protection for the rowers. When, a few years back, a very complete specimen of one of these famous craft was discovered and unearthed at Gockstadt, a few of these shields were found still in position along her side. They were of wood, with bright metal central bosses, and had been painted alternately white and red.† "The shield was a great thing with the northern warrior. Commonly it was made of wood or leather, but a warrior of mark would have a buckler of iron or brass, which was ornamented with paintings or carvings, or both; very frequently gilt, and, more rarely, plated with gold or silver. On shields the dead were borne to their graves. Beaten with swords, the shields made gong-like noises to alarm the enemy in battle. Sometimes single soldiers used them by way of shelter, to sleep under. Sometimes a number of soldiers would lock



GERMAN TARGET, WITH DARK LANTERN.

"DELLIS" SHIELD, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



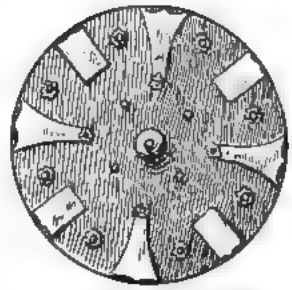
MANTLET, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

* The Viking name for Constantinople.

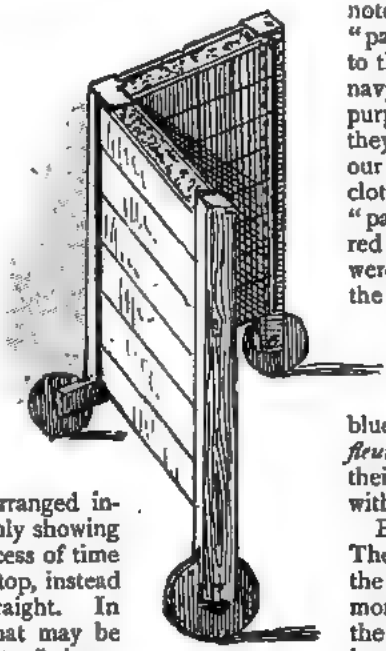
† The Danes usually carried red shields in this way, the Saxons white with red or blue edgings, and the Norsemen black and yellow ones. It is curious to note that, with the exception of black, these colours are conspicuous in the national flags of the above nations to-day, if we read English for Saxon.

their shields together and so form a connected rampart or circle of defence. When a war was over, the brave man hung up his shield in the house as the greatest ornament he could have. When a young adventurer went out to fight, he received a smooth white shield, which was called the "Shield of Expectation." When he had done feats of bravery he was entitled to have them engraved on it, and he could not employ his leisure time in a more creditable manner than in polishing such a shield till it shone like a mirror."

The round shield, though it lingered long, as we have seen, in the Highlands, and to some extent among the footmen of the European armies, was superseded as far as the leaders and knights were concerned by the long kite-like shield which was imported by the roving Normans from Sicily, where for ages it had been in use. Such shields are very much in evidence in the Bayeux tapestry, and even Harold and the leading Saxon knights are equipped with them. These shields could not well be arranged along the outside of the gunwale in the ships of those days, on account of their length, and so we see that the *Mora*, the ship which carried the Conqueror across Channel, is represented in the same historical piece of needlework with the shields of her passengers arranged inside the ship, their upper portions only showing above the side. These shields in process of time became wider and shorter, and the top, instead of being rounded, was generally straight. In fact, for a long time they were of what may be called the ordinary heraldic, or "heater" shape. In the meanwhile, big wooden shields, called "pavises," or "pavois," had begun to come in for the especial protection of archers and cross-bowmen. Sometimes they had a special man, whose only duty was to hold them up in front of the bowman, one end resting on the ground. Others were made to prop up with a wooden support at the back. At sea, the knights still hung their emblazoned shields over the ship's side, and when royal navies began to be formed, we find special rows of "pavois" placed in position showing the royal and national arms and badges. In an old drawing of the *Subtile* galley, belonging to Henry VIII., the rowers are well protected by such "pavois," of apparently the shape and size of an ordinary gravestone. These were not only protective, but, from their adornment, decorative as well, and it is interesting to note, in passing, that the word "pavois," in this sense, remains to this day in use in the French navy. When shields for this purpose went out of fashion they were replaced by what in our service were termed "waist-cloths," and in the French, "pavois." They were, with us, red with a white border, and were hung along the waist of the ship on special occasions, just as now we "dress ship" with rows upon rows of flags. The French "pavois" was generally blue, sometimes with golden *fleur-de-lys*, and the term in their navy for dressing a ship with flags is still "pavoiser."



ABYSSINIAN CHIEF'S SILVER-MOUNTED TARGET.

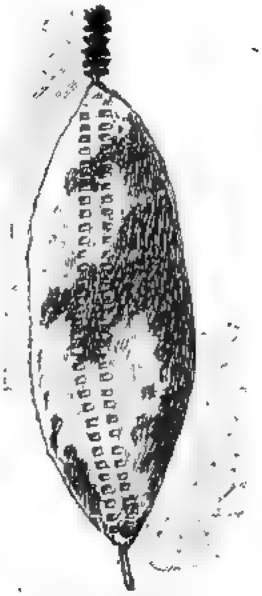


SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DOUBLE MANTLET FILLED WITH EARTH.

But to return to our subject. The heater-shaped shield, in the fourteenth century, became more or less out of date as the armour grew thicker and heavier, and smaller and squarer bucklers were carried by knights who wished to be "up to date." They were frequently fluted or curved, in order to give additional strength, and to more easily deflect the blow of a lance or sword. Some had an opening in the side, which gave an additional support to the lance when in rest. These were known by the name of "Ecussons à bouche."

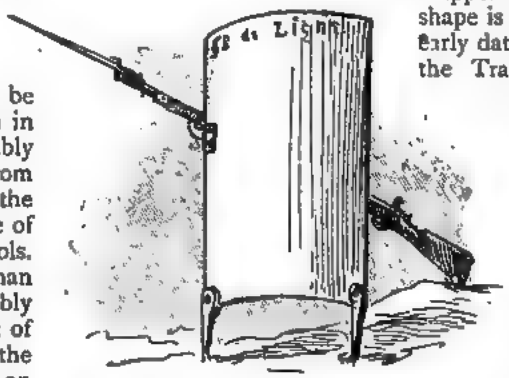
About this time, small, round, and rather conical bucklers were used when fighting on foot with the sword. They were considerably smaller than a Highland target, and were held out at arm's length by a cross handle inside. The round Highland target was frequently provided with a long spike, which in some cases could be removed and carried in a species of

FUZZY-WUZZY'S TARGET.



ZULU WARRIOR'S SHIELD.

sheath on the inner side, so that it became not only a weapon of defence, but of offence. When firearms began to assume more or less handy proportions, such targets were used not only in Scotland, but elsewhere, but with the spike replaced by a pistol, and a small grated opening above the centre, for the purpose of taking aim. Many of these, which can now be seen in various museums, were probably "made in Germany," which from the first took the lead in the construction and manufacture of cannon, muskets, and pistols. There is a very curious German target extant which possibly formed part of the equipment of a Teutonic "Robert" of the sixteenth century. It had an extension on one side, forming a protection to the arm to which it was strapped, while on the outside was affixed a dark lantern. An expert swordsman with this contrivance would fight at some advantage in a dark lane against an enemy unprovided with so handy a lantern.



FRENCH SUGGESTED SHIELD FOR INFANTRY.

By the seventeenth century the shield as an article of military equipment had disappeared from European armies, except among the Highlanders and Cossacks. In the Turkish army, however, a very curious circular shield, decorated with eagles' wings, was carried by a crack corps of horsemen raised in Bosnia and Albania, and known as "Dellis," or madmen. The term* was considered a very honourable one among the Turks, signifying the desperate bravery of this corps, which was enlisted voluntarily, and served without pay.

Large movable "pavois," or mantlets, were still used in the attack on fortified towns to protect storming and working parties in the trenches—at any rate in the French army. Some of these were merely flat screens made of boarding covered with tin; others, stronger and heavier, were made in the shape of an obtuse angle, and the planking, being double, was filled in with earth or stones.

But though the shield has now long been disused by civilised troops, it still is an important part of the equipment of savage or semi-savage nations. Our foes have carried it in India and China; the Abyssinians are still provided with round targets; the bayonets of Tommy Atkins have had to dodge round the long cow-hide shield of the Zulus, and more recently have out-manœuvred the round leathern bucklers of the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies."

But are we coming back to the shield ourselves, after all? It certainly seems as if its reappearance in some form or shape is to be looked for at an early date. The experiences of the Transvaal War are, in a principal degree, responsible for this. It has been found that, on the one hand, the flatness of trajectory and rapidity of fire of modern magazine rifles, combined with the use of smokeless powder, have vastly increased the powers of the defence. Unbetrayed by smoke, and lying secure behind enormous boulders or "entrenched to the chin," the Boers have been able to sweep the open approaches to their positions with a fire which has caused an enormous number of casualties among the attackers. On the other hand, it is found, contrary to expectation, that comparatively few of the wounds inflicted by the light, nickel-plated bullet of the present day, flying as it does at a tremendous velocity, are fatal, or even dangerous, unless the heart is struck. So, then, it has naturally occurred to the military authorities and others that if this organ is protected by a small bullet-proof

HERR DOWE IN HIS BULLET-PROOF BREAST CLOTH.

* In an old journal published at the close of the last century, a list is given of the adjectives used by the Turks when referring to the various Christian nations. The English were called "Dellis"; most of the rest by the most opprobrious epithets.

CAPTAIN BOYNTON'S SHIELD.

shield, the death-roll would be but small. The vast improvements in the manufacture of toughened and hardened steel suitable for the purpose have greatly reduced the thickness required in a shield for this purpose, so that the great objection offered by additional weight is to some extent done away with, and it is stated that a number of these small shields have been ordered for our troops.

Although progress in this direction has just now received such an impetus, a number of experiments tending in the same direction have been made in various quarters during the last few years.

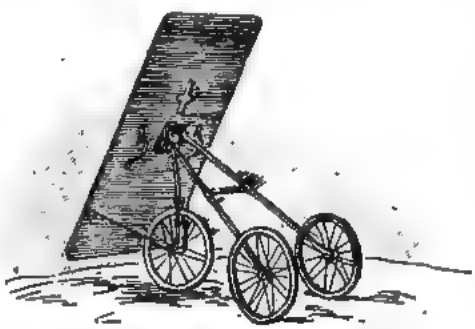
About six years back a great sensation was caused by the invention of a bullet-proof jacket by Herr Dowe, a tailor of Mannheim. Its exact composition was, of course, kept secret, but it was supposed to be made of cement, held together by a species of wire netting. It certainly appeared to be capable of resisting a rifle bullet, even at comparatively close range, as the inventor himself wore a breastplate of the composition, and permitted himself to be fired at in the Winter Garden at Berlin, in the presence of many military experts. Strange to say, this seemingly useful invention has not been adopted by any nation, nor have similar articles produced by other inventors about the same time, notably Mr. Maxim, Herr Reidel of Mannheim, and Herr Scarnoe of Vienna come into use.

In 1895, Captain Danrit, of the French army, wrote:—"It will be necessary to consider how to provide the assailant with a cuirass, if he is to arrive at his objective." And again, "The soldier is no more protected to-day than he was at Fontenoy or Leipzig.

"Why? Is it impossible?

"No, since Denmark, in her budget of 1893, has set aside the sum of 100,000 crowns for the manufacture of portable shields, intended for the use of her infantry." *

About this time a shield was invented in this country by Captain (now Major) Boynton, and recently extensive experiments have been made under his superintendence by Messrs. Cammel, the well-known armour-plate firm of Sheffield. His shield only weighs about 7lbs., and is provided with a notch, or loophole, which steadies the rifle while the firer is well protected when in the lying-down position. Like the old Roman spearmen's shields, these can be fitted together, and locked into a continuous parapet or screen. Mr. Norman Severn has just patented a modern edition of the "pavois," consisting of a large steel shield weighing 5lbs. or 6lbs. to the square foot, which is mounted on a species of tricycle. A row of these is propelled by men pushing behind them, and serve to cover the advance of a rank or two of men in their rear. Another roller mantlet claimed to be bullet-proof at 100yds. has been invented by Captain A. D. Furse, late of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, who has recently delivered a lecture on the subject of the provision of portable protection for attacking troops at the Royal United Service Institution.



MR. NORMAN SEVERN'S PROPOSED CYCLE SHIELD OR MANTLET.

The Stormont-Murphy shield is a new and exceedingly light form of protection, which is said to be made of aluminium and hide, while another invention—the "Sharpshooter" shield—provides a shelter of a very complete kind, and weighs less than 13lbs. It is made in two

THE "SHARPSHOOTER" FOLDING SHIELD, OR MANTLET.

* "Des Effets du feu d'Infanterie."—*Le Monde Moderne*.—January, 1895.

triangular pieces hinged together, and provided with a sling, or strap. On the march it can be hung over the soldier's back, folded flat. When he advances under fire he can hang it, still folded, and therefore presenting a double resistance to the enemy's bullets, in front of his body, thus protecting all the most vital parts. When he halts he opens his shield, sets it on the ground, and, lying behind it, is completely covered from fire, while he replies through a loophole provided for the purpose. At 400yds. it is impervious to either Mauser or Lee-Metford bullets, and at 700yds. will deflect those of the rifle calibre machine gun.

NEW STEEL BUCKLER FOR PROTECTING BELGIAN ENGINEERS.

A Belgian firm, Messrs. Cockerill, of Seraing, are now turning out a number of small shields for the use of the Engineers when engaged in sapping up towards an enemy's position. These weigh about 48lbs., and are just over 2ft. 7ins. high, with a breadth of 19ins. They are a quarter of an inch thick, and are impenetrable to rifle fire at 27yds. They are provided with a prop at the back and two handles for convenience in placing them in position.

That "Fashion repeats itself" is a somewhat well-worn expression, but it looks very much as if we should see one, or perhaps several, of these contrivances in use by the armies of Europe before very long, when the prehistoric custom of equipping the warrior with a shield will be re-instituted. When that day comes the "pom-pom," firing small 1lb. shells, will probably be the most effective and dreaded weapon. Then, in the same way that the advent of the small shell-firing gun caused the thin gun-shields, used afloat to protect the guns crews from rifle and machine gun fire, to become more dangerous than useful, the portable shields will lose their efficacy and disappear; at any rate for a time. Still, at present there can be no doubt that they will form a very useful adjunct to the equipment of an army in the field.

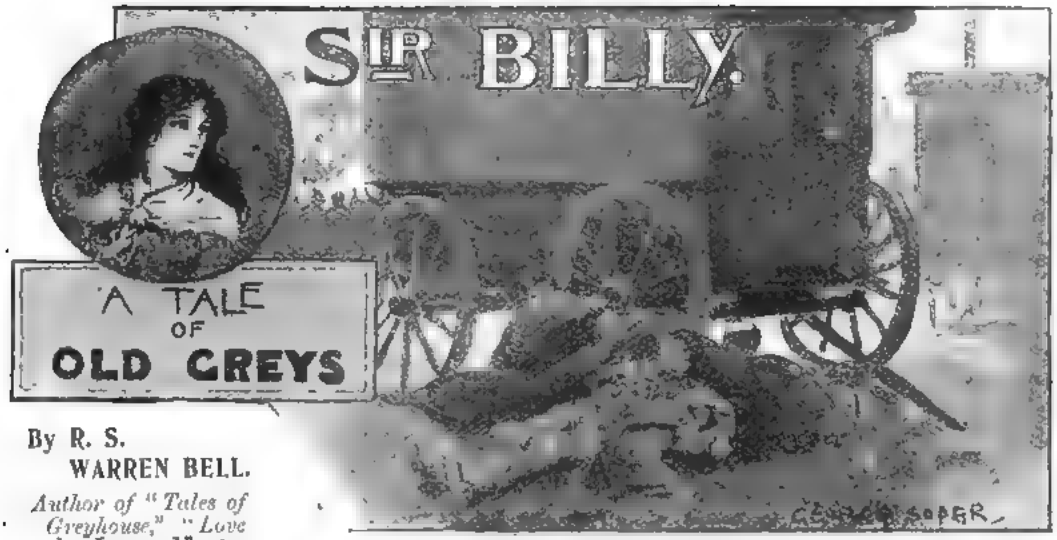
"WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

By William E. B. Sampson, Victoria, Australia.

OWING to the immense extent of Australia the particular kind of food indulged in is largely determined by the climate. The chief point in the food supply in the cities is the vast quantity of meat that is used. Meat three times a day is the rule and not the exception. The good old Scotch food, porridge, is largely used, and it often forms the foundation of the day's meals. Although meat takes the foremost place, fruit ranks next in importance. In the northern parts all tropical fruits are extensively cultivated, and are from there distributed throughout the continent. This is especially the case with Queensland and Fiji bananas, of which a large quantity is consumed. They are sold, sometimes, at the rate of forty for 1s. Grapes, pomegranates, nectarines, peaches, etc., are plentifully grown, and a large dish of fruit is generally to be found on the table of every home. The common or garden vegetables to be found in England are extensively grown and used. The task of their production is undertaken by the placid and industrious Chinamen. Most Australians have a weakness for sweets, and prefer a feast of cream-puffs and jam-tarts to a meal of nourishing food.

Up-country life in Australia differs from city life in many respects, and, in connection with food, this difference is mainly the quality. The food of a station is home-made, and its quality depends on the cook. At one time mutton and damper were all that could be obtained, but the head station now stores a large stock of groceries, which are distributed to out-stations as needed. No standard can be given that would apply to the food eaten in all parts of Australia. In the north (tropical) fruit is more largely used than meat, and no heating foods are used. In the south (temperate) meat is in the ascendancy. The following may be considered an average day's food for a working man. Breakfast: Porridge, chop, coffee, bread, butter, jam. Dinner: Soup, meat and vegetables, pudding, fruit. Tea: Cold meat, bread, butter, jam, pastry, fruit. Supper: Pastry, cake, coffee or tea.

Many people who have only *heard* of Australia might think that we live on kangaroo-tail soup, grilled snakes, devilled lizards, and toasted grubs; but these things are confined exclusively to the aboriginals, except when an occasional pioneer "up north" is obliged to eat them or starve.



By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

Sir Claude Travers, an impoverished baronet, dying in Egypt, Mr. Soames, his solicitor, takes charge of his only child, William. "Sir Billy"—as he was nicknamed at Greyhouse School—on arriving at man's estate, continues to regard Mr. Soames's house at Petershall as his home, though he spends the greater part of the year in London, where he practises as a barrister. Sir Billy and his friend Carew (otherwise "Parsnip"), whilst staying at Petershall one October, are instrumental in stopping a fight between a tramp and a showman. On the following day the showman is found dead, the tramp having disappeared in the night. Mrs. Soames having taken a strong fancy to Josie, the tramp's daughter, the girl becomes her "companion." At Christmas-time Sir Billy and Carew, going down to Petershall for a short holiday, observe that Josie has "improved" out of all recognition—in fact, they find it hard to believe that she and the tramp girl of the previous October are one and the same person. Meanwhile O'Malley—Josie's father—has obtained employment in Kent, under an adventurer named Dipper, a previous admirer of Josie's. Whitsuntide arrives, and, just as everything is going on smoothly at Petershall, Josie's father suddenly appears, and desires his daughter to go away to Kent with him.

CHAPTER XI.

DESOLATION.

For a few moments nobody spoke; the announcement was an overwhelming surprise. Parsnip, thus rudely interrupted in the midst of a proposal, stared with something approaching horror at the bearer of these ill tidings; Sir Billy, controlling his agitation with an effort, quietly waited for Josie to speak.

It was a shock to all three. They had been, on the whole, very happy together, in spite of the fact that two of them were obviously rival claimants for the favour of the third—yes, they had been happy in this old garden, especially since the summer sun had been shining. Each of these three young people, on awaking in the morning, had felt that life was a very good thing and well worth living. At such an age there stretches before the mind's gaze a limitless expanse of enjoyable possibilities; to such young folk the song of birds sounds very sweetly; the trees seem to bud and blossom for *them;* no shower can damp their spirits or hush their laughter.

Sir Billy and Parsnip had men's paths to cut in the world; Josie, a woman's lot to perform. They had all their wooing and winning to do; she, a gentle maiden, still in her girlish youth, was awaiting the day and the hour when, a dainty prize, she would be called upon to surrender to the man of her heart's choice.

Life had indeed seemed full of good to all of them, in spite of the contest for Josie's smiles, a contest which Mr. and Mrs. Soames, in their discreet middle age, had watched with amused eyes, and with no anxiety whatever. They knew that each man was passing through a susceptible stage, when rosy hopes are mildly tempered by disappointments, when castles rise high in the air, only to be shattered by unsuspected artillery. They were at an age when thoughts are cast in an heroic mould, when men take King Arthur's mandate to themselves, and, meeting a maid, swear that for her only will they live, that her only will they worship "by years of noble deeds," until they can claim the right to protect and cherish her until death doth relieve them of their guardianship.

Dreams! Aye, you are right—dreams are these, but right and holy ones, bringing out all that is strong and chivalrous and knightly in a man's

nature! Dreams! Yes, but let such dreamers dream, for the sobering stride of years comes along only too soon to tell Launcelot and Geraint that they are—but dreams!

In a flash it came to Josie that her bliss was ended. She must leave this old house and garden, and the kind hearts that had bade her welcome and given her shelter from the storm of adversity which but eight short months ago—and such sweet months!—had well-nigh shattered her body and broken her spirit. And so, too, *her* dream was at an end—her sun of happiness was gone down—it was over, over, all over. Now, without tear or complaint, she must wrench her heart from its pleasant moorings and go once more into an unfriendly world—to do her duty.

She was but a girl, and so it was only natural that her lip should quiver ever so slightly as her eyes sought those of the messenger. 'Twas a far cry from the Round Table to this modern garden—from Sir Launcelot to this young knight in tweed and flannel—"Sir Billy," as they called him in play.

And now to grasp her nettle.

"Very well," she said, slowly; "I will go to him."

Seeing that Billy would have accompanied her, she added: "No, I will go alone—it will be best so."

She laid her hand gently on his as she passed him. Carew had turned moodily aside, and so, swiftly, Billy lifted her hand and pressed his lips to it—and she was gone!

In the study she found her father and Mr. Soames, the former sitting down by the solicitor's desk, the latter pacing up and down with a look of distress and irritation on his face.

"Mrs. Soames has taken a great fancy to the child," he was saying as Josie entered; "indeed, we have all——"

He paused on seeing her, and then, ere she could speak, quitted the room.

"I am here, father," said Josie quietly. She did not affect surprise or joy at his unexpected arrival; 'twould have been foreign to her nature to have done so. She merely stood and awaited his word. He rose from his chair and looked at her. She noticed that he was dressed in decent clothes, and, judging by outward appearances, seemed to be in a fairly prosperous condition. But his face still wore the same listless expression that had characterised it when he encountered Dipper.

"I've come to take you away, Josephine," he said. "I have a comfortable home to offer you, and your place is there."

He did not ask her whether she wanted to go or not. It was a parental order, to be obeyed without a murmur, and Josie knew that it was such.

"Very well," she replied. "I will go with you, but——"

The monosyllable expressed all that was in her mind—the night of the flood—her father's disappearance—the showman's death—the suspicions of the fair people, and the subsequent scouring of the neighbourhood for the man who now stood before her.

He understood.

"That's all right. I'm not 'wanted.' I proved an *alibi*. I've told your friend about it. He was bound to make inquiries, and he has done so, and finds I'm telling the truth. *I'm* not 'wanted.'"

"Of course, father," said Josie, "I was sure from the very first that you were not concerned in any way with that man's death——"

O'Malley relapsed heavily into his chair.

"I was not—I'll tell you why. When I left you that night I let you believe that I was going back to find that show fellow. That was my excuse for going. I really simply wanted to get away and leave you with these folks. I knew they'd look after you. When I got clear of the yard I marched straight into the street and inquired for the workhouse, found it, and was taken into the casual ward. When the flood came I was having the bath they always make you have at those places. At the time that man was killed, or drowned, whichever it was, I was proved by the workhouse master to have been an inmate of the casual ward He told the police so."

"And they believed him?"

"Of course. He showed them the entry in his book relating to my arrival. So they concluded I couldn't be the man they were after, and they went off and looked elsewhere. It was plain I hadn't killed Haynes, because he was seen alive after the flood came, and I was safely docked at the workhouse before then."

He saw the relieved expression on her face.

"Ah! you were like the rest—you thought I was the man."

"No, father, not for a moment——"

"It doesn't matter," he interrupted, in his slow way; "it's enough that I'm not the man. I never saw Haynes again after these people brought us away. I suppose somebody else had a spite against him—he was a nasty sort of chap. I'm not sorry he's dead, nor glad. I simply don't care one way or the other."

Josie made no rejoinder, and presently her father said: "I've gone up in the world a bit, and I'm in good work. The only thing is, you mustn't see any more of these people. They've been kind to you, you've been of use to them—I knew you would be, after your bringing up and education—

and now it's over. You must finish with them now and for ever."

"But why? They are my friends — real friends."

O'Malley stood up. He had a big, heavy jaw, and it was firmly set just now.

"No 'whys'! Simply do as you're told. I'm your father, remember. I shall be kind to you if you behave yourself."

beneath him. Parsnip, lolling back, puffed out smoke between his half-smothered sighs.

Of course, being endowed with that hatred of exhibiting any feeling that is common to most Englishmen, they would have had a chance onlooker to suppose that nothing particular had happened, that their mood was much as it always was, that "nothing was up." They had attempted a little conversation about the cricket scores in the

THEY SAT, DISCONSOLATE, AT EITHER END OF THE SEAT—HER FAVOURITE SEAT.

"I will pack up my things," said Josie, "and say good-bye to them, and then I shall be ready."

"The sooner the better," returned her father.

As Josie left the room O'Malley walked to the window, and gazed out into the street.

"If only Dipper knew," he muttered, "how neatly I have diddled him, he'd curse me till he was blue in the face. But he doesn't know, and I'll see the girl doesn't give me away."

And with this Josie's father actually chuckled —an unusual thing for him to do. But even the gloomiest of mortals have their moments of merriment, and once again Mr. O'Malley chuckled.

It was evening in the old garden behind The Yews. Sir Billy and Parsnip were sitting at either end of a seat on the lawn. It had been—they both knew—her favourite seat. Here they sat, silent and disconsolate, as forlorn a couple of young men as any in that broad shire. Sir Billy, elbows on knees, was pretending to be interested in the operations of some ants immediately

evening paper which Parsnip had brought in on his return from the tennis match—but it had fallen through.

Presently, with a short, quick, would-be cheerful step, Mr. Soames crossed the lawn towards them. He had finished work for the day, and had come to remind them of their whist engagement for that evening.

"Whist? Oh, yes, I remember now," said Billy, heavily.

"Of course," said Parsnip, picking up his paper; "but I'd forgotten it for the moment."

Mr. Soames surveyed the pair out of his kindly grey eyes.

"They've taken it a good deal to heart," he thought, feeling, it must be confessed, considerably damped himself by Josie's sudden departure. "Never mind—a game of cards will liven them up."

He consulted his watch.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour from now," he informed them, "and then we'll give

ourselves twenty minutes for a smoke before we go round to Kelvin's."

Mr. Kelvin was a retired clergyman, who, before settling down for the remainder of his days in Petershall, had been rector and general manager of a tiny hamlet some five miles distant. At that time, whenever he tramped into Petershall to purchase stamps, groceries, and periodicals, he invariably looked in on the Soames for afternoon tea and gossip. When he resigned his living, therefore, he settled as near his old friends as possible. He had known Sir Billy and Parsnip ever since they were Eton-jacketed school-boys, and had not hitherto been quite able to realise the fact that they were now grown-up men. He was a severely correct whist-player, who did not hesitate to rebuke an erring partner, or lecture a young and inexperienced opponent on his mistakes.

"Whist at Kelvin's" Parsnip regarded as a sort of nightmare; but, being a guest of the solicitor's, he had been bound to accept his invitation to "make a fourth" that evening.

The Rev. Kelvin was a ponderous man with the sort of hand-clasp which temporarily squeezes all the blood out of one's fingers. After he had treated the two young men to a shake which very nearly made them cry out—Mr. Soames knew him of old, and skilfully avoided the proffered palm—he invited them to be seated. Partners were cut for, and it fell to Parsnip's lot to act as *vis-à-vis* to his host. Sir Billy was rather a pretty whist-player, and as Mr. Soames, too, could hold his own, these two beat the other two out of the field. Never in his life had poor Parsnip made so many blunders. At the end of the evening's play Mr. Kelvin was purple in the face, and almost speechless with indignation.

"Young man," he said, glaring at Parsnip, "I think I should give up whist, were I you."

Parsnip attempted an uneasy laugh.

"You revoked four times, sir—*four times!*"

Most of the evening Parsnip's thoughts had been anywhere but in that room—his frame of mind had been about as inimical to good card-playing as it could possibly have been.

"*Four* times!" repeated Mr. Kelvin, in a tone of suppressed thunder.

"Yes," said Parsnip, trying to be cheerful. "I'm afraid I did."

Mr. Kelvin gave an angry snort.

"Come, come, Kelvin—you're a little hard on our friend," put in Mr. Soames.

Once again Mr. Kelvin glared at poor Parsnip, and then, rising from his chair, went to a cupboard. Sir Billy and his friend knew what was coming, and shuddered. Mr. Kelvin was fond of giving callers a peculiar species of home-made sloe gin. He did so on this occasion. Mr. Soames, having an adaptable palate, smacked his lips and pronounced the beverage "excellent." Sir Billy sipped it like a connoisseur tasting particularly old port. Parsnip, white to the lips, swallowed his dose at a gulp, and felt that this was indeed the last straw of wretchedness, and must surely crush him.

Between eleven and twelve Parsnip sauntered into Billy's bedroom.

"Well, old man," said Billy, "how goes it?"

"Haven't got the taste of the vile stuff out of my mouth yet!" rejoined Carew.

"What—the gin?"

"Kelvin's poison, you mean! The old ruffian ought to be shot!"

"You look pretty bad," said Billy, consolingly.

Parsnip sat down on the bed.

"I say, Billy!"

Billy looked at him.

"D'you know where she's gone?"

"No," said Billy slowly, "not a notion."

"She didn't even leave Mrs. Soames any address?"

"No; she said her father had forbidden her to."

A silence. They felt just as if they were back at Greyhouse again—discussing some event of the past day in Billy's bit of a study. Josie's departure—their common sorrow—seemed to bind them more closely together. She had, unknowingly, come between them, as women often come between men friends—but now she was gone, and they felt that there was no reason why the old chumship which had existed ever since they were in the Lower Fourth at Greyhouse together should not be re-established in all sincerity.

"Think we'll ever get to know where she's gone to?" asked Parsnip.

"We'll find out—somehow," returned Billy.

Parsnip noticed the "we."

"That's agreed then—you'll tell me, if you do—you won't keep it to yourself?"

"Do you think I'm likely to, old man?" asked Billy, looking Parsnip in the eye.

Carew felt ashamed of himself.

"Sorry for saying that, Billy. I'll trot now. I say," as he opened the door of his own bedroom, "it's not much fun without her, is it?"

But he did not wait for an answer.

Turning into bed, Parsnip reviewed things.

"Lost my match at tennis—then *she* goes—then that old bear gives me old Harry for revoking at whist, and revenges himself by trying to poison me. Pretty desolate sort of day on the whole!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARLOUR BOARDER.

At Petershall Station Mr. O'Malley, without consulting the tastes of his daughter, headed for a third-class smoking compartment.

"You'd better get something to read," he said in his slow way. "It's a long journey, and I don't care about talking."

Never did man speak a truer word. Whatever his other gifts may have been, conversation was not an accomplishment that Mr. O'Malley could pride himself upon. Pulling out a pipe and a pouch of strong tobacco, he hid himself behind a newspaper and a cloud of smoke. Josie, feeling particularly dismal, purchased a cheap edition of "Mr. Potter of Texas," and plunged into the opening chapter with an heroic resolve to forget her own troubles in the troubles of the characters passing in print before her eyes. For this purpose she could not have chosen a better book, for if there is a narrative which may lay claim to the term "breathless," and if there is a plot which holds tight a reader's attention to the utter exclusion of all other matters, it is this same "Potter" book. Deem not Josie lacking in affection for the good friends she had left behind her if it be confessed that for a couple of hours she *very nearly* forgot how it was that she came to be reading that pulse-quickening story. Rapidly she turned page after page; so engrossed did she appear that after an hour had elapsed without any movement or sound on her part—save an occasional little cough when the tobacco smoke stole down her throat—her father glanced at her over the top of his paper in some wonder.

"Don't seem to mind coming away much after all," he thought, and the reflection soothed him, for he was not altogether insensible to the fact that he had, as it were, robbed a nest of its prettiest occupant—had snatched Josie from a comfortable home merely to suit his own purposes.

It was growing dusk when they reached Paddington; the cab journey to Charing Cross occupied about five-and-twenty minutes, and it was about 8.30 when they entered the local train which would convey them to the Kentish village of Noahbury.

Luckily they secured a compartment—again a third-class "smoker"—to themselves, and Josie, having reached the end of Book I., and sailed, so to speak, into calmer water for a brief interval, closed the volume and moved into the corner immediately facing that occupied by her fond parent.

"You won't mind if I ask you a few questions, will you, father?" she said.

"Depends what they are," was the reply.

But Mr. O'Malley put down his paper—an indication that he was prepared to converse, for a few minutes at any rate, with his only child.

"Well, then, to begin with, father, *what* are you doing now?"

"I've got a job under a market gardener to look after his carts and horses."

"Have you had it long?"

"No, not very long. My employer is only just about to set up in business—in fact, he's only looking round now. Anything else?"

"Do you go to work every day?"

"I shall be doing so shortly; just at present I'm having a bit of a holiday. He's paying me all the same."

"How nice!" said Josie. "Well, and what sort of a man is your employer—old and married, or young and single and good-looking?"

She had a distinct reason for putting this question in as light a tone as she could assume; she wished to render the taciturn O'Malley somewhat less reserved in his replies. But the question, at first blush, sounded a little heartless, considering that two young men at Petershall were at that moment feeling very woe-begone on her account.

"He is middle-aged," said Mr. O'Malley. "Yes," he added, after reflection, "I think you will consider him middle-aged."

"I shall see him then—he lives at Noahbury?"

"Yes," replied O'Malley, almost grimly. "You will certainly see him. In fact, he lives with me."

"Lives with you! Your employer?"

"Why not, girl? He's boating about for a snug market-gardener's business round Noahbury way, and as he dislikes inns, and has to consult me frequently, it's more convenient for both of us that he should live in my house. He calls himself my 'parlour-boarder,'" concluded O'Malley, his lips nearly shaping into a smile.

Josie pondered over this information. She was not at all pleased to hear that she and her father were to have company of the kind in question. However, she supposed she must make the best of it. She was glad that her father had got regular and apparently well-remunerated work. She had never been aware, up to the present, that he knew anything about market gardening, but he had always been uncommunicative; for all she knew he might be an expert on the subject. He had done a good deal in the course of his life, and, a listener and worker rather than a talker, had picked up much knowledge of one kind and another. True, during the last few years Fate had treated him unkindly. It seemed not so long ago to Josie since her father had told her, one awful and ever-to-be-remembered night, that he was beggared and disgraced, but without vouchsafing any reason for the statement

Pluckily preferring to share his fortunes, she had gone with her father, and had striven to keep him alive to the fact that he was a man! But he had drowned care in drink, and, deaf to her beseeching, had gone from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, until he and she were *tramps* on the white high roads of England! Then had come Petershall, and the sun of happiness had again shone for her; now the sun had gone down, and she was embarking on a new adventure with this strange and silent man to whom, as she recollected, in spite of all, she owed a daughter's love and allegiance.

"Noahbury!" said O'Malley, as the train drew up at a little station chiefly remarkable for its gay flower-beds.

"Have we far to go?" she asked.

"About half-a-mile. I'll ask a porter to bring your box along."

Having done this, O'Malley led the way down the country road.

"I don't see why you shouldn't enjoy yourself all right," he observed, making an attempt to be sociable. "There seems to be plenty of young, cheerful society, as the boarding-house advertisements say—and there's a reading-room and a tennis-club."

"I don't play tennis, but I'm very fond of reading," said Josie pleasantly.

"Of course you'll be occupied in the house a good deal," went on O'Malley, "because we don't keep a servant. An old woman comes in to do the rough work."

"Indeed!" said Josie, not quite so pleasantly.

"Our parlour-boarder," explained O'Malley, "calls her 'the Hag.' He's a bit of a humourist in his way."

"So it seems," said Josie.

"He has a name for everybody," continued her father admiringly, "and it generally fits like a cap. He's extraordinarily clever with his hands, too. His card tricks will make you open your eyes. Sometimes he gives a sort of free show at the 'Duke of Wellington,' and he fairly fills the house. His patter is first rate, too—makes you roar with laughter. He's as good as a professional."

The monosyllabic O'Malley was waxing quite eloquent. Josie did not altogether like this description of her father's new employer. A well-to-do person on the look-out for a market gardener's business did not as a rule occupy his evenings giving gratuitous conjuring entertainments for the benefit of simple-minded rustics.

"Perhaps," said Josie, "he is not quite so much of an amateur as he makes himself out to be."

"Oh, he is!" replied O'Malley, "and a thorough gentleman. He has spent most of his time abroad—in Egypt particularly. He has certainly travelled a great deal—you can tell that."

"What is he called, father?"

"Dipper—Mr. Michael Dipper. Old Wiltshire family, he tells me."

O'Malley looked slyly at the girl, but she did not appear to recognise the name.

"Well, here we are—this is our house," he said. "Pretty place, isn't it?"

It was pretty enough, but very small. Josie's heart sank as she crossed the threshold.

"This is the parlour," said O'Malley, showing the way round, "and this is the kitchen. There are three bedrooms. Yours is the one next to mine—in front."

A year since Josie would have welcomed the little room her father showed her into as a haven of rest—as superior to a barn, hay-rick, or hedge, as cheese is more palatable than chalk. But, after her room at The Yews, this little chamber seemed sadly circumscribed and insignificant. However, she reminded herself that she had to fulfil her duty as a daughter. Her place was by her father's side. The reflection soothed her, and gave her strength to bear this sudden change in her destinies with equanimity—or the appearance of it, at any rate.

Her box having arrived, she unpacked her things and endeavoured to make her small apartment look as dainty as possible. After she had removed the dust of her journey, and donned a simple evening blouse, she caught herself looking in the glass, and wondering what manner of man her employer's father might be. Mr. O'Malley's description of the gentleman had not been altogether alluring—still——

She turned away from the glass, and walked to the door. A voice from below had attracted her attention. She lifted the latch and listened.

"Well, the fair one has arrived? Good! Shall we both help her get supper?"

Josie let the latch drop, and, stealing back to the bed, sank down upon it heavily. That voice! She knew that voice! So her father's new friend was the conjuror of the fair who had made such violent love to her when she was a waif and stray, and who had followed her up and renewed his suit when she was living at The Yews! And she was to live in the same house with him, and be pleasant to him, and see him every day, and take her meals with him!

Josie rose from the bed and stood erect—drawn to her full height. Her face was hard and determined—especially the mouth thereof. In a few moments she had made up her mind. There must be no outcry, no indignation. Rapidly she mapped out a programme, and all the while her lips were set very grimly together. Mr. Dipper

had laid his plans very cleverly, and for the time being had trapped her. But he had a peculiar method of speech, and his queer accents had reached her ears just in time, forewarning her of his identity. And forewarned is forearmed.

A knock at the door.

"Will you come downstairs, Josephine? It is supper-time."

Now for it. Josie opened the door and found Mr. O'Malley awaiting her on the landing.

"I was just coming, father."

"Mr. Dipper is here," said O'Malley, "and is anxious to meet you."

Father and daughter entered the parlour side by side.

"Mr. Dipper—my daughter."

Dipper cast an anxious searching glance on the girl's open countenance. Josie, looking him full in the face, held out her hand.

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Dipper."

Dipper took the extended hand, and murmured something inaudible. He had expected a start—an exclamation—a scene, for it was not possible that this young lady could fail to recognise him. In that event he had been prepared to inform her, coolly and deliberately, that her father walked about a free man at *his* pleasure. This was the hold he would have over the daughter. Should she rebel—then O'Malley, long "wanted," would find his liberty endangered by a fractious child.

All this, however, had proved unnecessary; Josie had shaken him frankly by the hand!

"I must be getting supper," said Josie. "Please, father, come and tell me where everything is kept."

O'Malley went into the kitchen with her, smiling very queerly.

Mr. Dipper, left by himself, looked distinctly puzzled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CASE AGAINST PIX.

Mrs. Vavasour paid two visits per diem to Parsnip's chambers in the Temple. At 8.30 a.m. she prepared his breakfast, and about tea-time she returned to finish such housework as she elected to perform in these rooms. Hence we find her, on a warm afternoon in June, airing herself at one of the windows, and occasionally flapping at the flies which annoyed her with a particularly dirty duster. Every week Mrs. Vavasour charged Parsnip: "To washing dusters—4d.," but it may fairly be left open to doubt whether she really earned this money. The blacking she charged for would have sufficed for the cleaning of a large household's boots—we say, advisedly, *charged for*, inasmuch as ladies of the Mrs. Vavasour *genre* do not invariably pay out every halfpenny they put down on their "young gentlemen's" accounts. Thus it came about that, although Carew paid 1s. 6d. a week for what Mrs. Vavasour noted on the bill as "lights"—meaning wood, candles, etc.—on the rare occasions when he required wood or candles he invariably had to borrow such commodities from a neighbour. Mrs. Vavasour also had an easy-going habit of sending her husband's washing to the laundress along with Mr. Carew's; and if, in consequence of this, the laundress marked the whole lot up against Mr. Carew (it being all in his basket), why, Mr. Carew paid the bill without troubling to study the items, and thus Mr. Vavasour, of Drury Lane, indulged in clean linen—not too often, but that was entirely his own fault—at the entire expense of Mr. Charles Henry Carew, of the Temple.

Mrs. Vavasour was, at the time we are speaking of, brooding over her latest quarrel with Mrs. Pix. It will be remembered that the worthy ladies had fallen out in consequence of a disposition on Mrs. Vavasour's part to comment sarcastically on the variety of eatables Mrs. Pix had been pleased to bring away from Sir Billy's chambers. There had been words and fierce looks, and each lady had gone her own way in a huff. But a few days later Mrs. Pix had displayed a decided inclination to "make it up"—although she had been the insulted party—and it was over this strange and unexpected turn of events that Mrs. Vavasour was now cogitating.

"Harriet Pix," said she, as she toyed with some biscuits from Parsnip's sideboard, "is a artful cat. I wonder wot 'er game is? She nodded at me as I was a-goin' through the Cloisters, and agen, late ron, meeting me in the Walk, she smiled. Now wot is 'er game?"

Mrs. Vavasour pondered long and earnestly on this problem.

"No," cried she, at length, "not me! She's a artful cat. I'll write her a note and drop it in Sir William's letter-box, where she'll find it in the mornin'. I'll let 'er know 'oo I am!"

With this formidable declaration, Mrs. Vavasour calmly helped herself to a piece of Mr. Carew's note-paper, sat herself down at Mr. Carew's desk, and, with much labour and knitting of brow, indited the following vindictive epistle:—

H. Pix,—

this is to Inform you That mrs. vavasour as No desire to be noded or Smiled at by mrs. Pix nor in enny Way to old kumunikation with er and i will thank you to kindly look the Other Way when they meet.

Sined M. Vavasour.

The writer of this stinging rejoinder to the

friendly and peaceful overtures of Mrs. Pix was surveying her effort with much satisfaction, when there came a smart double rap at the front door.

"I wonder 'oo this is," murmured Mrs. Vavasour, rising unwillingly from her seat. "*Bills* by the sound of it. I 'aven't been listening to raps on Temple doors for twenty years without learning to distinguish of 'em one from another. I can tell *bills* a mile off—likewise taxes!"

Mrs. Vavasour could have filled a small volume with her experiences of gentlemen who were in the habit of disregarding their monetary obligations. She once had a gentleman who, in order to dodge the writ-servers waiting on his landing, used to enter the chambers of a friend next door, and climb along the roof into his own dwelling. There was another who, rendered desperate by repeated assaults on his knocker by an irate creditor, and having an urgent appointment to keep, actually slipped on his dressing-gown, and over that Mrs. Vavasour's shawl and hat, and in this strange disguise actually passed out of the door and down the stairs, entirely unsuspected by the man who was laying in wait for him.

As Mrs. Vavasour waddled down the passage a dim memory of these adventures floated through her mind. And so, proceeding to the kitchen, she inspected the caller by means of a cunningly-contrived spy-place which some much-dunned former occupier of these chambers had scraped in the frosted, foot-square window which gave light to the place of cooking.

There was no cause for alarm. It wasn't rates, it wasn't taxes—it was a young lady!

So, taking her time about it, Mrs. Vavasour ambled into the passage and opened the door.

Josie—for Josie it was—gazed upon the woman's fiery countenance with some relief; she was glad that Carew had not come to the door himself. Being admitted by his housekeeper would give her a little breathing-time.

"Yes?" inquired Mrs. V.

"Oh," said Josie, somewhat hesitatingly, "is—is Mr. Carew here?"

"No," said Mrs. Vavasour ungraciously.

"Will he be in soon?"

"Can't say," returned the woman.

"I—I very much wish to see him. Perhaps I might wait."

"Is he expectin' you?" asked the wary housekeeper.

"No, he is not, but," noticing the expression of unfriendliness increasing on the fiery countenance, "it is quite—all right. I am a friend of his. If you don't mind I should like to come in and wait for him."

Mrs. Vavasour submitted Josie to a close and prolonged stare, and, at length deciding to admit her, stepped back and opened wide the door.

"You may have to stop a long while. I don't know when ee'll be 'ome, miss."

The "miss" was a concession, and Josie felt that she was winning her way. She determined to improve her position by making friends with the red-faced lady.

"You are Mrs. Vavasour, are you not?" she asked, as the housekeeper led the way into the sitting-room.

"Yes, miss, that's my name."

"I have often heard Mr. Carew speak of you. And you have a friend named Mrs. Pix, have you not?"

This was like flashing red before a bull.

"I *had* a friend of that there name," returned Mrs. Vavasour, viciously flicking the dust off an easy-chair for Josie's benefit, "but now I don't reckernise 'er. She's a evil-disposed person, is Pix. For years I wos kindness its own self to that woman, and 'ow does she reward me? Turns and stings the 'and that 'elped 'er, like a crawlin snake!"

"Dear me!" said Josie. "I am sorry to hear you have fallen out."

"Fallen out! Ho, not likely! She'd be on'y too glad to come on agen to-morrer, but I won't 'ave no more of 'er. Talks about people's looks as if she wos a Wenis! Talks about people's honesty as if she was a Sunday School all by 'erself! Not likely I'll speak to 'er after that! No, I'll let 'er go on 'er wicked way, robbin' Sir William right and left, and not a solipary finger will I stretch out to save 'er from 'Olloway Gole!"

Josie looked duly concerned. Mrs. Pix must be, according to this account, a most abandoned creature. Mrs. Vavasour noticed the impression she had made, and rejoiced thereat. As this young lady was a friend of Mr. Carew's, she was probably also a friend of Sir William's, and would be sure to *warn* him against his housekeeper.

"It isn't right and it isn't safe that a person like Pix should 'ave a free 'and in Sir William's chambers. Such an innocent young gentleman as 'e is, too! And above all at a time when 'e's not as well as 'e might be; it almost makes a woman with a mother's 'eart *cry* to look at 'im, 'e's that pale and thin——"

"Is Sir William really ill?" demanded Josie quickly.

"You know Sir William then, miss?" rejoined the crafty woman.

"Oh, yes; I know him as well as I do Mr. Carew—indeed, I know him better, as I lived with some friends of his until recently."

This was delightful. Mrs. Vavasour gave a broad smile—she couldn't help it. Things couldn't have

worked out better. This young lady would be the means of sending Pix to the right-abouts. But it would not do to be too overwhelming in her accusations, decided Mrs. Vavasour. She must temper what she had said with a little lukewarm defence now.

"Of course," she muttered. "I don't want to be too 'ard on Pix. What she does 'as become a 'abit with 'er. She don't, perraps, want to be worse than anybody else, but there—the women working in the Temple 'ere are a thievin' lot, and poor Pix is unfortnit in the ones she associates with. You might say that she's more sinned agenst than sinnin'. She's weak, is Pix, and there lies the 'ole truth of the matter. Other folks tempts her, and she falls Ah, well, I'm sorry for 'er, miss, but one must do one's dooty an' speak. 'Speak,' as the parson says, 'an' fear not.' I 'ave spoke."

Mrs. Vavasour, having spoken, closed her mouth, pursed up her lips, and folded her arms. She had launched her bolt; now let due and lawful punishment fall upon the grey, but dishonest, head of Harriet Pix.

"Has — has Sir William been unwell *long?*" asked Josie.

"Well, miss," returned Mrs. Vavasour, determined to let no chance slip, "'e was never wot I should call a strong young gentleman, but for all that not an un'ealthy one—not a ailin' invalid, so to speak. But if good food wot 'e pays for never reaches 'im—but I won't say no more! I've said wot I 'ave said because I've noticed that since Whitsun Sir William's been nothin' to look at at all."

Josie gazed at her boot.

"I see you're sorry to hear that, miss, bein', as you says, a fam'ly friend of his. I tell you straight, miss, that things can't go on much longer as they are at presink wivout Sir William's turnin' real bad. Short, hacking corf, shouldn't wonder, or 'e might take to the drink, bein' weak on account of bad breakfisses. And to think — to think it's that low woman wot's the cause of it all! On'y to think!"

IT WASN'T RATES, IT WASN'T TAXES—IT WAS A YOUNG LADY.

Josie still regarded her boot thoughtfully.

"But surely — it is her duty——"

"Dooty! Wot does she care about dooty? Pickin's is more in her line. Pix likes pickin's!" And Mrs. Vavasour laughed harshly over her coarse jest.

"Oh," said Josie. "And how," she added, with a hardly perceptible smile, "has Mr. Carew been?"

"'Ale and 'earty and plump," Mrs. Vavasour assured the caller. "As proper a lookin' gentleman as you'd meet in the Temple. Eats well, and sleeps sound. Ah! if I 'ad Sir William to do for! But there's Mr. Carew's latchkey, miss."

"Oh," cried Josie, starting up, "please go out and tell him I am here! Yes, go at once, please, and say that *Miss O'Malley* is here."

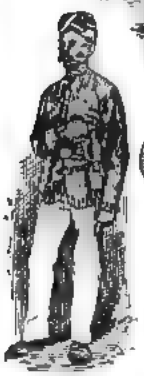
(To be continued.)

THE FATE of BULDEO

An Indian Jungle Railway Story

By H. Hervey.

Illustrated by J. A. Johnson.



WHEN on emerging from the jungle, I struck the Shodanuggur-Shikistpur State Railway at Gowghat Station, I was surprised to notice several tents standing in the "compound," or yard; uniformed policemen mingling with the employés on the platform; all wearing an ominous look, while an unusual hush ruled supreme, betokening that someone in authority, some "big bug," as the saying is, was on the spot.

Attention seemed to centre in the waiting-room. I went there, and, finding it occupied by Major Torrin, R.E., the manager of the railway, I no longer wondered at the respectful silence of the people outside. Seated by him was a Mahomedan Inspector of Police, while several constables, platelayers, and gangers stood about the apartment.

"Come along in, Barton," cried the major, seeing that I hesitated. "We've finished for the present," and he signed for all to leave the room.

"What's the row, Torrin?" I asked, shaking hands.

"Ah, you've just come in from Bhikarie Pudáo, I suppose, so could not have heard. Well, three nights ago, the down mail was derailed. You know that curve at the foot of the gradient just by Tiger Rock?—well, there—just six miles off. Fortunately it was the down mail, so no lives were lost; had it been the up mail which, as you know, scuttles over the spot at high speed, there would have been a fearful smash. Skinner and his break-down gangs restored the traffic only yesterday afternoon."

"What caused it—landslip again?"

"No, a loosened rail. I ran up at once on a special engine—found the fish-plates unbolted, and the rail anyhow. There is practically nothing to prevent such a thing being done just there; for no night watchmen—even in a bunch—will patrol the locality for love or money after dark."

"But who did it?"

"That's for us to find out. You remember my dismissing that lot of *gwalas* (shepherds) who worked that particular sub-section? Well, I am convinced that they are the culprits—notably that chap Buldeo, the ganger: their hamlet is in the clearing a couple of miles away."

"But what a place to select! Right in the heart of Tiger Jungle, and the man-eater still at large!"

"That's just it! They looked on the evil reputation of the spot as a safeguard, thinking that suspicion would naturally fall on the *gujars* (predatory robbers). However, they were not in it; no one appeared. There was no attack on the disabled train; no plundering."

"One would imagine that the tiger would prove a deterrent; a man-eater knows no difference between a *gwala* and a *gujar*."

"Granted," laughed Torrin; "still, for carrying out his fell intent, I am persuaded that Master Buldeo put tiger funk into his pocket, and chose that spot purposely, so that we should attribute the business to *gujars*. But are you in a hurry to be off, Barton?"

"No; I have to alter the telegraph line here—a matter of several days. Why?"

"Hurrah! Then you'll join me. Look here, you saw that police inspector just now? He says that the trick will be repeated, and at the same place too. No sooner had he grasped the case than he despatched one of his special men disguised as a *jogi* (religious mendicant) to the *gwala* village—the chap who was speaking

when you came in—and it appears that all the villagers side with their dismissed brethren, and are determined to pay us out. Monday night's attempt was undertaken without consulting their soothsayers; hence the comparatively harmless result. Some of them accordingly went to Devighur to consult a famous seer. Our man waited till the deputation returned, so as to get at the upshot, which is that, the stars being propitious now, the outrage is to be re-attempted to-night. But they are going one better. This time it is to be the up mail; and if they succeeded, the catastrophe would be terrible. They stick to the night trains, which they know have no third class; they do not wish to injure natives."

"Wouldn't do to cancel the mail, I suppose?"

"No; they would try their tricks only later on; but we must set about and crush the rascals at once, without arousing the least suspicion of our intentions."

"The down mail will pass Tiger Rock at—say—10.50 p.m., and the up at 1.30 a.m.," I remarked.

"Right; and we should be there before midnight. Your arrival facilitates matters. You must say that you saw the tiger tracks on the Bhikarie Pudáo road as you came along this morning. You and I will leave this ostensibly to try and bag the beast; and then, once out of sight, we'll make a détour, get to Tiger Rock, *caché* up a tree, keep watch, and nab the blackguards red-handed."

"How are you sure that they'll go to work at the same place?" I asked.

"My dear fellow, you know that a native will always save himself trouble, no matter what he has in hand. It's no light job to unfix two pairs of fish-plates, rusted and jammed from long exposure, whereas the freshly oiled bolts of the recently re-shipped rail will come away easily. Depend on it that they'll loosen the very same one; the inspector thinks so, too."

Torrin hereupon summoned Inspector Shah Nawáz, and in Hindee explained the plan so far. He expressed approval, and backed the engineer in his theory regarding that particular rail. "But, sir," remarked he, "your honours cannot go alone; whom will you take with you?"

"You and some of your men, of course. We shall want you—to arrest the fellow or fellows," replied Torrin.

"Sir," said the inspector, smiling, "I have good reason to believe that the *gwalas* have their spies among us—outside these very doors, in the guise of travellers. If we of the police were seen making off with your honours, even after a tiger up the Bhikarie Pudáo road, suspicion would be aroused and the alarm given."

"Confound it! so it would," muttered the major.

"Listen to your slave, sir. This gentleman," indicating me, "must publicly abuse his followers for failing to see the tiger tracks in the jungle. While he is so doing, your honour must come out, I attending. You must both converse about the tiger, and say something on the subject in Hindee to this gentleman's people. Then you will ask me to accompany you. I shall say that I have duties to perform. You will therefore dismiss me, sir; whereupon we will leave as if returning to headquarters at Poorrubnuggur. As soon as we get to a safe distance, four of us will assume disguises which we have with us, and come back here. Then, sir, when we have made ourselves known to you, both gentlemen take your rifles and come on to the platform. Converse loudly on the question of who are to go with you. Certainly no one will offer to do so, because of the man-eater; and while you are reviling them as cowards, we, who are supposed to be intending passengers waiting for the train, will volunteer our services in consideration of a reward. Then we will all go off together, sir; and one of my men—himself a *gujar*, who knows every inch of this jungle, will guide us to Tiger Rock. Arrived there, your honours can climb into one tree, while we conceal ourselves in others; so that when the miscreant appears we can surround and capture him."

We listened open-mouthed as the astute Shah Nawáz spoke. The excellence of his counsels at once struck us, and we immediately set to putting them into practice. It was just one o'clock—luncheon time, and before sitting down to the meal, we determined to carry out the first part of the programme. I sallied forth alone, and found my people awaiting my permission to disperse. Porters, passengers, idlers and others loitered about.

"Fine fellows you are," I commenced, addressing my followers in a loud tone of contempt; "fine, keen-sighted chaps to have with me in a dangerous jungle. Not one of you saw what I noticed eight miles from this."

"My lord," said the senior line-man, "what did your honour see?"

"See! Why, the footprints of some large animal in the mud of the last *nullah* (watercourse). I said nothing at the time, for I was not sure myself, but on describing them to the railway officer, he says that they are the impressions of a tiger's feet—perhaps those of the man-eater himself, for whose destruction Government offers a reward of five hundred rupees, as

you know, oh fools and blind!" I finished up with withering sarcasm.

"Halloa! halloa! What's the row?" exclaimed Torrin, joining me at this moment, followed by Shah Nawáz.

"Giving these idiots a piece of my mind for failing to recognise those footprints as belonging to a tiger."

"Yes," rejoined the major, speaking loudly in Hindee, while the people crowded up to hear what went on; "you telegraph men are keen sighted enough in detecting faults on the wires, and yet could not see a tiger's footmarks. I suppose you stopped at the *nullah* to drink?"

"We did, my lord," answered several diffidently.

"Then you are fools, that's all I can say, for not seeing the impressions, and not telling your officer what they were. He is young and inexperienced, so what did he know? By the way, inspector," turning to that individual, and still speaking in a high key, "why not come with us—you and several of your men? I will lend you a gun."

"I would follow your honour with pleasure, sir," bawled Shah Nawáz, "but we are wanted at headquarters, and the superintendent ordered me to return as soon as possible."

"Oh, I see! Very well; you can go. Send in your report on the case to Captain Jones, who will forward it to Government through me. Any further action depends on what instructions are issued. Good-bye! All of you have done your best."

The police party quitted the platform; the ring of listeners broke up; the railway servants resumed their various duties, while the travellers and idlers composed themselves to doze away the time till the evening train steamed in.

After luncheon, we took up our rifles, and, seating ourselves ostentatiously on a platform bench, made a show of cleaning our weapons. Time drew on. The evening train would shortly arrive; the ticket office opened, and intending passengers streamed in. Presently there was a commotion inside the booking office; the voices of the station master and several natives raised high in altercation, to be followed by the appearance of the disputants.

"What's the matter, station master?" inquired Torrin.

"These Rajpoot fellers, sir!" cried the incensed official. "Asking for third-class tickets for Shikistpur by up mail; and when I informing them no any issue of third class by mail train, and advising them to go by ordinary, they abuse me!"

While the station master spoke, we regarded the "Rajpoot fellers"—fine, upstanding, west countrymen, their faces swathed in their turban-ends as was their practice, and with vermilion "caste-marks" on their foreheads. As we looked at them the leading man blinked at us. We saw it at once. They were Shah Nawáz and his constables, disguised to perfection.

"There is no third class by the night trains," said Torrin composedly. "If you insist on travelling by one, you must pay second-class fare, so be off with you!"

"What is the difference in the charge, sir?" asked the spokesman.

"One rupee, two annas only," replied the station master gruffly.

"In that case we will pay; we wish to travel comfortably," returned the Rajpoot. The group then salaamed respectfully, and withdrew to a little distance, where they deposited their bundles and sat down.

After the evening train had passed through, we had an early dinner; then, shouldering our rifles, again went out on to the platform.

"Here, you head porter!" cried Torrin, "we want some men to accompany us. Any of you fellows know about tigers?"

Consternation on every face!

"We are poor people, sir," whined the head porter. "How should we know?"

"How should we know?" repeated the rest in chorus.

"Pooh! You're a set of funk-sticks!" observed the major contemptuously. "Ask the telegraph line-men if any of their party have pluck enough to come with us."

"Useless," I interrupted in Hindee; "they would be no good. Fellows who could not see a tiger's footprints are not likely to see the tiger."

"Suppose not," assented Torrin in the same tongue. "Ah, you are white-livered good-for-nothings, the lot of you!"

"Sir!" shouted the Rajpoot from where he was squatted, "if you promise to be back in time for the Shikistpur mail train, and will reward us for our services, we will follow you. We are not afraid."

"Good!" exclaimed Torrin joyously. "How much do you want?"

"My lord, give us ten rupees each—whether you kill the tiger or not."

"Done! I engage that we get back in time for your train. Come along!"

Hereupon the four men deposited their bundles in the waiting-room; Torrin gave their leader a spare rifle, locked the door, pocketed the key, and we set out.

"Capitally done!" said the major, patting Shah Nawáz on the back as soon as we were out of sight. Your get-up is excellent!"

"Even to the mark of the beast on my

forehead, sir," observed the Mahomedan, rubbing off the red streak. "Allah forgive me for having worn it, but in our detective work we have to do many improper things."

Conducted by the *gujar* constable, and keeping a bright look-out, especially for the man-eater that was known to haunt the neighbourhood, we pushed through the dense jungle by a circuitous route; and just as it grew dark we emerged on to the railway at the desired spot, overhung by the frowning Tiger Rock. This enormous boulder was accessible by the smaller masses of granite that rested against it, and derived its name from the fact that while the pioneer party of surveyors were laying out the track, a tiger had often been seen on the summit of the rock, lazily regarding them, without, however, once molesting the human invaders of his domain.

"There you are, Barton," remarked Torrin, pointing downwards, "that's the rail which the brutes unshipped."

The metalling gave the appearance of having been recently disturbed, and sundry débris, not worth removal, lay strewed on the banks, all pointing to the fact of the recent accident.

After a short whispered colloquy, Torrin and I ascended a *peepul* tree on the off flank of the track, while Shah Nawáz and his men climbed two tamarinds on the opposite side, close to the Tiger Rock itself. We arranged that on the appearance of the rascal, or rascals, Shah Nawáz would give the cry of a jackal at the proper moment, whereupon we were all to drop to the ground, and effect a surround.

WE SAT AND SAT.

We sat and sat. Intense stillness reigned broken only by the occasional screams of night birds, and the snarling of cheetahs in the distance. Presently the moon rose, and in due course topped the trees. We consulted our watches—nine o'clock. Time appeared interminable—as if furnished with wings of lead. We could not smoke; we could not raise our voices above a whisper, so conversation was impracticable. At last a low rumble, followed by the pant of a locomotive, developing into a roar, and the down mail laboured past. In three hours her up sister would swish down the gradient. The rattle died out; the moon climbed higher, and now shed her effulgence on the metals. Silence continued her sway. We again looked at our watches—one o'clock!

"I wish the brute would hurry——"

A faint metallic clink interrupted Torrin, and there, emerging from the jungle, out of the shade of the Tiger Rock, appeared the white-clad form of a man. He was armed with a matchlock, and carried something across his shoulder. That something, when he came into the moonlight, proved to be a crowbar and a large wrench—the implements of the ganger. The would-be train-wrecker was before us. Climbing the slope, he deposited his gun on the ground, also the crowbar; and, taking the wrench, proceeded to verify Torrin's prediction by setting to work on the identical rail that had been so recently re-fixed. The bolts and nuts, newly oiled, came away with ease. He tapped out all four, and the fish-

plates fell from their places. He now moved to the other joint. He would soon complete his nefarious purpose. Surely it was time to pounce on him. Torrin and I, eager for the signal, strained on the leash. No sound was heard but the hooting of an owl. The police must have seen the man, and witnessed his operations—why, then, did Shah Nawáz remain mute? Had he and his followers fallen asleep on their perches? Hardly; our experience of the men belied the supposition. Yet——Ah!

We were no longer mystified; the reason for Shah Nawáz's reticence became very evident. What was the reason? There was no mistaking it; for, sneaking along the very path which the

"Take the head, Barton," whispered Torrin; "I, the shoulder."

We raised our rifles, but we were too late. Before we could bring the weapons to position, the man-eater, with one noiseless bound, precipitated himself on the felon, and with a blow of his huge paw broke the wretched man's neck. But it was the last depredation that tiger ever would make, for the next moment, as he stood over his still quivering quarry, preparatory to carrying it off, the brute presented his left side full to us. Our rifles cracked simultaneously, and the animal, pierced by two bullets, toppled with a "wough" on to his victim.

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING . . . THE MAN-EATER, THE TERROR OF THE COUNTRY FOR MILES AROUND.

man had used, and crawling up the bank, his long, lean, mangy body hugging the earth as it were, the huge head and cruel face all too plainly visible in the bright moonlight, came the sinister shape of a tiger—the man-eater, the terror of the country for miles around.

Both tiger and tamperer were our enemies. The human being, by his nefarious acts, had lowered himself to the level of the brute beast: the one, however, was of us, made in the similitude of God; the other, the most fell, the most malignant denizen of the forest. Heinous as was the offence of the man, and well as he deserved even a cruel death, we did not hesitate in "choice of sides."

We dropped from the trees. Other forms, looking weird in the moonlight, did the same on the opposite side of the way, and hastened up the bank—Shah Nawáz and his men. We gathered round the bodies, gazing in silence at the carrion at our feet. Shah Nawáz was the first to speak.

"Your honours," he remarked, "our Koran, equally with your Bible, says that our mutual God will punish us for our evil and reward us for our good deeds. It was fated that this man should not suffer at our hands for his sin—a greater power has called him to account."

"Aye, indeed!" replied Torrin, uncovering reverently. "'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.'

The fellow has received what he deserves, though not from us."

"We saw the tiger stalking him, sir. I knew that my jackal cry would not have served; so I gave the owl's hoot to warn you. Did your honours hear it?"

"We did, but placed no significance on the sound. Come, let's move these carcasses off the rails."

We turned to, but had been so engrossed in what had been happening that we forgot all about the flight of time; and when, just as we had dragged the obstructions clear, the distant roar of the approaching up mail fell on our ears, it sounded like a death-knell. For a moment we gazed at each other panic-stricken. The awful truth seared our brains like lightning—the train was bearing down at forty miles an hour on to that disconnected rail.

"Barton!" yelled Torrin, "you're younger! For God's sake run for your life and stop her!"

True, I was younger, and a good runner. I at once understood why Torrin pitched on me in preference to one of the fleet-footed policemen: my European garb would more likely appeal to the driver of the oncoming train. If he saw a native, however much he gesticulated and signalled, the engine-man, knowing that no night-watchmen were about, would be inclined to take no notice of him. So I tore off, laying legs to ground as I had never done before. The gradient was stiff, but I breasted it. There was a curve, and I rounded it in time to see the engine head-light glimmering in the straight not three hundred yards to my front. I was in white; I wore a large pith sun-hat. I kept between the rails, waving my handkerchief, my arms, and my hat; but in silence, for I knew that shouting would be of no avail. Still the train thundered on. I could hear the throb-throb of the machinery above the resultant racket of the rollicking car-wheels; in another second I should have to leap aside, and the train would dash on to her destruction, when—oh, thank Heaven!—the danger whistle, followed by the shrieking of the hand-brakes, sounded like heavenly music to my ears. They had seen me.

In spite of every brake down, the mail stuttered and stammered past me, for she had an immense "way" on her. I ran in pursuit, and was overjoyed to find that the driver had been able to pull up about fifty paces on the safe side of the danger. Torrin had not been idle. As the brakes gave out their last groan, he had jammed on a single bolt at one end; he had not time to do more, for the policemen could not help him, and he was obliged to adjust the heavy rail single-handed, and that too with only one lever. With all modesty I submit that had I not succeeded in arresting the train, she would have been derailed to a dead certainty, and with consequences too awful to contemplate.

The man proved to be Buldeo, the dismissed ganger, and the tiger turned out to be the dreaded man-eater. Though Torrin and I, being Government officers, were debarred from receiving the reward for the beast's destruction, he had no difficulty in persuading the Commissioner to permit of its being disbursed to the posse of subordinate policemen in recognition of loyal service rendered.

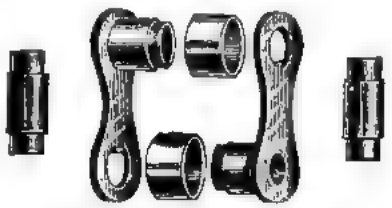
THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

ON CLIMBING HILLS.

Illustrated with Specimens of some reliable Cycle Chains.

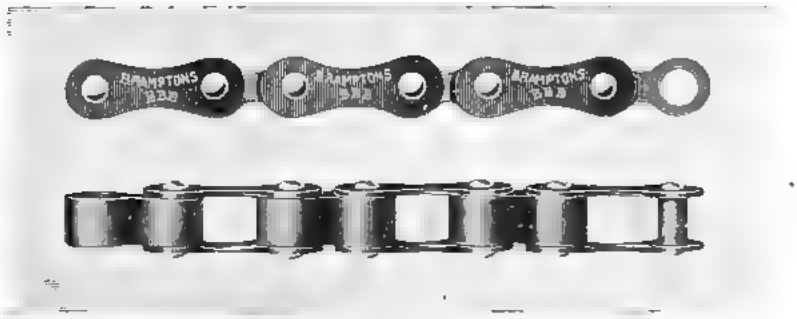
THERE was once a professor of theology who, when he had students who could not preach, sent them out preaching till they could. If I were a teacher of cycling, and had pupils who could not ride up hills, I should follow precisely upon the very practical principles of that professor. In a word — although it sounds like a paradox—the art of hill climbing is best learnt by climbing hills. At the same time there is, of course, a right way and a wrong way to set about it, and the very fact that most novices have an inordinate dread of encountering a hill shows that their way of tackling it is a way that is usually far from being the best. The underlying secret of all good riding is summed up in the expression "ankle action," and it is because so few have mastered the happy knack of "ankling" properly that hills present the difficulties which a large number of riders experience in dealing with them. Speaking generally, cycling is an exceedingly easy form of exercise. You can see that by considering how the very weakest fellows take to it and enjoy it. Roughly speaking, there is only about two-sevenths the effort required to cycle a given distance, as compared with the walking effort over the same distance. Therefore you will see at once that cycling is properly described as an easy pastime. If, for example, by bad ankling as much as three-sevenths of the walking effort is put forth, that is still so little as compared with walking that there is no fatigue to call the attention of the rider to the fact that his mode of action is wasteful and wrong. I speak, as regards the foregoing, of ordinary pottering along the level. There is very little friction, very little air resistance in ordinary circumstances, to tell against the rider, and his machine will respond to a very gentle effort indeed. But let any difficulty arise, such as a strong head-wind or a steep hill, and the required effort is at once considerably multiplied. The unskilled rider under such circumstances not only multiplies his effective effort but his waste effort as well, and the latter then becomes large enough to seriously inconvenience him. It is for this reason that hills find out the bad pedaller, and, as the saying is, "give him gruel."



LINK OF ABINGDON CHAIN DISSECTED.

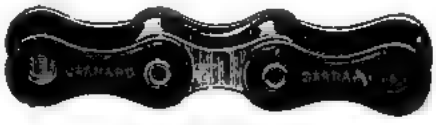
BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO.

Let me briefly describe in what proper pedalling consists, although I frankly premise that it is more easily learnt from imitation of a rider who has completely mastered the art than it can possibly be from perusal of any words of mine, however clearly written. First of all, let no one ride in boots, for they make proper ankling impossible. The whole theory of ankle action



BRAMPTON'S B.D.B.

rests upon the division of labour between all the muscles available for the task in hand, instead of uselessly tiring one set of muscles while other sets are left idle. The principle is no new one, but was known long before cycling was thought of. Many of my readers, I know, are girls, although possibly only a few of them will remember the time when the sewing machine was a novelty. In those days it was generally worked by hand, and there were people who gave instruction as to how best to work it. The gist of such instruction always was to "work from the wrist"—that is to say, do as much with the wrist as was reasonably possible, instead of working from the elbow or shoulder solely, as machinists were inclined to do, owing to the fact that the muscles of the upper arm were the strongest available. The wrist action, difficult as it might seem at first, was the least fatiguing in the end, because it distributed the work among all the available muscles, and so postponed the time of fatigue as long as possible.



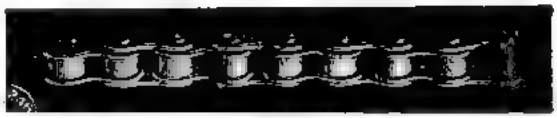
LINKS OF THE GARRARD.

THE ALFRED APPLEBY LINKS.

Now precisely the same line of reasoning applies to the theory of ankling. The rider who simply "plugs" along, working solely from the hips, is wasting strength and inviting fatigue. He is trying to do all the work with the powerful muscle that passes down the front of the thigh. But there is an important muscle in the calf, as well as several smaller but very useful ones running along the sole of the foot, which can all be brought into requisition. Good ankling employs them all to the best advantage, so that at moments of difficulty, such as the ascents of hills, he who rides really well is getting the most out of himself at the price of the minimum of exhaustion. To put the action into words, as nearly as one may be able to, let us imagine the foot to be at the top of the stroke. At this point the heel should be well down, so that the sole of the foot can exercise a good forward thrust. This thrust over, the heel remains for a moment almost stationary, while the rest of the foot is smartly extended downwards as far as it will go. This gives a powerful down stroke and an amount of efficacy, by no means inconsiderable, available for what is admirably nicknamed "clawing back."

Observe that this clawing back is going on at the same time as the other foot is executing the push forward at the top of the stroke as above described. This completely abolishes what the engineers call the dead points. If a man is pedalling clumsily with a simple up and down thrust, he might just as well be a wooden-legged rider. His thrust is very inefficient both at the beginning and at the

ANOTHER BRAMPTON CHAIN.



HANS RENOLD.

end of each stroke, and whenever a pedal is in the position nearest to him he has virtually no foot control at all. The good rider, ankling with the motions I have described, can work each foot not only through half the revolution of the pedal, but through at least two-thirds of it. The pick up, after the down stroke is complete, it is important to perform properly. As the toe rises with the ascending pedal the heel should be dropped, so as to bring the whole foot again into the position first described for the push forward at the top of the stroke. The shoe should rest very lightly on the ascending pedal, so that there shall be no possibility of one foot sensibly retarding the work of the other.

The movements mentioned are not, of course, distinct and separate movements, but each one melts into the one succeeding it in the same smooth way in which the six steps of the waltz glide on. The whole is a continuous light motion, feeding the pedal with force as far round as the foot can feel. In the days when the old tall machine grew very tall indeed, and when men, merely for the sake of fashion, rode beyond their reach, this mode of ankling was the only one possible to effectively drive the machine. Many learnt it at that time because they were compelled to. Now there is not the same imperative necessity, but the correct method is none the less desirable, and anyone who has never practised it, and who will now give it his attention, will find that it makes all the difference in the world—especially in hill climbing. Indeed, when this art of correct pedalling has once been mastered, hills that seemed unridable before will be conquered without difficulty.

But a word of warning may not be out of place. There are plenty of long and laborious ascents which, however well ridden, will try the powers of the rider more than they should be tried. An important part of the art of learning hill climbing is that of knowing how long to persevere, and exactly when to stop. If, in the course of a tedious ascent, any symptoms of distress arise, it is proper to desist at once. *It is the greatest of folly to fag on when the breath is being fast caught or when the heart is thumping against the ribs. The first approach of either symptom should be answered by a leisurely dismount and a quiet push up for the remainder of the distance.*

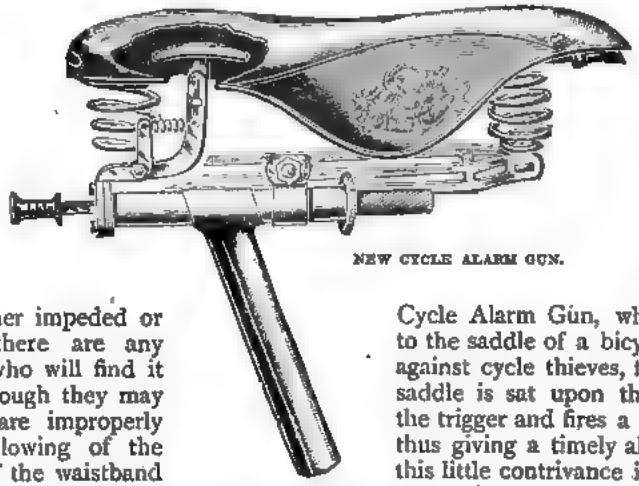
Anyone who makes a practice of tackling his hills upon these rational lines will find that on each successive attempt upon any given hill he will succeed in getting to a higher point, until the day arrives when the worst acclivity in his district will probably be surmountable without unreasonable effort. He will soon come to know all the hills in his own neighbourhood, and the best way of attacking each, for, of course, a short, sharp one ought to be "rushed," while in the case of a lengthy climb, the better method is to keep plodding at it. With practice, strange hills, such as one is apt to encounter whilst touring, may often be weighed up at a glance; but if they are crooked, and cannot be well comprehended from the approach to the base, the old hill climber still has sound methods of tactics and strategy which very often stand him in good stead. He will make no attempt to rush at a hill of this class, but will approach it at a good round gait, so as to utilise his momentum at the start. After that he will "feed" the machine with perfectly even pedalling and dead straight steering, so as not to waste effort in side strain, and will endeavour to maintain such a pace as will never occasion him an anxious moment in waiting for a descending pedal. He will at the same time manage to keep something in hand to enable him to deal with an unexpectedly steep bit, to be met with, say, just round a bend; and so, taking care to ride well within his powers, he will arrive fresh and fit at the top.

One essential towards achieving this is to know how to breathe properly, which, it may surprise you to be told, very few people truly understand. Anyone who has been taught singing scientifically knows what is

HANS RENOLD.

meant by abdominal breathing. This kind of breathing is natural in infants and in unclothed man, and its value to the cyclist could hardly be exaggerated. The habit of so breathing is to some extent dependent upon dress. A sister of mine, with whom I have been on many jaunts both in England and abroad, once said to me "A girl's a goose who cycles in corsets." I can't help agreeing with that, if only on the ground that the girl who does so will find abdominal breathing either impeded or impossible. But there are any amount of fellows who will find it so too, because, although they may not know it, they are improperly dressed for the following of the pastime we love. If the waistband of the knickers is in the least degree tight proper breathing is out of the question.

How happy, then, is he or she, the happy tourist, for whom no chance-encountered hill has any terrors! A county boundary may consist of a mountain range, but the rider approaches it with complacency. The well-tried tactics will surmount all difficulties, or, if not, what shall deter us from a mile or so of walking amidst fine mountain scenery? As long as we can keep the saddle we will pedal gracefully, keeping the upper strand of the chain quite taut and constantly doing its work. I give some pictures of chains, and the fact of their appearing here is equivalent to a hall mark on every link, for none but the best chains on the market are illustrated. We pedal up and up, or, if we cannot reasonably do so, we walk the latter portion, remembering, as we go, that there is not only the wonder of the hill scenery to reward us, but that we also have a tangible asset in the higher level acquired, and that sooner or later there will be the glorious downrush that it implies. I may speak of the art of descending hills in a subsequent article. The way in which it is best to drop down depends largely upon the fact as to whether you "free wheel" or still ride with "captive" pedals. But in any case it is well to have a finger on the bell and two ready to hand on the brake lever in order to be sure of an extra moment's grace in case of a sudden emergency arising. When all is said and done the fact remains, as any old rider will tell you, that the exploration of hilly country is one of the keenest delights of touring; and I can wish my readers no kindlier wish than that they may, one and all, learn so to master hill work that the appearance on the map of marks that indicate elevated country may prove as much an attraction to them as a deterrent.



NEW CYCLE ALARM GUN.

We have received from Mr. F. H. Clarke, gun manufacturer, of Birmingham, particulars of the latest novelty—a useful one too—in the cycling world, viz., the Cycle Alarm Gun, which, when attached to the saddle of a bicycle, acts as a guard against cycle thieves, for the moment the saddle is sat upon the pressure releases the trigger and fires a 380 blank cartridge, thus giving a timely alarm. The price of this little contrivance is 7s. 6d., post free, and it is made to fit any saddle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

May (Kensington).—Yes, I am always glad to hear from girls. There is no reason in the world why your little brother should not inherit your machine as soon as you grow out of it. The only thing to be careful about is to see that he does not have it before he is sufficiently grown. He must on no account be "over-reached," or the exercise will do him harm instead of good. **W. R.** (Tow Law).—Replies cannot be sent through the post. Yes, it is a serviceable article. The advantages of a candle lamp are cleanliness and the ease with which a reserve supply of illuminant can be carried. You can also see with great ease the amount of candle you have left when starting out. Personally, with all its disadvantages, I still prefer the old-fashioned oil, but it is necessary to take the trouble I have explained in a former article in order to get the best results. "Messrs. Joseph Lucas & Co., Birmingham," is a quite sufficient address. **L. L.** (Christchurch).—The Turner Bi-carrier is an excellent thing. For a girl's machine there is nothing better, owing to the convenient position. The same firm's front carrier is also good. It has recently been adopted by the War Office for fitting to the new army cycles. **Harry N.** (Hendon).—There is no reason why you shouldn't have Warwicks on your Rover. You will be well-shod, as well as well-mounted. It depends, of course, upon the roads, but for average riding about and touring I should expect them to last at least ten thousand miles. The pattern of Middlemore & Lamplugh saddle you have chosen will serve admirably. **W. H. S.** (Southampton).—*Re* the New Forest, see articles in the *Co-operative News*, for April 27th, May 4th, and May 11th.

H. P.

Several answers held over.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded this month to SIMON D. PEACE, 500, Victoria Road, Crosshill, Glasgow, for his illustrated article entitled, "How to Make a Tent" (see page 324).

Seven Shillings in Pocket.

AN old gentleman who lived near a large boarding school had so many panes of glass broken in his greenhouses that he tempted the boys to round on one another by offering a ten shillings reward to informers. The plan met with immediate success.

"Please, sir, Jess W—— has broken a pane of glass," piped a ferret-eyed youngster, holding out an eager hand for the reward.

Particulars were demanded and given, and the reward was honourably paid. Then Jess W——, summoned by a threatening note, presented himself to make good the damage he had done.

"You here again!" gasped the astonished old gentleman. "You're not Jess W——; you're the lad who peached on him."

"Quite right, sir; but I'm Jess W—— all the same," answered the boy, dropping three bright shillings on the table. "I broke the pane myself, and thought I'd claim the reward before anyone else had the chance. I'm seven bob in pocket that way!"

R. A. H. G.

Drawn by Fred Thompson.

How Tea Is Made in Ceylon.

During three months of the hot weather season of 1896, when my father was stationed with his regiment in Ceylon, we lived in a bungalow on a tea estate up country. Our bungalow, which was called "Lochiel," was right on the top of a hill, and all around us there was nothing but rows and rows of tea-bushes, with here and there a few acacia trees planted on the ridges of the hills, to protect the tea from the wind. The only buildings to be seen were some bungalows belonging to planters, one or two tea factories, and the tiny wayside station in the distance far below.

Knowing the owner of one of the factories, we one day went and saw the process of tea-making in its various stages.

The part plucked consists of three leaves, the smallest and youngest making the finest kind of tea, the next making that which one usually sees, and the third a very coarse blend. After being brought into the factory, the leaves are placed in a very airy room at the top of the building, and there spread out on shelves made of canvas stretched on wooden frames, one above the other, in the middle of the room, and left for about a week to dry.

They are then taken to another room, and put in a machine, which sorts them, and after this process they are left in troughs to foment. When this stage is completed the leaves are placed in huge ovens, where they remain for some hours, and when they are taken out they are ready to be packed in lead for shipment from Colombo to England. While being roasted the tea smells delicious, and the same odour pervades the whole factory.

DOROTHY W. JOHNSON.

A Scene in Ceylon.

The precincts of my Ceylon home are varied. In the first place, the bungalow, which is a large building chiefly consisting of wood, is situated

THE LAST TOLL GATE.

Here is a photograph of the last Toll Gate near London. As can be seen, the gate-posts are left standing. Anyone cycling through the Dulwich district should find this spot of particular historic interest.

Sent by H. T. T.

about half-way between the foot and the summit of a hill in the central districts of this beautiful island.

On each side are waterfalls, surrounded by the most beautiful of Eastern vegetation, while a path leads upwards through myriads of tea bushes to a large asphalt tennis-court.

Below is the high road leading to the nearest railway station, and also a typical native village, or rather, as we should term it in England, a hamlet.

At the foot of the hill flows a swift river, and another waterfall of the very best description, crossed by an ancient bridge.

By turning towards the left of the house, one can see a distant jungle, similar to that on the right.

Palms, banana trees, guava trees, lime and lemon trees, orange trees, and many other species of Eastern vegetables, surround the house, while the many tea bushes of the Carolina Estate cover the hill's slope, and overshadow the winding path.

Crystal springs and clear brooks flow from every quarter of the hill, forming a most perfect scene beneath the brilliancy of the scorching sun.

Birds of lovely plumage sail through the air, and perch contentedly on green boughs, singing and twittering.

The stillness is seldom broken save by the singing of birds, the rustling of the bushes, and the roar of the river below, and, occasionally, the cries of the natives around.

E. A. Megginson.

Tit-bits of Photography.

I do not think there is anything to beat photography as a hobby, although it has its drawbacks, the chief of which is the expense; but if one is careful this can be much reduced.

Many boys take up photography, spend all their money on it, and then, because they don't get any good photographs first go off, they throw it up.

To such as these the following hints may be useful:—

The first and most important thing to bear in mind is, *never attempt too much*, but start at the most simple, and in time you will find that unconsciously you are advancing to higher and more difficult things. This applies to everything concerning photography. Thus, if you wish to take a view of a farm-house, do not try to get in a portrait of the surrounding country as well, or the result will be disastrous, for you will most likely get a picture of

THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON AT VILLE FRANCHE.

Taken by H. Woolley.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

The above photograph was taken in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, London, and represents the bust of Sir Joseph Paxton, the originator of the famous glass house, the idea being afterwards carried out by Sir Charles Fox for the great exhibition of 1851. The bust was modelled by Workington the sculptor.

Sent by H. T. T.

JOHN BUNYAN'S HOUSE AT ELSTOW.
Taken by D. Graham-Crofts.

a long lane and a few trees, whilst the main object—namely, the farmhouse—will appear as a small blot in the distance. Always have a fixed idea of the subject you are going to take, and keep to that idea. When taking a building, never take it from the centre, but always at an angle, and you will find that it stands out much better. Never use cheap materials, for they are the dearest in the end, and when possible make up your own solutions, as you can then alter the proportions to suit your case.

If you go in for portraiture, do not have an elaborate background, as it attracts the eye, and draws attention from the sitter.

If your subject is in dark clothes, an ordinary street will form a very effectual background, whilst if in light clothes a large piece of brown paper looks well.

When you are in the dark room never lose your temper—or your head, if anything goes wrong, although it is certainly rather trying, when one is groping about for the water, to knock one's head against walls, etc., and upset the developer down one's coat. If you note carefully where you place things, you will have no trouble in finding them.

H. O.

The Effect of Lightning.

Last summer I was spending a little holiday in the Isle of Wight, and I shall never forget the visit. On July 19th, about midday, a thunderstorm of awful power passed over the island; the thunder was the loudest I ever heard; the lightning was like living fire; the rain poured in torrents; and houses shook with the force of the thunder. The storm did not last more than an hour, but the damage done was enormous.

CATTLE KILLED BY LIGHTNING AT GAD'S HILL.

At Gad's Hill a herd of twelve fat beasts were killed by one flash of lightning; at Shanklin a house was split from roof to ground and set on fire; at Ryde a stable was struck, and a horse and man were killed; at Ventnor a lot of property was damaged, and several persons injured; while at several other places in the island, where such a storm had never been known before, the damage was equally disastrous.

The accompanying photograph, in which ten of the oxen mentioned above are to be seen, was taken at 7 p.m. with $\frac{1}{15}$sec. exposure at f 11, on a "Special Rapid" plate.

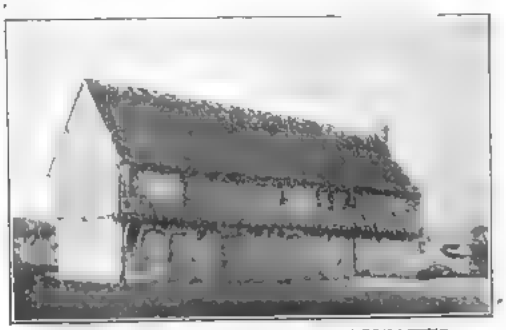
A. S. R.

A Fisherman's Hospital.

When a reader of THE CAPTAIN is eating his fish at dinner he may not think of the hardships of a deep sea fisherman's life; but there are certain people who do.

In almost every one of England's fishing fleets there is a boat equipped and sent out by the "Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," and this does the double duty of a hospital and place of worship. On every one of these vessels there is a fully qualified medical man, who, as well as attending to the sick, conducts the Sunday service.

The ward for the serious cases is situated amidships, and is provided with swing cots, so that the patients may not feel the movement of the boat. The doctor has plenty to do in the way of fingers and arms crushed by the trawl-net. He visits



THE BARN IN WHICH JOHN BUNYAN PREACHED.
Taken by D. Graham-Crofts.

THE NATIVE: "Hey, where's you *two* goin'?"
By J. Millett.

those who are not badly injured, while those who require constant care are taken on board the mission ship. The man who is hurt is strapped to a stretcher and rowed by two men from the ketch to which he belongs to the hospital. As the North Sea is often very rough, they have great difficulty in getting the patient on to the deck of the larger boat, so the two men in the dinghy grasp the stretcher, one at each end, then wait till they are lifted on top of a wave, and sling the stretcher, man and all, up to the doctor and two other sailors on the mission boat, who catch him and carry him below. They do just the same with the boxes of fish which they want to get on board the steam carrier which will convey the fish to Billingsgate or Grimsby.

The doctor's sleeping cabin in these floating hospitals is very comfortable. When he rises in the morning and wants his tub he just slides back part of the floor of the cabin, and there is a bath, full of water fresh from the briny.

If any of the Captainites who will stay at Gorleston this summer wish to go over one of these hospital ships they can easily do so by obtaining permission from the captain of the boat or the secretary of the mission. They may know the boats by the large blue flag they carry with the following words on it: "Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen."

S. BISHOP.

The Kaffirs' Harvest Thanksgiving.

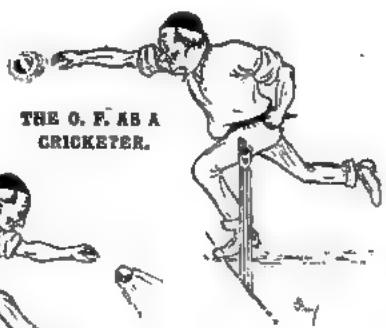
Among all the native ceremonies and customs, there can be few more quaint or simple than the way the Kaffirs of Umhlali, in Natal, render their thanks to God for His goodness in favouring their crops and in sending them the rain and sunshine to foster their growth.

The time selected for this thanksgiving is when the mealies have reached their height of perfection; then the natives think it time they should thank the Supreme Being for His goodness and mercy.

They therefore select the most perfect infant among them, array it in mealie leaves, and place it in a selected place among the mealies. Then, casting aside their beads, or any semblance of beads they may formerly have worn, they clothe themselves in mealie leaves and grass from head to foot form in a circle round the child, and sing their praises to God.

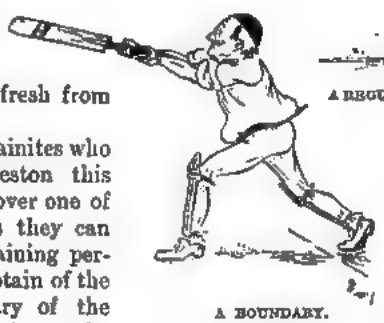
The infant is intended to represent the holy child Christ, for the natives generally think of Christ rather as a child than as a man, and although the comparison is unequal, the idea is altogether simple, and the thanks come from the bottom of their hearts.

When they have done this, they form in a procession and walk for miles round, gathering the natives from all the different kraals till their train is complete, all the while chanting in their dull, monotonous way. They then proceed to the beach, where they again pour out their thanks to God, Whom they always look upon as a God of rain and sunshine; a God who made the rain to pour, the sun to shine, and the sea to roll; and they look upon Him with great awe, for if their mealies or other crops are not a success, they immediately think, as in the days of Jonah, that one in their midst has done something which is wrong



THE O. F. AS A CRICKETER.

A TWISTER FOR "W G."



A REGULAR "RANJI" AT FIELDING.

A BOUNDARY.
Drawn by Lenard J. Smith.

in the eyes of God, something which will provoke His anger and incur His punishment.

D. P.

CAPTAIN CLUB CRITICISMS.

A. A. Minton.—I don't think much of your drawings. See my criticisms with reference to the correct materials. A little article on "How to Make a Tent for Camping-out," you will find in this number. I like your suggestion. **George Brown.**—Your two neatly-mounted photographs would have been improved by a little longer exposure, and a colder tone would have suited the pictures better. **M. C. Pratt.**—Your little photograph, taken with the "Brownie" camera, is very clear, but not properly toned. I have noted your suggestion, and "clubbed" you. **V. Monk.**—I shall endeavour to use the photograph of the Dollar first football fifteen in the fall of the year. **J. F. Bevington.**—Unless you follow the advice I give in these columns, you cannot expect sketches on thin bits of paper to be reproduced. **J. Cameron.**—I cannot exactly say what the marks meant on the drawing which was returned to you from a comic paper. It seems as if they had intended keeping it. This frequently occurs in a newspaper office. **Fred. Thompson.**—You are coming on strong, and will hear from me in the August number. **J. L. Dale.**—Your advertisement idea is a very good one, but rather irreverent. This drawing is the best I have seen from your pen, and I am glad to note that you are improving. **Everest Windsor.**—Your wash drawing, "On Guard," is excellent, but the line work is very much too niggled. Don't attempt to run before you can walk; and read my criticisms in the last three numbers more carefully than you have done. **Norah Simmons.**—Your sketch is by no means badly drawn. Make firmer lines by using a larger pen. To draw on card rather than on soft drawing paper is preferable. **M. K. M. C.**—The circumstance has been fully explained. The piece was copied out and sent by the writer's brother—unknown to her.

Contributions received from: P. S. Bell, C. F. Knowles, C. Lowcock, P. H. Blanshard, Double K., W. Kennedy, E. Kennington, J. D. Hughes, E. W. G. Rice, K. M. Davies, Fred. G. Skinner, 'Harry Platt, George Monks, "A Chelmsford Reader," Rex, Hatchett, and many others.

(A number of contributions and criticisms held over.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—"**A Holiday Group.**"—This is for CAPTAIN photographers. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—"**Drawing of Chimneys.**"—Any group of chimneys—if possible, of some historical or eccentric interest. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"**New Punishments.**"—An up-to-date schoolboy thinks that canings, lines, leave-stopping, etc., are rather old-fashioned. He wants to be punished in a more novel manner. Will competitors kindly think out some "new punishments"? Don't exceed 400 words. THREE FOUNTAIN PENS will be the prizes, or books to the same value.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"**Without an 'E.'**"—Write a sentence of twenty words, making sense, but without containing any word that has an "e" in it. Here is a sample sentence: "*I do not think Marquis will win. Most fancy that, on form, Knight has a good lot in his favour.*" Don't use the same word twice in your sentence, and send post-cards. Prizes will be THREE FOUNTAIN PENS, or books to the same value.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-four.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**Every-day Handwriting.**"—You see what I say in "Comment No. 3" about every-day handwriting? Well, write a sentence—anything you like—on one side of a piece of note-paper. Write as if you were writing a letter, and put your name, number of comp., class, etc., on the *back* so as to leave the sentence by itself. Sign it with your ordinary signature. THREE ALBUMS will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

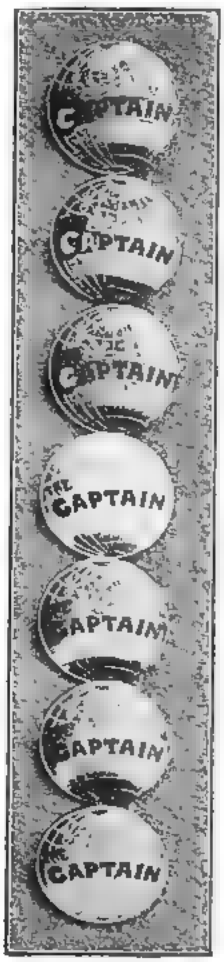
No. 6.—"**Names of Places.—'Velocipedestrianisticalistrionology.'**"—This was the longest word sent in for the Longest Word Competition. How many names of places (British) can you make out of it, as, for instance, London, Leicester, etc.? Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Summer Holiday Number.—Next month THE CAPTAIN will be mainly filled with fiction by tried, trusty, and popular writers. A few of the regular features will step down for one month to make room for the extra tales. Among the special yarns which I have bought for you to read on the sands and under spreading oak trees, and in other lazy nooks that most folk affect in vacation time, are the following: "The Old Pit Shaft: A Tale of the Yorkshire Coalfields," by G. A. Henty; "The Black Evil: An Adventure in Northern India," by David Ker; "The Loss of the *Myrmidon:* Being the Adventure of a Government Spy on the Deep Seas," by Captain Protheroe; "To be Shot at Dawn: A Tale of the Spanish Convict Settlement in Morocco," by Stacey Blake; "A Siege of Fire: An Australian Bush Story," by A. F. Morris; "Hall's Mother: A Touching Story of Oxford Life," by A. G. Herbertson; "A Tale of a Sleeping Car: An Adventure on the Swiss Frontier," by G. G. Thomas; "A Tandem in Mexico," by Ashmore Russan; "From New York to Paris," by H. S. Morrison, author of "A Yankee Boy's Success"; and, in addition, "Jungly," "Tales of the Trenches," "Sir Billy," and "Smith's House," with a double page of portraits of the most popular CAPTAIN authors and artists.



There will, of course, be other items, but I have given you the principal ones. I think you will acknowledge that our merrie men cover a lot of the globe, for they are specialists, all of them. No one writes for THE CAPTAIN unless he knows his ground thoroughly. For instance, there are few corners of the world that the great Henty has not visited; Mr. David Ker is a renowned traveller; Captain Protheroe has navigated every part of the watery sphere; Mr. Stacey Blake knows his Morocco like a book; Mr. Ashmore Russan, beloved of boy-readers, has lately returned from a very adventurous trip through Mexico; Mr. Mackie has hardly got the smell of powder out of his nostrils, he having taken part in seventeen battles, nearly a hundred skirmishes, and several sieges during his career under the gallant Brabant; Mr. Reynolds ("Jungly") spent several years actually in the jungle; while the "Yankee Boy," who had such charming interviews with her late Majesty Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, tells his own story with an American frankness that is quite irresistible.

The Badges and the Holidays.—May I draw your attention, fair and brave readers of THE "CAP.," to the fact that Messrs. Fattorini, of Bradford, are still busily turning out those little emblems for coat, hat, watch-chain, or brooch, which go under the name of CAPTAIN BADGES? In gilt and silver they will be in considerable evidence this approaching holiday time, so those of you who have not yet secured badges are

advised to waft your sixpences and florins to the "Badge Department" without further delay. The best testimonial I can quote as to the efficiency of these badges is that while there hasn't been a single complaint from any purchaser, a host of complimentary cards acknowledging receipt of badges has produced the customary pink glow in our ancient cheeks.

Mr. Hassall.—I am sure you will all be pleased to read Mr. Cooper's brightly written interview with Mr. John Hassall. Well do I remember calling on Mr. Hassall some years ago about a cover for "a new magazine to be called THE CAPTAIN." He designed the figure which appeared on our early numbers, and he drew that portrait which from No. 1 to the present issue has appeared at the top of this department. Need I say that I refer to the portrait of your humble and obedient servant—the O.F.?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Compound."—(1) The two little cylinders you refer to are the pumps of the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, which is now used on many lines in place of the usual automatic vacuum brake. We recognise the little sketch in your letter as representing one of the latter company's "terriers" (their nickname), and, curiously enough, in past years we have several times ridden on the engine you name. (2) Yes; in compound engines the steam is first used in the high-pressure cylinders, and then again in the low-pressure ones. (3) You want to know the meaning of "high" and "low" pressure? This question is partly answered above. Let us suppose that in a compound engine the steam in the first (or high-pressure) pair of cylinders has a tractive force of 90lbs. the square inch. As it escapes into the second (or low-pressure) pair of cylinders the steam expands, hence the tractive force per square inch may now be only 50lbs. instead of 90lbs. These second cylinders, however, are made correspondingly larger, so that the total strength of each pair of cylinders is identical.

OUR LADY POST-BAG.

G. W. H.—It is not necessary for a dog to have distemper. Many dogs never have it. On the other hand, a dog may have it several times. Symptoms: going poor in condition—often a dry, husky cough, as if he had a crumb tickling his throat, running at eyes and nostrils, feverish, and generally dull and listless, with no appetite. The important thing is to keep the dog's strength up by giving it raw lean beef; an egg whisked up in a little milk, if he'll take it; beef tea is good, too. Give a dose of castor oil and syrup of buckthorn on empty stomach, but I can't tell you what quantity, as you don't say age or breed of dog. A good tonic after recovery is Benbow's Dog Mixture, or Spratt's Tonic.

A. L. Clarke.—You give me so few particulars about yourself that all I can advise you to do is to get the book published by George Newnes, Ltd., called "What Shall I Be?" price 3s. 6d. Here you will find a choice of all sorts of professions. If you like, you may write again and give me full particulars as to your capabilities, pecuniary position, etc.

Margaret E. T. has sharp eyes, and knows all about knitting. In our picture of the Spinster Porcupine knitting (May number) it appears that the porcupine is knitting her stocking *upside down*, as the correct method (so Margaret informs us) is to begin at the top and knit to the toe—while the porcupine is doing just the opposite!

E. A. E.—You can't overcome constitutional weakness all at once. Fresh air, exercise (as much as you can stand without over-fatiguing yourself), early hours, and good plain food are the only health-giving and strength-producing properties I can advise. A good doctor would supplement these hints with some professional advice. Sea air is a grand tonic.

Fred Pickford.—It is against my rules to give names of dog fanciers, if by that you mean dealers. Be careful what you have to do with them in buying dogs, unless you have the advice of one who knows the particular breed you think of going for, or know it yourself. Shall always be glad to give a little advice when required.

"Pip."—(1) Here are two recipes for sympathetic, or invisible, ink: a little aqua fortis, or saltpetre, dissolved in a large quantity of water, which writes colourless but turns brown when heated; a solution of chloride or intromuriate of cobalt, which turns blue when heated. (2) Study Mr. Fry's Answers to Correspondents.

"Chaucer."—(1) The little celluloid window at the back of your "Brownie" camera may have become loosened, thus making it not quite light tight. (2) You may be an official representative in Dover. (3) Write a polite letter asking for his (or her) autograph, and enclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Constant Reader. — Double printing is done by means of masks. When printing out the first negative you put a black paper mask over those parts you do not want to appear; afterwards, you cut a mask to cover the affected parts of the paper, and then print from the second negative.

Laws of Cricket, etc.—Messrs. Benetfink & Co., Cheapside, London, E.C., will forward their "Laws of Cricket, with List of Fixtures for 1901," and their "Laws of Lawn Tennis," to any reader of THE CAPTAIN, post free on receipt of post-card asking for same.

An Orphan.—Go to a good eye hospital, and you will receive advice. The best one to go to is the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, 283a, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

C. C. F.—The original cinematograph film is a negative, from which a positive is printed on to another film by a rotary photographic printing apparatus.

Paris.—Delighted to receive your good news. Shall look forward to the wedding cake! Certainly you may enter for competitions after you are married.

C. R. Nicholson.—It would be very risky hazarding an opinion on this case without seeing the dog or knowing more about it. If he cannot move his

lower jaw how does he eat, as no dog can move his upper jaw? Should advise showing dog to a vet.

Devonian.—(1) "Dumb-Bells," by F. Graf, price 1s., published in the "All England" series by G. Bell & Sons, will meet your requirements. (2) Drill will do you more good than anything. If it is only a recent development, consult a doctor.

Dog Fox.—No, I have never heard of a sheep-dog killing a sheep. Look up "Cumberland" in all the encyclopædias you can lay your hands on. A local bookseller would be the man to apply to for the natural history of a particular area.

A. C. B.—(1) I would suggest that you apply to Mr. Tagg, Tagg's Island, Thames Ditton, who, I think, sells ready-made canvas canoes. (2) You can obtain the "A.B.C." catalogue from A. Bright & Son, 104, Strand, London, W.C.

Cyril Saunders, "Nobody Much," and many others.—We have not acknowledged applications for membership unless stamped envelopes have been enclosed. Applications were booked all the same. We are preparing a club list, which will be published as soon as possible. Full particulars regarding this will be duly announced, so members are requested not to trouble us with unnecessary inquiries.

Rube Grey.—You are a wag, Rube! **T. Wilson.**—"Honourable Mention" surely explains itself. It means that these, though not prize-winners, did particularly well. **L. & N. W. R.**—You could not make the word "all" out of "individuality," because "individuality" contains only one "l." **C. C. C. Boutwood.**—You will find the matter you refer to contained in a paragraph on page 382, July, 1900. **Buxton College First XI.**—This portrait, printed in a recent issue, was by an error underlined "Brixton College." **Koko.**—Shall be glad to consider anything in that way that you care to submit. **Romfordian.**—Yes, dumb-bells (1lb.) and all manly exercises. Smoking very detrimental. Yes, you'll grow some more. Read Mr. Fry's "Answers." **A. M. Guest.**—"Clubbed." I don't think you can get anything for silver paper unless you have collected a very large quantity. Can any reader give me information on this point? **Rev. T. S. Millington.**—"R. W. B." of Leatherhead School, informs me that Mr. Millington left Woodhouse Eaves some time ago and went to Leamington for five years. He is now living in Brighton, in good health. **"Opera."**—Try Hamley's, 231, High Holborn, W.C. **Eric W. Hadrill.**—Captain cases for binding cost 1s. 9d. each, post free; you must inquire of a local bookbinder his price for binding up volumes. **R. H. C.**—The stamps had been wetted—soaked off, probably—that's all. **Cock of the North.**—You can get a cap to cover your ears when swimming. State your requirements to Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, London. **Lorn Campbell.**—I fear that man was a humorist. There is no such breed. If a dog's teeth are black it points to a deranged stomach, and bad feeding. **"Doctrina."**—Write to E. S. Weymouth, Esq., M.A., 27, Southampton Street, Strand, London, and mention this magazine. **C. Lowcock.**—No, of course not, if the cap is on. Yes, flat films may be used in the "Little Nipper" camera—try Thornton's. **H. J. W.**—I daresay Mr. Haydon Perry will adopt your suggestion. **Thomas Wilson.**—Hope to use your receipts, but cannot say when. **R. F. M.**—Cannot manage it this season, am afraid. **W. P. Rylatt.**—I do not undertake to value coins. Take it to a curio shop and ask. **J. W. Collard.**—Your best plan is to get "What Shall I Be?" price 3s. 6d., published by George Newnes, Ltd. **R. A. Ash.**—Certainly you may consider yourself an official representative at Church and Oswaldtwistle. Many thanks for your kind letter and suggestions.

Calendar Events from: O. Parry-Jones, Harry Farrington, Llyn Owen, Oscar Fleming, W. H. Fawcett, M. Asher, D. T. Middleton, W. H. Ashenden, H. Underhill, and others.

Letters, etc., also received from: "Natalian," "M. K. M. C.," E. George Boreham (Sydney, N.S.W.), N. Hatton, "Quidnunc," F. G. Skinner (with photographs), "Taffy" (the author is *so* sorry!), and many others.

(A number of answers held over.)

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

Digitized by Google

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"Twelve Longest Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: D. PILKINGTON, 55, Rutland Square, Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: E. FRIDESWY DE F. PICKARD, "Airedale," Oxford; and KATHLEEN STARTIN, Avenue House, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nancie Hummerston, Ethyl Rawson, Ada Smith, R. Sothern, W. J. Coton, M. E. Cock, Stanley W. Grace.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. INMAN, 52, Mawbey Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ALBERT R. HAMILTON, 6, Lawrence Street, Belfast; and S. BARBER, 37, High Street, Heckmondwike, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Huntly, L. Bottesworth, Sidney L. Browne, Alexander Brown, M. Stewart, H. D. Kidd, J. G. Birch, W. Juleff, Stuart Farr, Fred. C. Porter.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: MADGE AINSWORTH, "Harecroft," Gosforth, Cumberland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EDWARD ROWELL, 46, Park Crescent, North Shields.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. Miles-Kemp, Walter S. Leeming, Percy Leonard, Oscar Rookledge, H. Gayton, Cyril D. Elphick, Ethel Allen, G. F. C. Corfield.

No. II.—"The Best Way to Get to Sleep."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. A. H. GOODYEAR, Tune Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ereant, Dorothy Johnson, Hilda B. Peiser, Mabel S. West, Percy H. Beagley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LILIAN ORMISTON, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANK HARPER, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie Holden, Sidney Dewing, J. W. Anderson, Winifred Ereant, William Ainsley, D. Riddpath Blair, R. P. L. Booker, William Harley, E. Lang.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LILIAN EYRE WACE, The Rectory, West Hanningfield, near Chelmsford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: P. G. HURST, Lorne House, Uppingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ewart Eames, Helen Mosse, Reggie Dutton, Wilfrid A. Birchal, J. Bruce Ronaldson, May Mackay, Eustace Alliott, E. Jones, Dora Reid, Charles Murray.

No. III.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN MCMILLAN, 19, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WILLIAM ARTHUR COOPER, 5, Wellington Street, Kingsclere, Newbury; and STANLEY WILSON, 8, Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Claude Drew, Thomas Walker, S. Digby Berkeley, Geoffrey L. Austin, M. Armstrong, John F. Rowan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: CHARLES NORRIS, 2, Stannard Road, Dalston, N.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: PERCY THOMAS, 38, Onslow Road, Fairfield, Liverpool; and T. R. DAVIS, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas E. Meakins, William Shaw, Louis Richards, David Pryde, Wm. Cruickshank, B. Berneis, Cyril Elphick, Robert Inkster, Tom Street.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES RAEBURN, 9, Oxford Street, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WILLIAM FRASER, 35, Panmure Place, Edinburgh; and ETHEL TETLEY, "Rosemount," North Hill Road, Headingley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Harrison, Mary Donald, F. J. Ashton, R. G. White, R. M. Buchan, Wadsworth Busk, Richard L. F. Bond.

No. IV.—"Poem."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-four.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: MAY BERKELEY, "Le Hocq," Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. J. B. Masefield, Luke J. Clancy, Chas. L. Gibbs, F. Baron, E. Robinson, Charles P. White, Richard Bridgnell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: NATHAN ZELINSKY, 7, Nicholas Street, Mile End, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CYPRIAN DARE, 24, Paignton Road, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ida Wild, Robert Cruttwell, James W. Johnson, Florence Morris, Cave Browne, G. B. L. Barnes, H. C. Temple, A. W. Annand, A. J. Smith, Lionel Goodwin, R. C. Tharp.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: S. E. BIRRELL, Kirford Vicarage, Billingshurst, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. GRONOW, 200, Duke Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. Lawrence, K. P. Atkinson, R. Cathie, H. L. H. Olven, Ernest A. Meggins, Marguerite Schindhelm, Muriel Guest, W. M. Wace, E. Jones.

No. V.—"Twelve Most Useful Things."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WINIFRED D. EREANT, "Belville," St. Saviours, Jersey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ROSALIND P. BRIDGE, Littlington Tower, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Anderson, S. G. Ereant, Sidney H. Dewing, W. A. Oldfield, Malsie Chapman, R. Oliver, Gladys M. Piper, Stanley W. Grace.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FENWICKE CLENNELL, Harbottle Castle, Rothbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Donald Knowles, Charlie Woolley, H. R. Touley, David Pryde, R. A. Appleton, R. W. Taylor.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GERTY DUTTON, 43, Lumley Road, Skegness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Marrian, Robert Watson, Ethel Tetley, Cedric H. Stokes, John R. Taylor, Emily Joslin, Richard L. F. Bond, C. R. Fry, Helen Mosse.

No. VI.—"Photograph or Drawing."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GWYNEDD M. HUDSON, 57, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. (Drawing.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret A. Langley, A. Terry Davis, Hilda S. Petter, A. A. Allain, Mary G. Buchanan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. V. PULLIN, 8, Baskerville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. (Photograph.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. H. Jones, Henry Young, P. G. Hurst, L. F. Stephenson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GEORGE S. MCCREERY, Trenton Lodge, Stoneygate Road, Leicester. (Photograph.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. H. Shaw, C. H. Millar, J. A. Morris.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."

COMMENTS ON MAY COMPETITIONS.

No. 1.—I had some very nice little words sent in for this competition, such as:—

Antidenominationalistically (27 letters),
Proantitransubstantiationistical (32 letters),
Velocipedestrianisticalistrionology (35 letters),
Honorificabilitudinitatibus (27 letters),

Preference was given to those competitors who took the trouble to count up the number of letters in each word.

No. 2.—I struggled to keep awake in order to decide this competition, but it was very difficult, so ingenious were the devices suggested for "wooing Morpheus." The old plan of counting sheep jumping over a stile was, in most cases, utterly scorned. Almost everyone seems to be agreed that you must have your window open at the top, take a warm bath before retiring, and drink a glass of hot milk when in bed. It is confidently asserted that these remedies never fail. The winner of the first prize in Class III. (aged eleven) gave us some very practical advice which she had read somewhere: "Remember that you go to bed to sleep, not to make plans." Some excellent essays were sent in.

No. 3.—Edinburgh appears to be the home of copper-plate writers; anyway, several of our prizes will find their way there this month. The next competition that we have of this sort I should like a little more ordinary handwriting. I want to see what your "every-day" handwriting is like. Class III. write beautifully.

No. 4.—Taking into consideration that not everyone can write poetry, there were a large number of poems sent in, and amongst them some very good ones—the humorous ones being the best, and the third class are really wonderful in that line. One or two poems had to be disqualified on account of their being over twenty-four lines.

No. 5.—The winning list of "Twelve Most Useful Things," decided by vote, is as follows:

I.—Money.	**V.—Coal.**	**IX.—Trains.**
II.—Clothes.	**VI.—Wood.**	**X.—Artificial Light.**
III.—Water.	**VII.—Iron.**	**XI.—Health.**
IV.—Food.	**VIII.—Books.**	**XII.—Timepieces.**

In the first-class, the winner got ten right; in the second, nine; and in the third, nine.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

THE JACKSON CYCLE Co.

COVENTRY.

CYCLES. £7 : 10 : 0 CYCLES.

All Machines Guaranteed. (List Free.)

Pneumatic Tyres, Rim Brake, Steering Lock to every Machine.

Only High Grade Machines Made. Lists Free.

LADIES' £7 : 10 : 0 AND GENTS'.

Gradual Payment System. Particulars on application.

CRICKET BATS.

THE "NORFOLK" BAT.

Men's	15/-
,, Selected	18/-
Youths', Size 6	12/6
,, ,, 5	10/6

Made from the celebrated Norfolk Willow, with special handles of cane, rubber, and felt.

A. J. RUDD,

Sports Depôt, Norwich.

PETS

JAMES L. WILLSON,

Live Stock Provider,

37, New Oxford Street, London,

has Puppies and Adult Dogs, Persian Kittens, Marmoset Monkeys, Canaries, Parrots, Gold and Fancy Fish, Harmless Snakes, Lizards, Salamanders, Chameleons, Newts, Rabbits, Squirrels, Fancy Mice, Dormice, Waltzing Mice, Rats, Ferrets, Silkworms' Eggs, Mealworms, Ants' Eggs, Globes, Aquaria, Vivaria (fitted and stocked), Entomological and Fishing Goods.

New List, post free, 2d. Established 1872.

"OUR NEIGHBOURS" SERIES.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

French Life in Town and Country. By Miss HANNAH LYNCH, Author of "Denys D'Auvillac," "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy," etc.

German Life in Town and Country. By W. H. DAWSON. Author of "Germany and the Germans," etc.

Russian Life in Town and Country. By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER, sometime Secretary to H.H. Prince Dmitrikop-Loubetsky (Equerry to H.M. the Emperor of Russia).

GEO. NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WATKINS & DONCASTER

NATURALISTS,

36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. *(Five Doors from Charing Cross),*

keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of

BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.

Price List sent post free on application.

STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

. . . Premium Moderate. . . .

Exceptional Advantages for Training as above. Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to

COX & CO., Engineers and Shipbuilders, .

Docks Ironworks and Dock Head Foundry,

FALMOUTH.

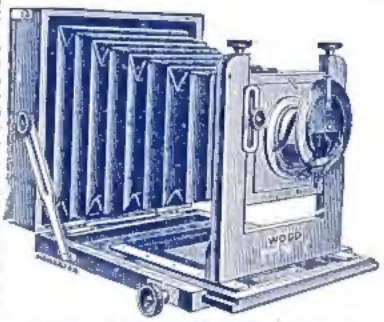
The "Twencent" Hand Camera

Enables one to place on record pleasant scientific and instructive illustrations of events. It takes 12 Plates or Films. Time or instantaneous Photographs. Automatic Changing and Registering. Two View Finders. Packs in small compass, 8ins. × 7ins. × 4ins. Weight 2½lbs.

30/-

HOW TO TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH, and ensure a first-class Picture? Purchase a HAND or STAND CAMERA of E. G. WOOD and receive expert instruction.

The 70/- Outfit will enable one to take a Cabinet Portrait, Snap-shot or Landscape Picture, & consists of polished mahogany half plate camera, lacquered brass fittings, shutter, R.R. lens, one double dark slide, turn-table three-fold focussing cloth, stand, and canvas bag.



70/- COMPLETE.

Enlargements from Customers' own Negatives, 10 by 10, **2/6.**

PRINTING IN P.O.P. }, **1/6** DOZEN. CARBON, PLATINOTYPE, BROMIDE, SILVER PAPER, WITH EXPEDITION AND DISPATCH.

FILMS DEVELOPED from "Brownie," **9d.**, to No. 4 Cartridge, **3/6**; Plates ½, **3/-**, to ¼, **4/-**.

PYRO SODA DEVELOPER (as used in our studio), two bottles post free, **1/3.**

HYDROKINONE DEVELOPER, post free, **2/-.**

TONING AND FIXING BATH, red brown or purple tones, **1/-**, **1/3** post free.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

E. G. WOOD,

Optician to the Admiralty War Department, etc.

2, QUEEN STREET, Cheapside, London, (Late 74, Cheapside.) E.C.

FEE 60 GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT., A. T. MILLER, R.N.

THE JEWEL AIR GUN.

20/- EACH

Exact as Supplied by me

20/- EACH

TO SHOOTING CLUBS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

I have taken great pains in getting this Gun most accurately sighted, and now offer it with confidence. Handsomely nickel-plated all over. Ebony Stock patent top Lever, a distinct novelty and great improvement, and flat file-cut Rib. Having had the advantage of testing every Air Gun on the market, I am fully qualified to say that this Gun is the best ever offered at any price, and I am willing to refund cash in full to anyone who is not fully satisfied. Send at once and save disappointment, as the supply is limited. Packed with supply of SLUGS, DARTS, and Nickel-plated DART EXTRACTOR. Postage 1s. extra. Send for list. Largest variety of guns and pistols in the world. **FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, BIRMINGHAM.**

Digitized by Google

John Piggott,

CRICKETERS' AND GENERAL OUTFITTER.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ARE MY BEST ADVERTISEMENTS.

FLANNEL TROUSERS.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/6, 6/-, 6/11.

GREY do., Plain or Fancy Stripes, 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.

CRICKET JACKETS. Plain, Trimmed with Cord or Ribbons, 3/11.

SCORING BOOKS. The "J.P." limp cloth covers, 1- each. Postage 3d.

Send for my **NEW CRICKET LIST.** *Post free.*

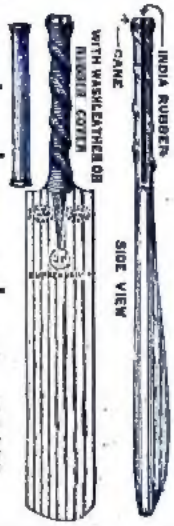
The New **BOUNDARY BALL,** 5/3 each; 30/- per hal. doz.

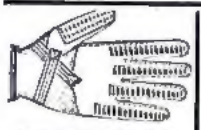
RUGBY SUITS. Tweeds, Cheviots, etc. 9/9, 12/9, 15/-, 18/6, 21/- *Patterns post free.*

STRIPED FLANNEL BLAZERS. 5/11. Postage 4d.

CRICKET BELTS, 6½d., 10d.

CRICKET CAPS, 9d., 10d., 1/-, 1/3, 1/6.





CRICKET GLOVES. White Buck Skeleton, 7/9. Postage 3d.

Gent's Russet Calf Cricket Shoes, 9/6, 11/9.

THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER. This bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonderful "GRIP" obtained by the peculiar construction of the handle, together with its perfect balance and driving power, render it undoubtedly the leading bat of the day.

MEN'S, Full Size, 15/9. YOUTHS', No. 6, 12/9.

PLEASE SEND FOR MY ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, POST FREE.

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, & MILK ST., E.C.

REFRESHING—NOURISHING—SUSTAINING.

CADBURY'S COCOA

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and Cocoa only. Athletes in particular should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is Absolutely Pure and a Perfect Food.

LADIES AND CRICKETERS.

TO GIVE THE BEST APPEARANCE TO YOUR WHITE BUCKSKIN OR CANVAS BOOTS

YOU MUST USE

LIRINE.

The "White" Cleaner, in Zinc Box with Sponge.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send Nine Stamps to

CROWN DIAMOND MANUFACTURING Co., WALWORTH, S.E.

The Secretary or Captain of any recognised Cricket or Tennis Club will receive Sample Box absolutely free upon application

LONDON COLOUR PRINTING CO., LTD.

Digitized by Google